Collier's

AUGUST 9, 1947

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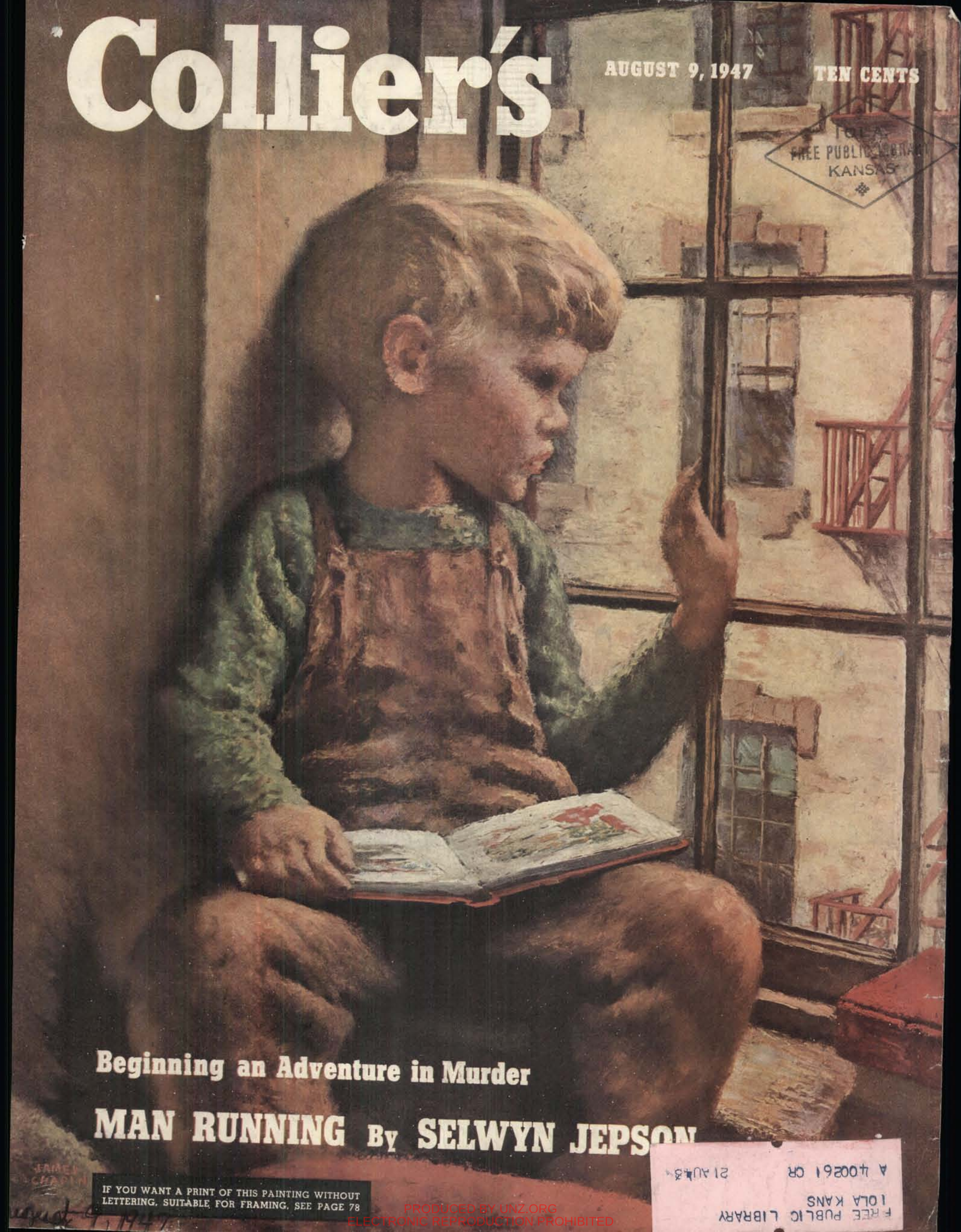

Beginning an Adventure in Murder

MAN RUNNING By SELWYN JEPSON

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August 9, 1947

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Deep in the heart of New York. Weekends often find "model" mother Titia and Bryan at a nearby dude ranch. *Every* day finds them "duded up" with a sparkling smile. For the Cornells use Ipana—the tooth paste that's specially designed to help keep teeth sparkling bright. Get started toward a "model" smile yourself—get Ipana Tooth Paste.

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Pistol-packin' Bryan, 6 years old, rides the range by day, learns how to help guard his gums at night. If *your* gums flash a warning tinge of "pink" on your tooth brush—*see your dentist.* Let *him* decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and gentle massage."

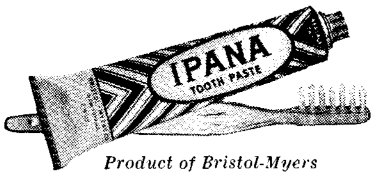
ISN'T Bryan Cornell of New York City a lucky boy? Those are gen-u-wine Texas boots and spurs he has. And Oh, boy, look at that six-shooter!

Lucky for Bryan, too, that his mother is a successful model. This means he's almost bound to have a smile that'll lasso the lassies. For knowing the importance of a sparkling smile (that's the first thing models learn!) Mrs. Titia Cornell teaches her son to safeguard his smile by following her own dental routine: *Regular brushing with Ipana, then gentle gum massage.*

Well-known as a Television actress, too, green-eyed, titian-haired Titia makes it her business to know what thousands of schools stress—that a radiant smile depends largely on sparkling teeth. And firm, healthy gums are important to sparkling teeth. So get a tube of Ipana Tooth Paste today!

Eleven years from now, Bryan will be the World's Greatest Pilot (he insists). Long before then, however, his smile will show the results of his "model" mother's care. For the Cornells use Ipana, the tooth paste that dentists prefer 2 to 1 *for their own personal use,* a recent national survey shows!

Follow your dentist's advice about gum massage. So important is correct massage to sound teeth and a sparkling smile that 9 out of 10 dentists recommend it regularly or in specific cases, a recent national survey shows. Follow your dentist's instructions carefully—*help him guard your smile of beauty.*



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COLLIER'S

August 9, 1947

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

MR. ICKES DISSENTS

MY DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: In Collier's (June 28th) James A. Farley quoted the late President Roosevelt as remarking to him that by eliminating all other members of the Cabinet, I remained as the only one to be suspected of leaking stories out of Cabinet meetings; leaking them specifically to the well-known columnist, Drew Pearson.

Assuming that President Roosevelt ever said anything of this sort to the former Postmaster General, I would like to assure that gentleman, and anyone else who may be interested, that I never leaked Cabinet stories to Mr. Pearson or to anyone else. I do not do business that way. I never have. . . .

Newspaper attacks on me throughout my official years, savage and almost continuous as they were, bear witness to the fact that there was no pay-off by the press to me for tips.

Mr. Farley's articles are unfortunate for Mr. Farley. He does not write a well-rounded story of his relationship with President Roosevelt. To me, it is out of perspective. When he quotes his former chief, it seems to me that his clear intention is to put the President in a bad light in contrast with himself. The second article, especially, is studded with quotations calculated to make men who are still living see red. And, of course, a dead man is in no position to deny or explain. The quotation from Mrs. Roosevelt in the first article was particularly bad, even if Mr. Farley had sought and obtained her consent to its inclusion. Even so, I believe that it would require a carefully documented book to prove that there was anything snobbish about President Roosevelt.

Mr. Farley's friend, the late Al Smith, once took a notable walk, but he did it with dignity on a straight and narrow path.

HAROLD L. ICKES, Washington 7, D. C.

HISTORY LESSON

DEAR EDITOR: According to The Week's Work (June 28th), Jim Farley and F.D.R. may have been rabid stamp collectors and designers, but they were certainly not rabid historians. The Virginia Dare stamp F.D.R. designed commemorated a legend, not a fact. She was, possibly, the first English child born on American soil, but not the first *white* child born on this continent.

Snorri, son of the Icelander Thorfinn Karlsefni and his wife, Gudrid, was born here in about the year 1007 A.D., somewhere in the vicinity of Cape Cod. He was closely related to Ari the Learned, the great historian of Iceland, and was the ancestor

(Continued on page 74)

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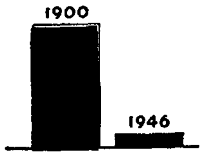
Childhood Diseases, once considered unavoidable, now can usually be prevented by immunization. When they *do* occur they are apt to be far less dangerous than formerly. In one generation medical science has lowered the death rates from measles and whooping cough by about 80%. Diphtheria mortality is down 95%  since 1900. Few now die from scarlet fever, and smallpox is almost wiped out.

But only through constant vigilance can these gains be held. Recently, when diphtheria immunization was neglected in some parts of the country, cases and deaths in those sections began increasing. *It's up to you to help keep your children safe!*

Have your children been immunized?

Since the first successful vaccination against smallpox in 1796, medical science has made tremendous progress toward a safer life for children. Among the more important steps in this progress have been the relatively recent development of methods to protect children against other dangerous communicable diseases through immunization.

Diphtheria immunization began to be used on a nationwide scale about 1921. Specific measures for the control of whooping cough have achieved wide use even more recently. As for measles, there are substances which, if used after exposure to this disease, may give temporary immunity or result in a lighter case. Furthermore, injections for diphtheria, tetanus (lockjaw), and whooping cough today are often combined.

Your doctor can tell you how to guard your children's health by the latest means known to medical science, including immunization. You may also find helpful Metropolitan's free Child Health Packet . . . it includes informative leaflets on immunization, and on the most important communicable diseases of childhood. For copies just mail the coupon at right.

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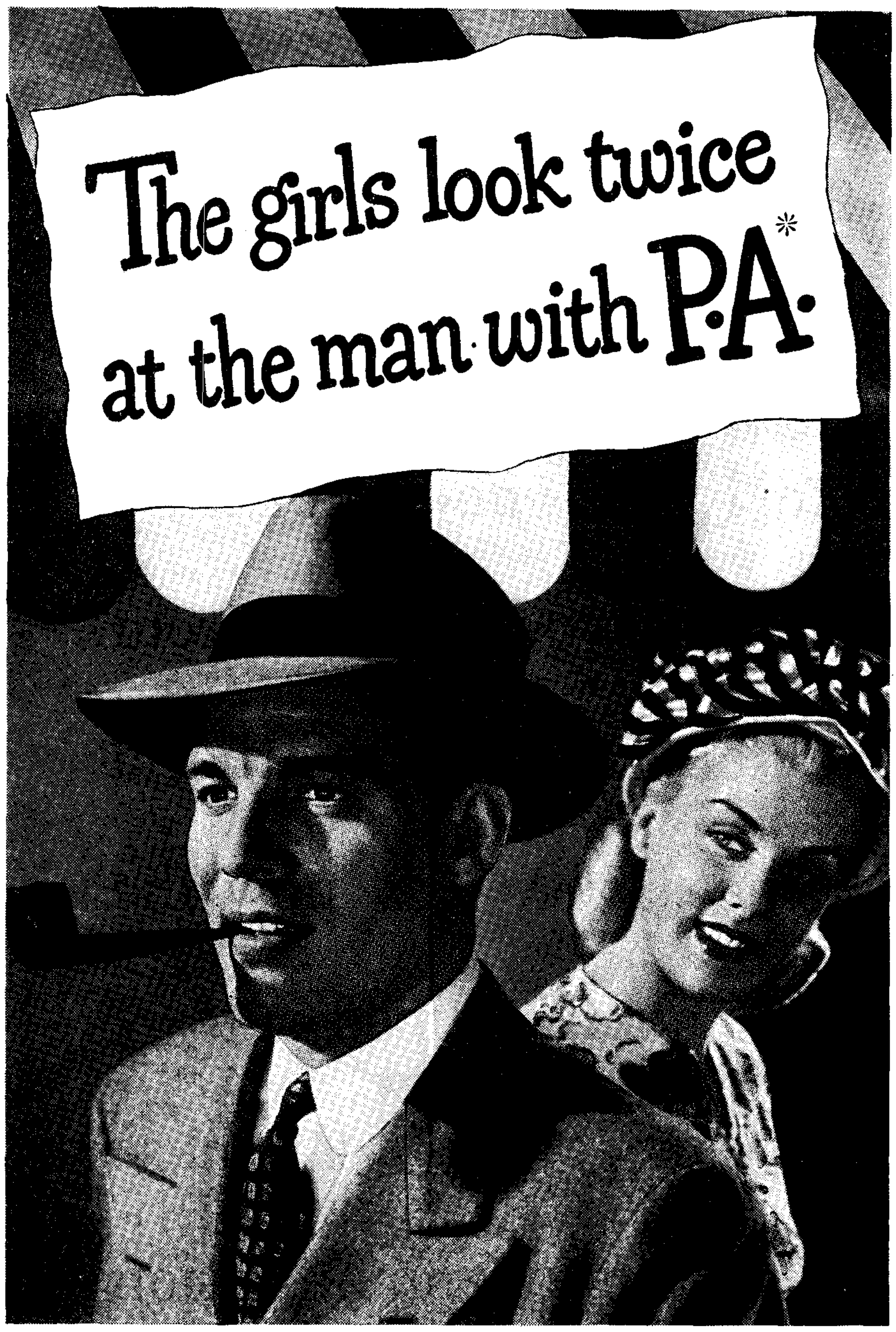
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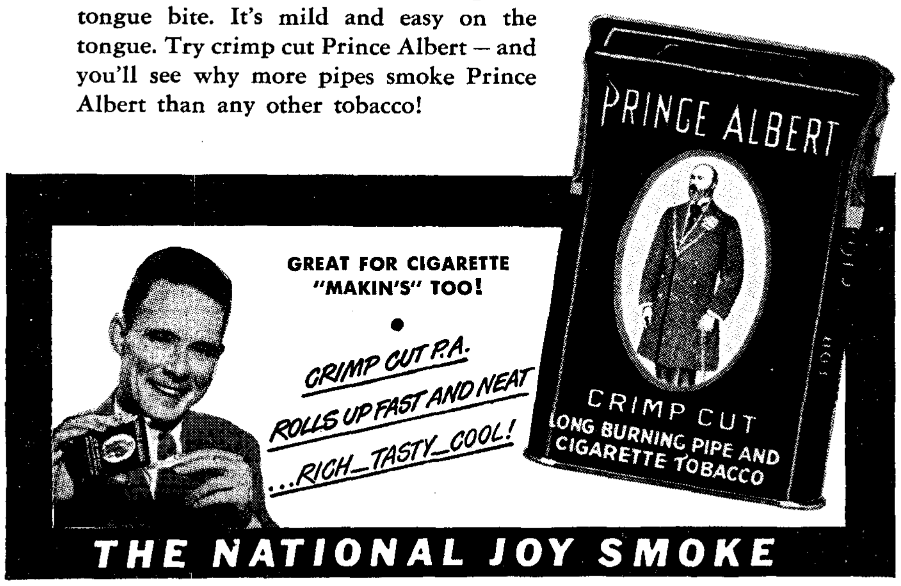
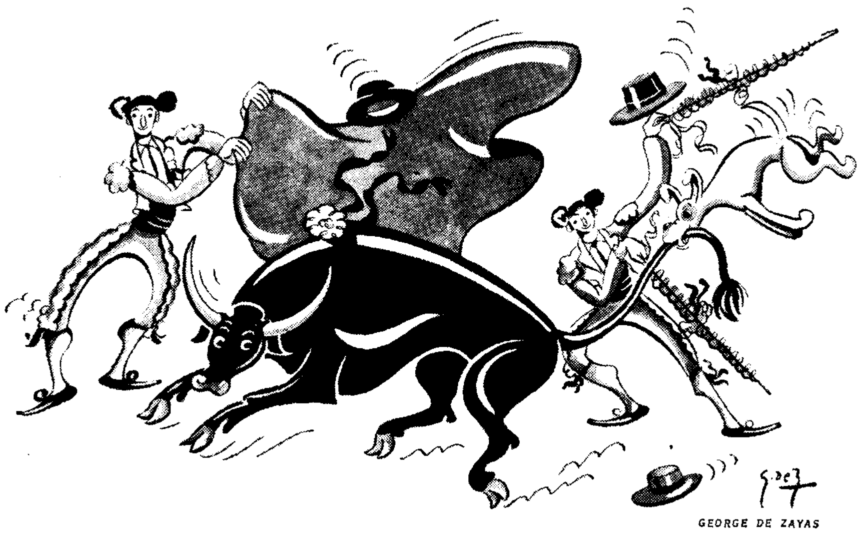


THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE


GEORGE DE ZAYAS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD

BY FRELING FOSTER

A recent bullfight in Madrid was unexpectedly turned into a comedy by a dog sent into the ring to arouse the anger of a bull that refused to fight. Shortly, both animals were in such a belligerent mood that they started a real battle which was climaxed by the dog when he sank his teeth in the bull's tail and held on, until rescued several minutes later, despite the desperate efforts of his astonished and enraged antagonist to shake him off.

Of the 55 countries that now broadcast short-wave programs totaling 4,275 hours a week, England ranks first, its international transmissions in 46 languages consuming 708 hours a week—with as many as 12 different programs on the air at one time.

Paraguay today has 18 men for every 100 women, a sex ratio from which it has suffered since 1870 after waging a five-year war in which the country lost 89 per cent of its men.—*By E. C. Schulze, East Cleveland, Ohio.*

At the première of the film Trilby in New York in 1923, the press agent employed an actress to sit in the audience and feign a trance, at the end of the first showing, in which he found her and called several physicians. Not knowing the girl had run around the block a few minutes before, the doctors were baffled by her pulse and respiration, making the case more mysterious. So for weeks, the press published interviews with psychologists on the possibility of a person in the audience being hynotized by a screen character such as Trilby's Svengali, and the curious packed the theater to see what effect he might have on them.

Some 50 scale models of giant steel structures have been made with toothpicks and cement by a New York dentist, Dr. M. Russell Stein. Despite their delicate appearance, they are amazingly strong, an example being an arch railroad bridge, 53 inches long and containing 31,000 toothpicks, that can sustain a load 50 times its own weight.

In intercollegiate football, the record for playing the largest number of consecutive games without a defeat is held by the University of Washington in Seattle. Between 1907 and 1917, its teams won or tied their 63 games, with a total score of 1,940 to 123.

The first Sunday schools, founded in 1780, in the slums of Gloucester, England, gave lessons in reading and writing and received their name because they were obliged to hold their classes on Sunday as it was the one day the poor children were free from work and able to attend. The church played no part in establishing the movement and many religious groups long opposed it as a menace to the sanctity of the Sabbath.

India's most impressive dances are those performed by a group of court ladies in the royal palace in Udaipur. Seated on a large carpet, with legs crossed and hands clasped, the "dancers" interpret—solely by dramatic movements of their eyes, brows, nostrils and lips—whole stories of love, hate, jealousy and despair.

In German denazification courts recently, most of the members of the cast of Oberammergau's last Passion Play (1934) were found guilty of Nazi activity, the only one completely exonerated being Hans Zwink, who played the part of Judas.

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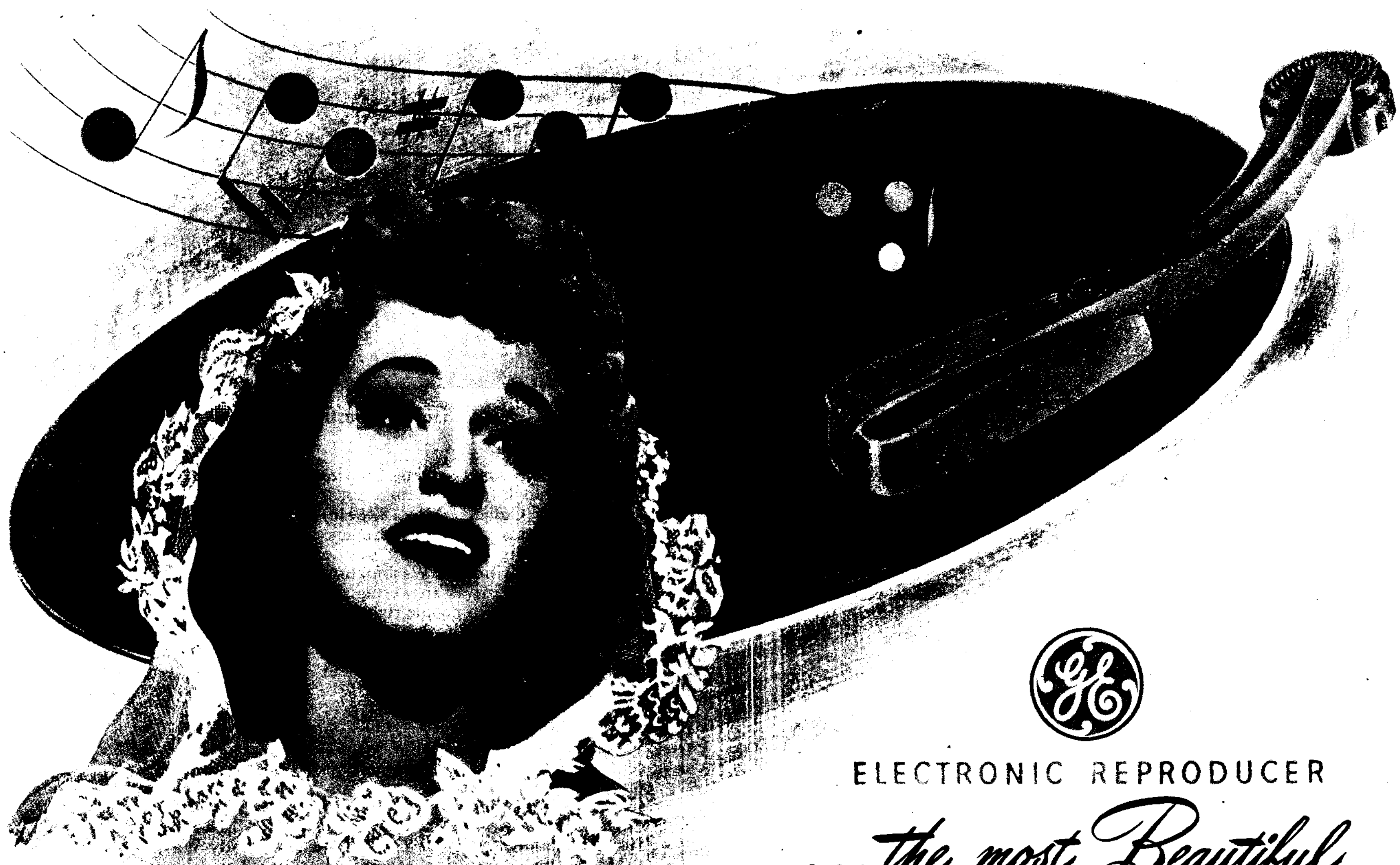

RISË STEVENS, *star of the Metropolitan Opera Company, and the Prudential "Family Hour," Sunday afternoons over CBS.*

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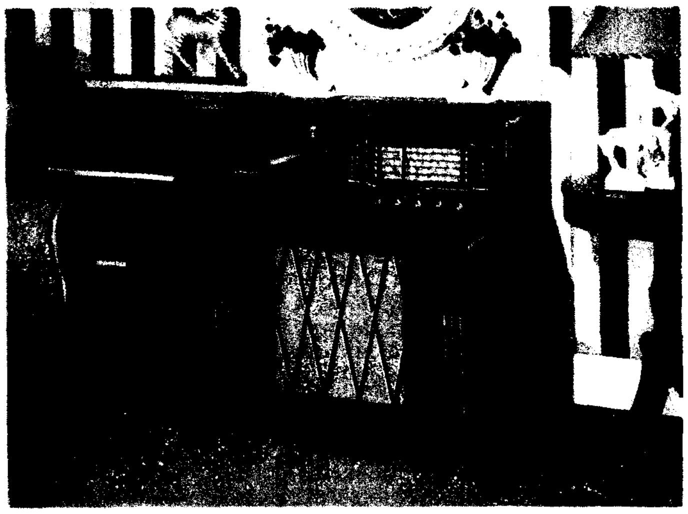

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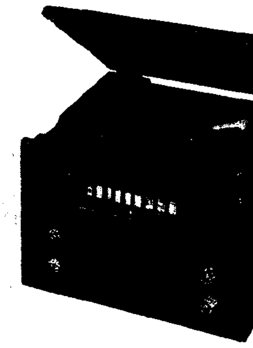
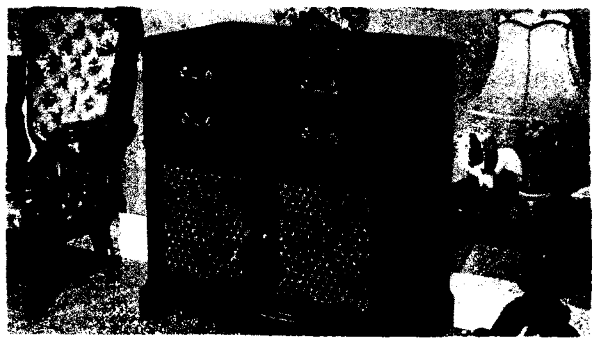


General Electric's finest table radio-phonograph—Delight in its natural color tone. Discover new beauty in favorite records played by the amazing G-E Electronic Reproducer. Ask to see Model 304.



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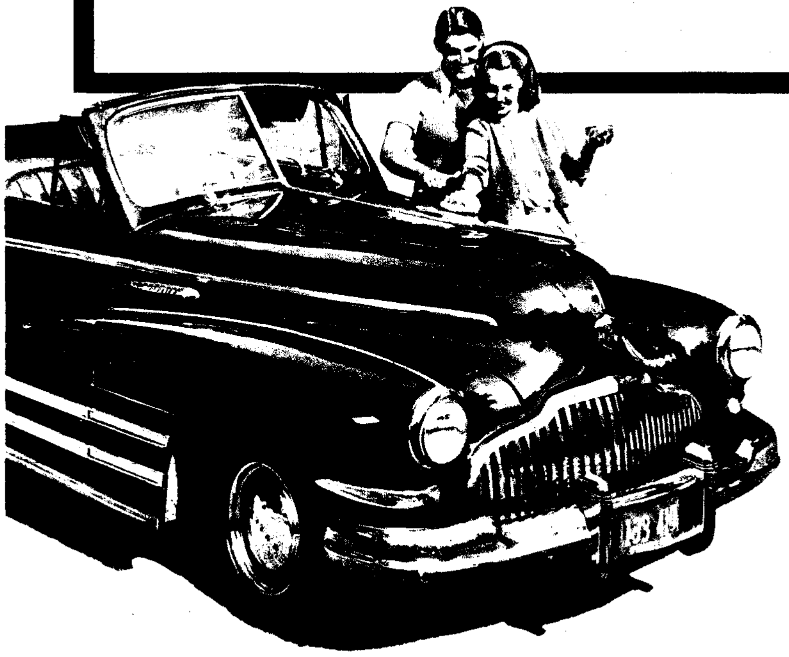

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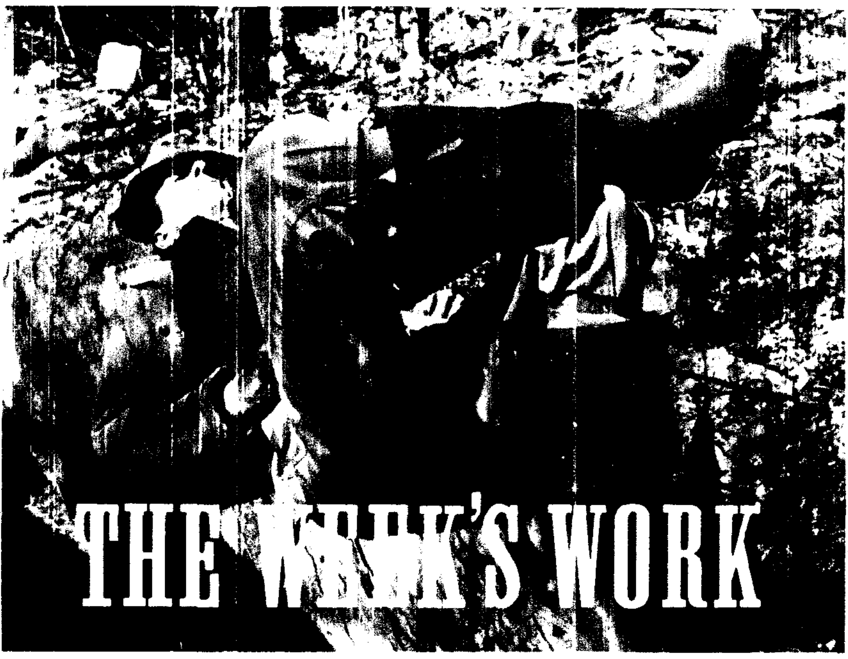


THE WEEK'S WORK

Greer Williams demonstrates the old writing adage

WHEN interviewing Charles Baugh for his I Am a Spastic (Collier's, May 18, 1946) Greer Williams ran into Eugene Homes, working as secretary of the District Speech Clinic in Washington, D. C. Mr. Homes was answering the phone and talking to people right and left in a deep baritone voice, the kind that is pleasant to listen to. "I was surprised to learn that he had come into the clinic a few months before, stammering at a furious rate," says Mr. Williams.

"When I learned that about one per cent of the population stammers, it was evident Homes had found an answer to a personality problem of interest to a lot of people. So I wrote I Stopped Stammering, p. 52."

Mr. Williams has fooled around considerably with the human mind. He was a "medicine" man for many newspapers before enlisting with the ski troops in '43. Later he wrote the training manual Your Body in Flight, of which 500,000 copies went to the AAF air crews. Right now he's Consultant in Education for the Neuropsychiatric Service of the Veterans Administration.

WHEN he does an assignment for Collier's, the pink-and-white John Groth likes to get in there and fight, fight, fight. Last September, Groth was run over by a fullback and two halfbacks while sketching in the midst of a Notre Dame scrimmage at South Bend. In February, in Havana with the Dodgers, he was felled by a line drive to the hip off the bat of Cookie Lavagetto down the third-base line. It was only in character that when at Churchill Downs a friendly horse should crowd Groth against a stable wall while he sketched away for Little Man on a Horse, p. 23.

While the horse succeeded only in breaking Groth's drawing pad and no ribs, he did scare our athletes' Da Vinci out of a year's Groth. "Fortunately, however," says Groth, "he didn't lose next time out. If a horse kicks you, then loses, the stable people blame it on you. *You* broke the *horse's* ankle."

Hazardous as his jockeyings were on the body, Mr. Groth reports even worse effects on the pocket. Since he was on a race-track story, Mr. Groth felt it imperative to get the feel of the financial end of the so-called sport, betting $2 each time he went out to sketch. "I was out 24 times, and bet 24 times," he totes up. "I tried everything—eeny, meeny, miney, mo, tips from stable hands, owners, selectors and the horses. I tried horses' names, *how the horses looked; I had the* woman I love pick, I even tried numerology. I won once, getting $3.70 back for my $2 because in my nervousness I asked for the wrong number at the ticket window."

The feeling about horses seems to be pari-mutuel because Mr. James Young, Collier's most venerable senior editor, also paid a visit to the horse-fleshpots recently. He looked in on the rose-bowery Monmouth Park (New Jersey) plant. Following the sage counsel of the newspaper wiseacres, Mr. Young and his lady made 8 bets, lost 8 bets. "Since I'd been told the track had to make $800,000 to break even," he says, "it was nice to think we'd done our share."

THE day Willard H. Temple (The Lady Was a Tramp, p. 20) made what he calls his first big sale to Collier's the refuse men of Summit, New Jersey, where he resides with a wife, two daughters and a Labrador retriever named Muffin, went on strike. "There may be some significance to this," he declares.

Prior to attaining the heights of Collier's and Summit, Mr. Temple attended Michigan and Virginia universities (he's from St. Paul, Minnesota, is thirty-five), and served for a time as batch maker with a paint company, for whom he was also an expediter. The latter he describes as a fancy title for "Hey, Temple, what the hell happened to the order from Dubbs & Hornblower?"

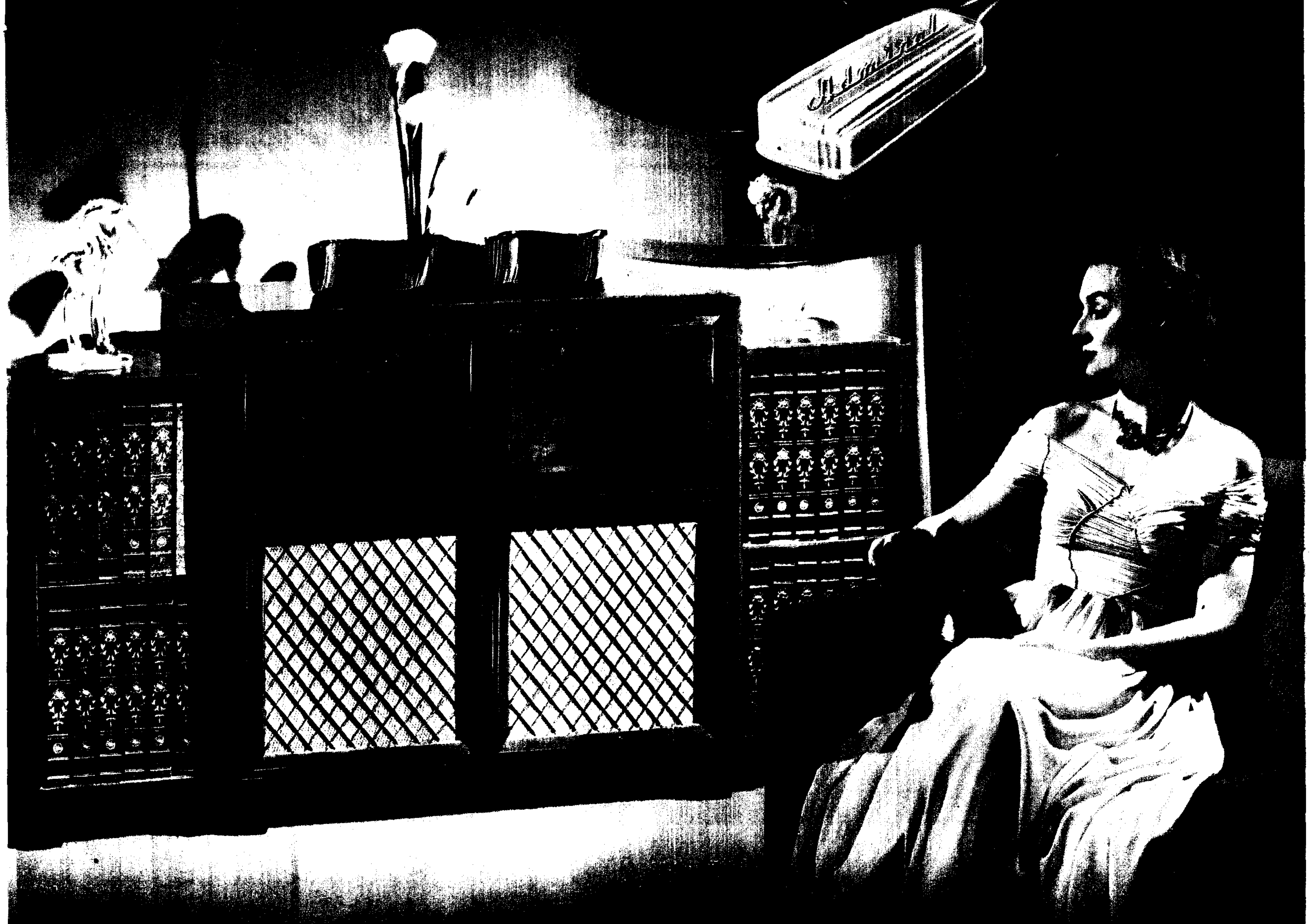
But chiefly Mr. Temple's been a writer largely of sports stories in which the hero never failed to hit a home run in the ninth inning to win the game. "Wish I could transfer a couple of them to the Polo Grounds," proposes Mr. Temple, whimsically, and forgetting a clubber named Mize.

This week's cover: Boy at Window. "The painting was done in my former studio in New York," writes Artist James Chapin. "It is of my son Elliott, age four. The wistful looking out of windows into a city street was one of the main reasons for leaving New York and trying our luck here at Glen Gardner, in these beautiful New Jersey hills, in an old stone house and studio barn."

Mr. Chapin attained the art heights the hard way. He left public school at sixteen to work in a bank and study at night at New York's Cooper Union; finishing at the Royal Academy at Antwerp, Belgium, where he took First Award and Gold Medal. Since then Mr. Chapin's work has been decorated frequently, and is hung in many museums and private collections. He's snagged the Temple Gold Medal for the "best painting by an American artist." . . . TED SHANE

Admiral

FM-AM RADIO-PHONOGRAPH WITH MIRACLE TONE ARM



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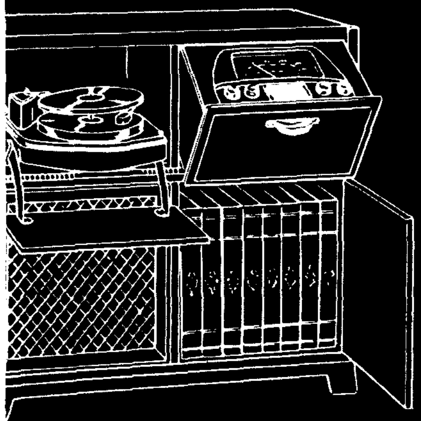

It brings a new thrill to your record listening pleasure. Serving as an ultra-sensitive energy converter, this remarkable secret formula has made possible the greatest advance in high fidelity reproduction since the invention of the phonograph. Banishes needle scratch, "talk-back" or other disturbing noises. New static-free Admiral FM (frequency modulation) radio is an engineering triumph! Hear the sensational model "73" Admiral FM Radio-Phonograph at your dealer, today. Choice of beautiful walnut, mahogany or blond cabinet with compartment to hold 144 records in albums, only **$\$289^{95}$** *(slightly higher in far west and south).*

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MAN RUNNING

BY SELWYN JEPSON

Beautiful Charlotte Inwood was frantic with fear when she arrived at her lover's house that night and told Jonathan she had murdered her husband. An hour later the London police were searching the streets for Jonathan Penrose, who had been seen running from the murder house. Here begins the story of a man guilty of no worse crime than being in love with the wrong woman

MANY men have sons and many more have two legs. But my father, Commodore Gill, who wanted a son so badly, is afflicted with the double misfortune of a daughter and a wooden leg.

Had it been otherwise, Jonathan Penrose would have meant no more to me than a name in a headline.

My father and I—my name is Eve—have lived here in the Marsh House near the Suffolk village of Kessingland ever since he retired. In these days he is a kind of sheep farmer.

But now and again he tries to make money in other ways, and some he chooses are not quite ethical, a tendency which also helped to land me in such difficulties over Jonathan—the kind of difficulties the law makes about murder. And rightly, mind you. I do not wish it to be thought that I have no respect for the law, which is a necessary thing, however greatly Father disapproves of it.

I do my best at all such times to discourage his schemes for becoming rich overnight, but it is uphill work when I know that the South American navy in which he spent his impressionable years was the worst of environments for a man with his instincts. Any notion that I or anyone else can eradicate them in their well-developed

"You stay here," Jonathan said. "But get that dress off." She realized then the state it was in and cried out, "The blood! It's evidence, isn't it?"

condition (he is past sixty) is, of course, silly. Sometimes I feel that if only he had not failed the algebra paper in the Dartmouth entrance examination and so denied the British navy a chance to bring him up properly, our lives today would be so much, much easier.

But there it is. An inevitable day comes every so often when he complains bitterly that his pension is not enough to keep him in shoelaces for one shoe, and by nightfall his active brain will have evolved yet another dangerous plan to triple his capital by Saturday.

Such a day had recently befallen us. I argued, I pleaded and I lost. I climbed a ladder because he could not, and—committed to a course of action I heartily deplored—went one day soon afterward to see a Mr. K. Zimmer in London.

But for this I would not have met Jonathan, nor taken upon myself the thankless task of saving him in the teeth of his resistance, and almost against his better judgment, from the hangman. . . .

JONATHAN'S daydream about Charlotte Inwood that same evening was improbable enough to be embellished by any miracle, for he was making it up as he went along; but the last thing he would have dared include in it was the sound of her hurrying heels on the cobbles below the open window of his sitting room. But when the heels stopped at his door and the bell rang with the three short rings she had used at about the same time two nights ago, he realized it could be no one else.

He was out of his armchair and making for the stairs in a matter of seconds. He could not deny the thrill of knowing she might be in his arms in a moment, but before he reached the door he was already preparing himself for a measure of disappointment. She was not the sort of woman to give way to impulse, particularly a romantic one. She would have telephoned, or done something to give him, and herself, a time for anticipation. She was the kind of person who savored her experiences.

Jonathan was thinking like this when he opened the door, more than ready to hear the worst had happened, that her husband had found out about them.

He saw her face, as white as her long white-velvet evening coat, which was unfastened and showed the white satin frock beneath.

Then he saw something on the frock itself. Down the front of it. From just below the breasts and almost to her knees was a stain: a dreadful, sullying smear of blood.

The dreadful shock of fear that she was hurt passed; it was not her blood, thank God. She held on to his arm, and leaned against the white wall of the narrow passage clutching a small gold handbag: a white figure with a red pattern on it.

"Joseph's dead," she said. "Joseph's dead—d'you hear, Johnnie? Dead—"

Her voice was not her own.

As he closed the door quickly on the darkness of the news and caught her in his arms, she began to shake with a nervous quivering of her whole body. She stared at him with eyes in which beauty had fled before horror; she muttered her husband's name again, and to it added the words which were to change Jonathan's life.

"I didn't mean to kill him—" she whispered. "I didn't *mean* it. He just fell down—and there he was, dead. Oh, Jonathan!—*the side of his head!*"

There was no weight in her thin body as he lifted her, but his heart was pumping as with great exertion when he reached the sitting room upstairs and put her on the couch. His mind was very numb; he took a curious interest in the fact that the red flowers on the chintz were only a little lighter in shade than that red, uneven pattern on her frock.

He touched it with his forefinger, gingerly; it was sticky, and recent. Pattern of death, of murder.

He jerked her by the shoulders, saying, "Charlotte!" urgently for he knew she must tell him at once what had happened in that ten thousand pounds' worth of chromium and mirrors in which Joseph Inwood kept his possessions and his wife and which he affected to call his home.

Jonathan's mind came to life, and he began to shake Joseph Inwood's widow violently, loving her with a fury of possessive, protective love which, until this moment, he had not dared to admit even to himself.

She uttered a sound between a sigh and a choke and he stopped the shaking in favor of comforting arms. She struggled in them, crying out again that Joseph was dead.

"You've said that before—you also said you killed him or some such nonsense." He made his tone sharp.

"I've got to get away—they'll say I killed him on purpose—but I didn't! He could have stopped me—he was stronger, wasn't he—? He didn't even put up his hands to stop me. He just looked at me and laughed and thought I wouldn't—"

"For God's sake," said Jonathan, "pull yourself together and tell me what you've done."

"I hit him—hit him and he fell down."

"People get hit and fall down every day without dying of it—" he began, and stopped. There was, after all, a lot of blood on her frock.

He caught her panic suddenly in the tumbling rush of her pouring words—Candlestick, candlestick on the table.

"I hit him to stop him talking, to stop him looking at me like that—he said filthy things. Oh, Johnnie! I couldn't stand it—darling! You *will* make them understand that! They *must!* It was like a red mist in my eyes. Hitting him was the only way to get rid of it. But I didn't mean to kill him—I swear it."

SHE was sobbing now, clinging with extraordinary strength to him; he had to pull her arms from around his neck to breathe. Words still tumbled forth, but more slowly.

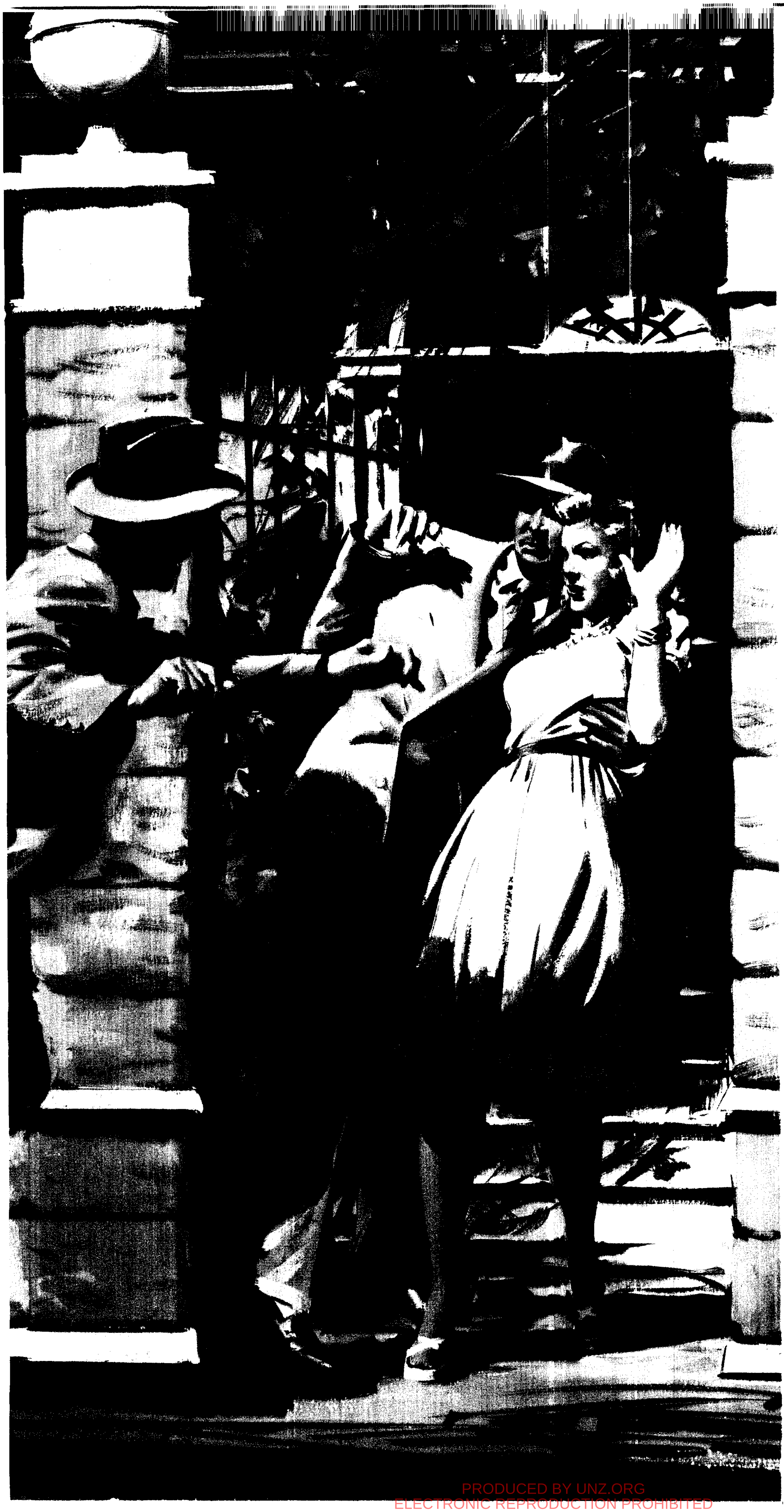
He had realized she had been unhappy with Inwood; that had been his first impression when they had met casually at that tea party short weeks ago. But she had not talked about it. He had felt at once her loyal nature.

But he had not dreamed that Inwood was as bad as that. He listened now in horror which a sense of precious time hurrying them into danger did not lessen.

How foul a man! His constant, crawling suspicion poisoning her life; ugly accusations about other men, a

Jonathan almost collided with the man and girl as he approached the corner. He swerved to avoid actual contact with them, but for one split second they were face to face

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING



beastly curiosity about her imaginary infidelities. And in the midst of his own lust he would talk like that.

Jonathan swore softly. She went on with it:

"But tonight he began about you—he must have followed me here yesterday afternoon. I went in to say good night to him just now—he was working, staying up late. He—he suddenly started asking the usual sort of disgusting questions. I couldn't bear it this time. The things he was talking about were real things—sacred things—our love on those fat, wet lips—" She shuddered, fighting hysteria.

While she talked Jonathan continued to struggle against the pity and rage clouding his mind. There was need, tremendous and vital need, for action *now*, before it was too late; if it was not indeed already that.

It was obvious she had injured him, perhaps badly, but if he could be taken to a hospital quickly—

"Charlotte! You *must* pull yourself together. I'll come with you. We'll see how things are. He's not dead. D'you hear? You may have landed him a wallop, knocked him out—but it takes a lot to kill a man."

"He's dead!" she said, her voice strengthened with a sudden urgency. "You'll do something, Johnnie—you'll get me out of this? That's all I could think about when I tried to make him speak and his head fell horribly *loose*—and dead—on my lap." She straightened her back and took a deep breath. . . . "I'm all right now. Sorry to give way. You—you go and look for yourself. Here's the key; I pulled the door to after me."

SHE picked up her handbag from the floor, gave him the key. Her eyes were large, piteous with appeal.

"Johnnie, I can't go back there—yet. I know I shall have to—but in a little while. The servants are in bed at the top of the house. They won't have heard anything."

"What can I or anyone do if he's dead?" he said more to himself than to her. "God Almighty, it can't be true," he added loudly. "You *can't* have killed him!"

Her eyes did not move from his face.

He stood up, gripping the key so tightly in his fist that it almost cut his palm.

"All right. You stay here. But get that dress off."

She seemed to realize then the state it was in and cried out in horror. "The blood! It's evidence, isn't it? They'll prove I did it. Oh, Johnnie, if they could be made to think a burglar did it—!" Her eyes were suddenly alive with hope as she slipped off the long coat and unzipped her dress.

"A burglar—?"

"Why not? No one can have heard us arguing, or even known I was in the house. The library is downstairs at the back and there are only the gardens. The Pilkingtons next door are away and Number 5 is empty! The servants go up at half past ten and I didn't come in until a quarter past eleven. "Freddy wanted me to go on to a night club—"

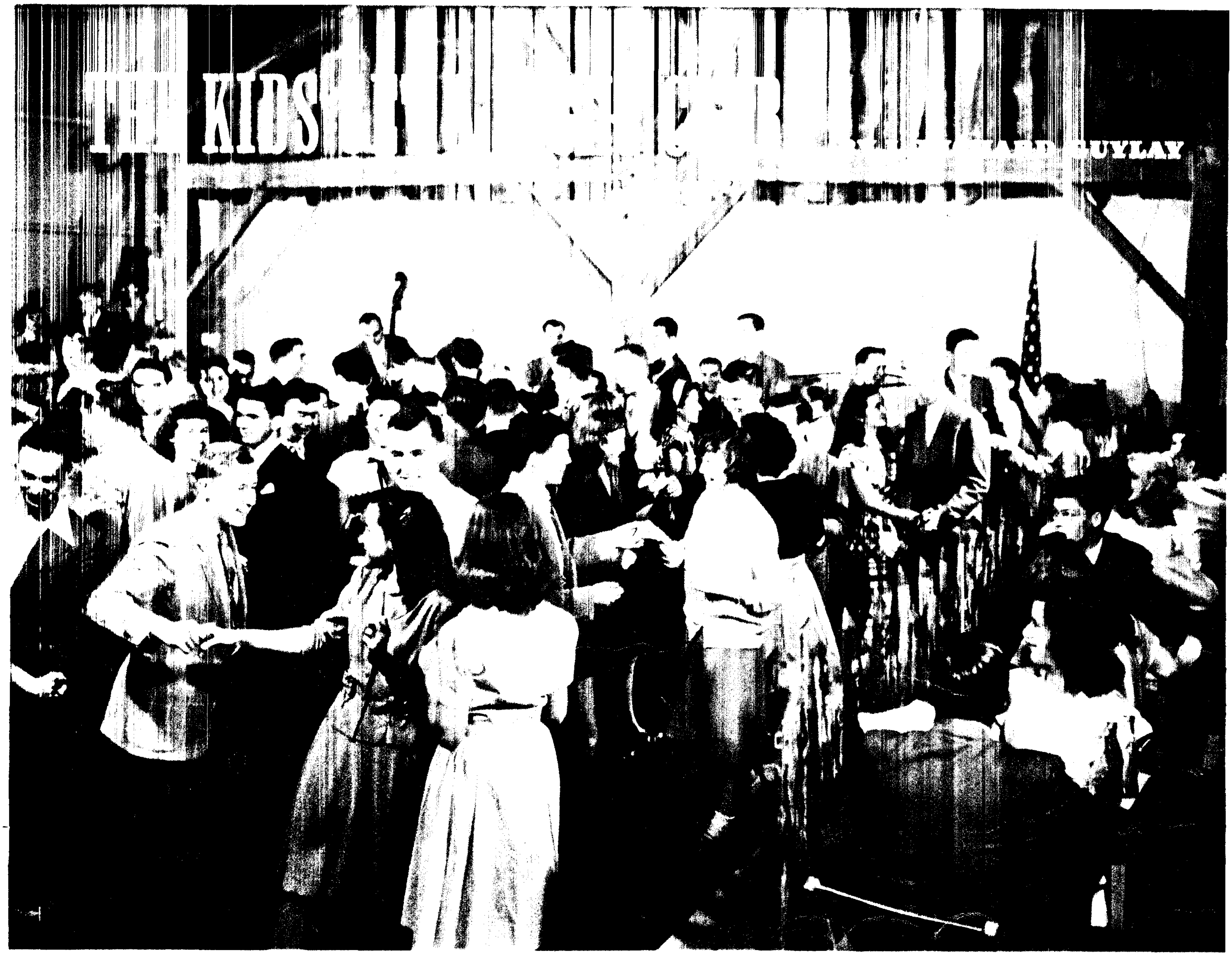
Jonathan was pleased to notice that his mind was beginning to function almost normally again. He understood the significance of what she was saying. His watch told him it was twenty-five minutes to midnight.

"Do something, Johnnie, *please!* I'll wait here for you—but hurry, darling, won't you? And you won't fail me—?"

(Continued on page 28)

THE KIDS [illegible]

[illegible]ARD GUYLAY



A Saturday night at the Barn (above). The dance floor is crowded but larger than in most night clubs. No stags are allowed and cutting in is against the rules. Adults are not admitted. This means that Rochester's younger set has a place that is exclusively its own, for its social activities. Below, a lone couple dances in a tavern. Such spots formerly used to be full of youngsters

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

Rochester shows how any community can give its teen-agers a hop-and-pop spot, and let them run it too

WHEN 15-year-old Stephanie Packard of Broken Bow, Nebraska, wrote Collier's a few months ago (May 10th) for suggestions on what teen-agers can do to entertain themselves, she started the editors thinking. (Well, anyway, wondering.) The complaint of nothing to do was a familiar one from bobby-soxers in thousands of communities. But right under their noses, in the medium-sized city of Rochester, New York, the editors found one answer. "The Barn" is a teen-age center that the kids really enjoy.

But the Barn is more than just a gathering place. It's a night club where a boy can take a girl for a full evening of fun. Furthermore it is exclusively the teen-agers' own.

Rochester's hop-and-pop spot was prompted by another letter—this one from a boy and his sister to the publisher of the local newspaper, Frank Gannett. The letter expressed the hope for a night club devoted exclusively to young people.

Rochester had tried the usual community center and the milk bar, but they had failed. As one high-school senior put it, "We're not delinquents and we don't want to feel we are being saved."

The newspaper asked hundreds of youngsters what kind of place they would like. Their answers were revealing. First of all they wanted it to be outside of town—a place to *go* to. Secondly, they wanted a combination night-club and country-club atmosphere. Finally, and perhaps most important, they wanted plenty of dance music and good entertainment.

Armed with the results of the survey, Mr. Gannett agreed to underwrite the cost, and the project was on its way.

A site five and a half miles south of Rochester was donated. In only

(Continued on page 81)

The rustic motif of the club's interior lends itself to various sentimental pastimes, such as the time-hallowed one of carving initials. Here, one of the young fellows immortalizes himself and his dreamboat by nicking at the low cedar fence rail

Professional entertainment is all right, but the youngsters seem to enjoy their own amateur talent. Above, Dave Lisk, chairman of the entertainment committee, amuses the crowd with some magic tricks he calls "corny." Below, an all-male chorus from Rochester's John Marshall High School does some pretty fancy stepping. The schools take turns at putting on a show of specialty acts each week

When they're not dancing or eating or romancing, the kids ward off the horrid prospect of inaction by playing games. Sometimes, as shown above, they mimic musicians in a hilarious affair known as the "orchestra game"

The Barn is popular with the boys because it is the least expensive place for a date. The admission is fifty cents; soft drinks are a dime, and hot dogs cost fifteen cents. Even a B.T.O. (Big-Time Operator) spends only a couple of dollars for an evening's entertainment. Below, tired but happy teen-agers are waiting for the station wagon to take them back to town

A [illegible] of the time, sp[illegible]
[illegible] talking, she [illegible]

WE KNOW SOMETHING THE OTHERS DON'T

BY W. L. KNICKMEYER

—The something was in his first wife's eyes

IT WAS my goodby party. The apartment was jammed with people I didn't know, and I stood against the wall, watching. It wasn't just a party, it was a symbol.

I was cutting off the loose ends.

Tomorrow I'd be married again, only this time to Nora, and this time everything would be different. I looked at Nora dancing with Harry Wynne, and thought how it would be up there in the woods, with Nora. I looked at Sam Lake being confidential and fatherly with a babe in yellow, and thought about the four hundred dollars that was all I had left. Sam I would have to talk to.

And I kept looking for Sylvia. . . .

After a while Ed Hanson came and stood by me.

"Pete," he said, "you're a lucky guy."

He'd never know how lucky. Nora wasn't an actress and she knew it, and so this time it was going to be different.

"Yeah," I said.

"She's a lovely girl."

Did he think I was going to argue?

Then his face got solemn. He was getting ready to make a crack.

"Too lovely, Pete. Too lovely to feed to the bears."

He was a witty guy.

"Okay," I said. "Okay." That was the kind of stuff I'd listened to for ten years. That was what I was giving up. It broke my heart.

I thought how it would be. There was the cabin, set down under a hill, and the Maine woods deep and thick and quiet all around, and I could smell the clean air and see the lake, blue and ruffled with the wind.

It was going to be tough, trading the Ed Hansons for that.

Ed was looking at me, blinking and grinning.

"They tell me you're going to write a play," he said.

"That's right."

He cleared his throat.

"Ladies by Request ran a full two years," he said. "And Marriage for Three went over a year. But they tell me you're not satisfied. They were so frothy. So—ah—shallow."

He put his head on one side, looking at me.

"They tell me you're going to write a masterpiece." It overwhelmed him. "A genius," he whispered. "Like O'Neill, maybe."

"Yeah," I said. "Maybe."

It was the play I'd wanted to write ten years ago, only better. The play I might have written if I hadn't married Sylvia. There were things that needed to be said and it was going to be solid and new and beautiful and I didn't want to talk about it. Not to Ed Hanson.

It meant too much.

He slapped my shoulder, grinning. "Don't be downhearted, Pete. We're all pulling for you."

Like Brooklyn pulls for the Cards.

Ed gave my shoulder another slap and went away, circulating from blonde to blonde. I watched him for a while and I was beginning to get sore but what was the use? It was just Ed Hanson.

I lighted a cigarette and looked at the party. It was doing all right. Nora was dancing now with a smooth, curly-haired lad I didn't know. She smiled at me over his shoulder, and I grinned and waved.

Then Sam Lake came by, waddling. He still had the babe in yellow and when he saw me he took the cigar out of his mouth.

I remembered my four hundred.

"Sam," I said, "I'd like to talk to you, if you have time."

He wiggled the cigar, and winked.

"Later, Pete my boy. Later, when we are not so busy."

He patted the girl's hand and winked again and they went on. Old Sam. The friends I had at that party I could count on one finger, but Sam was all right. He'd produced four plays for me, before the war; we'd been friends for a long time. I could depend on Sam.

I looked at my watch: twelve thirty. Sylvia ought to be coming any minute. I put my hand in my pocket and touched the box.

A square box, with sharp corners, wrapped in tissue paper. One way to say goodby. . . . For a minute I stood there, remembering Sylvia: the way her hair was when she was brushing it, a thick black cloud all around her head; the little frown between her eyes when she was tired. And I still didn't quite see how it had happened.

She'd been a nice kid, playing walk-on parts, picking up a dollar here and a dollar there. That was at the beginning, and we were broke most of the time, spending our free evenings on the roof of our tenement close to each other, talking—talking about us. I was writing and carrying bricks and shoveling concrete and writing, and we were happy.

Then I wrote Ladies by Request, and everything went to pieces. . . .

Not all at once. It took a while. But Sylvia began getting better parts, and we were going up together, and then it was over. She was just another glitter-happy Broadway babe.

She had said, "Pete, we can't go on like this. It isn't working out. We're just—not good for each other."

She'd done it nicely. I had to give her that. Her voice broke in the right places and everything.

Well, that was Sylvia, and that was a long time ago. In '41. A lot of things had happened since then. And, anyway, Nora was different.

But my throat felt dry and the palms of my hands were moist and cold. I jabbed out my cigarette in an ash tray.

I had to be sure.

She was still with Curly-hair. I walked out and touched his elbow, and then we were dancing together. I didn't waste any time.

"Listen, baby," I said. "Are you sure about this? Do you know what you're doing?"

Her head went back and her eyes got wide. With her gold hair smooth and slick, and that green dress, and the pale skin of her shoulders, she didn't look much like Maine. She looked like Broadway.

"Darling, I don't know what you *mean*. Am I sure about *what?*"

(Continued on page 75)

ILLUSTRATED BY A. HALLMAN

OFFICIAL PHOTOGRAPHS, U.S. NAVY

This rat received flash burns on his ears during the first Bikini test. He may also have received much more lethal radioactivity "burns" which wouldn't show

This rat was much more severely burned in the overwater atomic explosion at Bikini. Test animals are pampered in Navy's magnificent hospital in Maryland

THE A-BOMB'S INVISIBLE OFFSPRING

BY EDWARD P. MORGAN

What we have really learned about the results of atomic explosion and what it means to you

THERE have been a lot of guesses, some sober, some wild, about what is going to happen to this planet if nations start breaking one another's skulls again. How perilous is living in the Atomic Age going to be? Here, two years after Hiroshima, one after Operation Crossroads, are some of the salient facts, the guarded conclusions, the troubled theories of military men, doctors and scientists—the people who know the atom best:

1. Radioactivity equivalent to the energy emitted by more than 1,000 tons of radium was released in Test Baker at Bikini, the first underwater explosion of the atomic bomb.
2. More than a year afterward, some 50 of the 65 ships in the target array are still so contaminated with radioactivity that under accepted safety standards they cannot be manned.
3. No way has been found to decontaminate a ship or any other object polluted with radioactivity.
4. Bikini Atoll and lagoon still have "warm spots" of radiation and are classed as unsafe for habitation.
5. Fish and algae retrieved after Test Baker had soaked up so much radioactivity they could take their own X-ray pictures.
6. All the pigs and 75 per cent of the rats in Test Baker perished.
7. Radiation has changed the shape and color of some plant life.
8. Changes in the color of human skin, and formation of massive, ugly scar tissue called keloids, some of which didn't stop growing until nearly a year after the bombings, were numerously noted on burned survivors at Hiroshima and Nagasaki.
9. Intensive radiation may spread cancer.
10. Temporary sterility was caused in many survivors, male and female, in Japan.
11. Some scientists fear that strong radiation might dangerously alter human cell structure and ultimately produce freaks.
12. Radioactive particles from the five bombs that were exploded are still floating around—harmlessly—in the upper air. But scientists are seriously debating what is the *X* number of bombs (500? 10,000? a million?) it would take to overload the stratosphere and threaten the habitable areas of the globe.
13. Whatever *X* may be, no real defense against atomic warfare is even in sight.

Scare you? The radiation Test Baker released was a billion times as potent as a gram of radium. Much of it quickly "died" as fission products from the blast decayed into stabler substances but a powerful amount of it still exists. In 1940 there were approximately 1,000 grams (about two pounds) of known separated radium in the world. One microgram (a millionth of a gram) of it could, under certain circumstances, kill a person.

Some of the Bikini ships are still so "hot" that men can't work aboard them for more than an hour or so at a time, even with masks, special clothing and shielding devices. (The radioactivity of a substance is commonly measured in terms of a roentgens and the maximum safety level is 1/10 of a roentgen a day. This is generally more radiation than is emitted by the luminous dials on the instrument panel of an ordinary transport plane.)

Several of these ships were washed, scrubbed and hosed with fresh water, sea water and chemicals. Their decks were scoured and scraped; their paint chipped. Applying fresh paint—which contains lead, which is a shield against radioactivity—didn't work. Cleansing experiments continue. So far, nothing has had any *material* effect. Two weeks after the explosion the washed vessels registered relatively the same radioactivity as the unwashed. Radioactivity is indestructible and cannot be neutralized. The only answer is to let it peter out of its own accord.

Duration of a "Half Life"

This may be a long process: Radio sodium, produced in enormous abundance when the Baker blast acted on sea salt, loses half its potency in 14.8 hours. Scientists call this a "half life." Radio phosphorus has a half life of two weeks; radium 1,600 years; plutonium *24,000* years.

These ships are valuable as atomic laboratories but, although they are 300 to 400 times less radioactive today than they were on July 25, 1946, as far as normal naval uses are concerned they might as well have been sunk. They couldn't even be safely scrapped; the radioactivity might emerge later in somebody's rebuilt yacht, a steel rail or a skyscraper's girder!

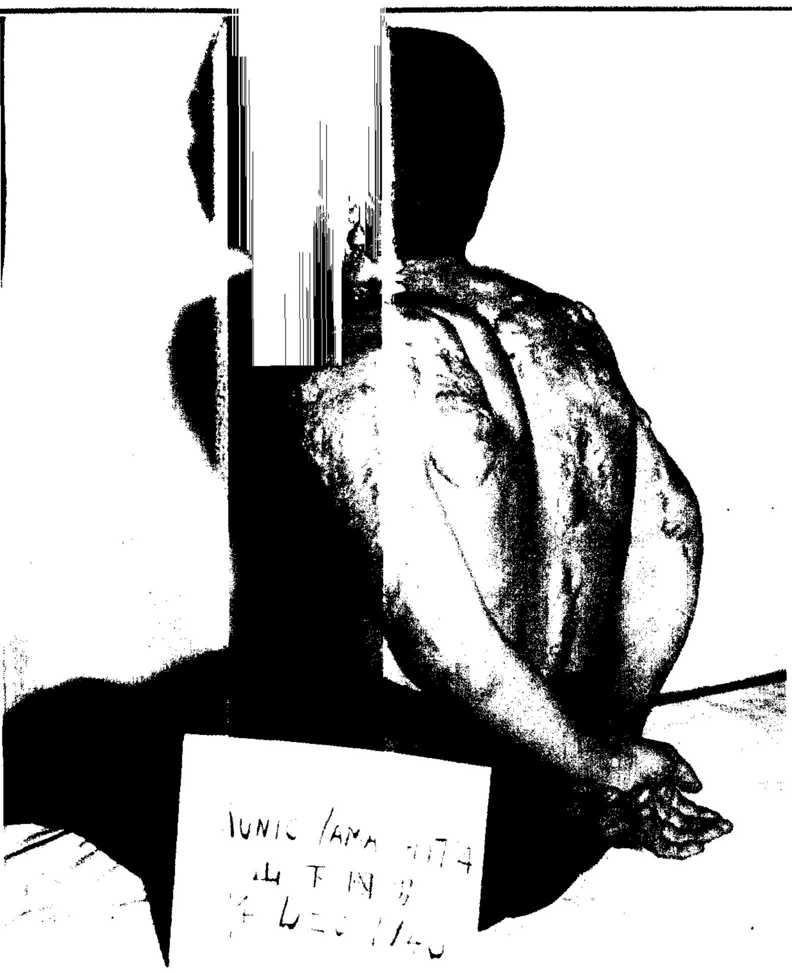
The clouds of radioactive rain which soaked the ships missed Bikini Atoll proper, and practically none of the intensely "hot" particles were deposited on dry land, but the water, marine plants, coral reefs, even the bottom of the lagoon, were made radioactive.

The secret of the self-photographing fish is simply that when they were placed on X-ray plates, their bones gave out enough radiation to expose the films. It probably would have been fatal to eat the fish then, and Professor Lauren R. Donaldson, University of Washington School of Fisheries radiobiologist who witnessed Crossroads, "guesses" it "would be unwise to eat fish or other marine products from inside the atoll," even now.

No lush forests of vegetation have sprung up in Hiroshima and Nagasaki but a few curiously formed weeds and a variety of plants with albino-spotted leaves have been found around the explosion centers. In Nagasaki after the attack, an agriculturist named Dr. Takeo Furuno planted two vegetable gardens from seeds brought from outside. One plot was 150 meters from the explosion ground center, the other 500 meters. He got some abnormal-looking plants from both plots and he

JACOB LOFMAN

This goat, like all other Bikini survivors, is being bled to see whether it has developed anemia. Radiation kills white corpuscles in the blood of both animals and men


SIGNAL CORPS, U.S. ARMY

Keloids, heavy scar tissue, cover the healed wounds of a Nagasaki boy, burned as he leaned on a shovel 1½ miles from the blast

got far more from the one nearer the center, but the changes are not considered representative.

Destruction of the pigment by intense ultraviolet light from the bomb flash apparently explained some of the color changes in the skin of survivors in Japan. Thick and elevated above the skin, the keloids, as the scar tissue is called, were pink, brown or white. Some were firm to the touch, some sensitive. Some felt warmer than the surrounding skin. The Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission observed that these scar formations may present unique problems in surgical treatment and noted that in some rare cases the possibility of cancer might have to be considered.

Lab experiments, some long predating the Atomic Age, indicate that radiation induces cancer; studies of definite effects on humans are inconclusive. Two strains of mice, one predisposed to have cancer, the other to resist it, underwent Test Able, the overwater explosion at Bikini. None has shown any unusual effects so far. (In Able, ships were exposed to infinitely less radiation than in Baker.)

The sterility in survivors in Japan was blamed on radiation; the sex organs are among the most sensitive to it. A large number of women exposed to direct radiation from the blasts showed definite menstrual disturbances. Several authorities, including Captain R. Harold Draeger, who headed the naval medical-research section at Bikini, believe however that a radiation dose strong enough to cause permanent sterility would also kill a person.

No "monsters" have been detected in the offspring of Japanese survivors and no specific genetic changes observed, but it might take several generations for irregularities to show. Animals and plants already have been made to produce malformed offspring by exposure of their sexual cells to radioactive energy. Fruit flies pelted with X rays, for instance, have produced radically deformed descendants. After similar exposure of their ancestors, rats have been born with claws on the ends of their noses.

Many bomb victims lost their hair. It's coming in again, in coarser strands, some of it gray and curly instead of straight and black. Beta rays in dust particles fell on the backs of some Hereford cows grazing at Alamogordo, New Mexico, after the first atomic-bomb explosion and turned patches of their hair white. Their regular red hair is returning and no abnormalities have been noted in the cows or the calves they've had since.

Pigs are supposed to have about the same resistance to radiation as man; rats have more. Six pigs of a total of 20 succumbed in Test Baker before the ships had cooled enough to be boarded. The other 14 died within 14 days. Of the 199 rats placed on four ships, 70 were dead when recovered; 80 more died later. Virtually all the fatalities were attributed to radiation; the blast broke the water bottles of a few rats and they died of thirst. All the animals used were shielded from the blast by at least one deck or bulkhead. Rear Admiral William Sterling Parsons, Navy atomic-defense chief, said later the area within a half-mile radius of the explosion center would be considered an "intolerable zone" for both men and ships.

Dr. Paul S. Henshaw, until recently radiobiologist at Oak Ridge and now scientific consultant to General MacArthur, is particularly worried about the possibility of an atomic war spreading cancer and also upsetting the normal heredity progression of human cells. "Animals receiving heavy acute exposure of high energy radiation (X rays, gamma rays, beta rays, neutrons) died prematurely, usually in a condition of advanced age, emaciation or some form of cancer," Dr. Henshaw said. "We know that early X-ray workers who received burns on their hands later developed cancer, and that physicians and dentists who have had their hands in X-ray beams too frequently have developed skin lesions which later turned to cancer."

When it comes to genes, the molecules in human cells which determine hereditary characteristics, including sex, Dr. Henshaw said there seems to be no level below which effects are positively harmless. "When the bullet-like particles of radiation act on a cell the intricate organization is disrupted, and if the cell is able to sustain life, some of the modifications may bring about a change that may be passed through succeeding generations. What the frequency for these (changes) is for any dose level is not yet known for human beings."

Survivors Face Grim Future

The Atomic Bomb Casualty Commission report, which Dr. Henshaw coauthored with Dr. Austin M. Brues, observed regarding survivors in Japan that: "from previous irradiation experiences with both animals and human beings, there is good reason to believe that reproductive disturbances, malignancies of one form or another, shortened life-span, altered genetic pattern, etc., will in time appear in greater or lesser degrees."

But in the whole history of the Manhattan Project there were only two deaths from radiation and in Operation Crossroads there weren't even any atomic injuries.

Out at Brookhaven, in the middle of Long Island, 75 miles east of New York, the U. S. government is building one of its biggest atomic-research laboratories. Experts consider it a safer place to work than an airplane factory. Satisfied with safety measures, underwriters asked for no extra premiums on employees' group insurance policies.

But many atomic experts agree that, theoretically, the whole green areas of the earth would be threatened by radioactivity from the explosion of an *X* number of bombs, and man might be driven to live on the icecaps over the North and South Poles, the only places on earth that the wind currents would keep relatively free of contamination. But they disagree sharply over that unknown *X*. A few argue that if 500 bombs were set off in a short time we would be stepping on danger's doorstep; others say it would take from 10,000 to a million.

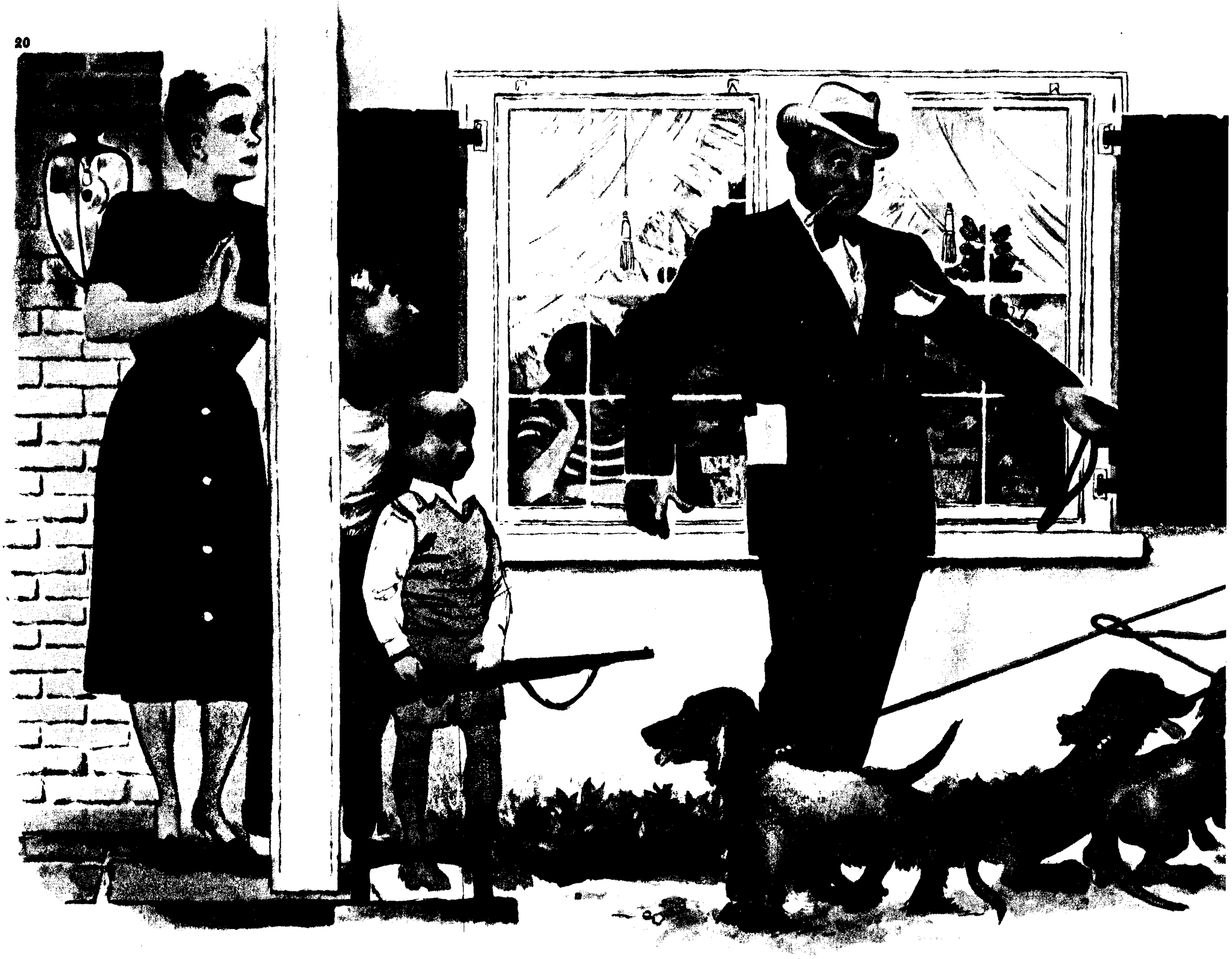
Many military men, however, stoutly maintain it's fairy-tale stuff to figure that radioactivity would be used in such strength as to threaten a hemisphere, a continent or even a strategic city for any length of time, on two grounds: First, it isn't easy to deliver an atomic bomb—guided missiles of supersonic speeds have a restricted range, and a certain number of other carriers, like bombers, submarines, etc., would be destroyed before their bombs could be exploded—and second, even if an enemy could make a successful "saturation" attack with radioactivity, he wouldn't want to, because it would render the target area as useless for the victor as for the vanquished.

Scientists would like to believe this, but they see modern warfare following no rules; atomic weapons would blast the conflict quickly out of control.

"One bomb fired in anger would be the beginning of the end," one physicist said.

Dr. Edward Teller, Hungarian-born professor at the University of Chicago, a Manhattan Project scientist and one of the world's leading physicists, calculated that if the activity liberated at Bikini were multiplied by, say, 100,000 bombs or a million and released off our Pacific Coast, the whole of the U.S.A. would be endangered. He admits that it has by no means been proved that such enormous amounts of energy could be so released. But, he wrote in the Bulletin of Atomic Scientists, ". . . . it is much more than a fantastic possibility. If such great quantities of activity should become available, an enemy

(Continued on page 61)



THE LADY WAS A TRAMP

THE great dog crisis in our family began when Lady escaped from the house for a few minutes one crucial afternoon.

"I'm not sure anything happened," Mother said hopefully to Father when he came home.

Lady, a sleek Irish setter, looked up at Father with a wicked grin, her pink tongue lolling out and her tail thumping the floor. Father had given her to us but he had trained her and she was his dog. He was always talking about breeding her but had never found a potential sire in our locality he considered fit to associate with Lady.

"You didn't see another dog when you found her?" Father said.

"Well," Mother admitted, "there was a dog furtively slipping away around the hedge."

"What sort of a dog?"

"I don't know," Mother said doubtfully. "A sort of shaggy, nondescript dog—about the size of a pony."

Father winced. Frances, the youngest member of the family, toddled up and tugged at his hand. "Puppies," she said. "Frannie want a puppy."

"I'm sorry, honey," Father said. He had it all worked out. If and when Lady's time came, he would take her to the vet and no one but the vet would ever see the pups. But the best-laid plans can go astray, and Lady did turn out to be in an interesting condition. When the time neared, Father said, "We'd better take her over to Doc Kinsey."

"You know how lonely and unhappy she is away from us," Mother said. "Let's wait a day or two."

Lady looked pleadingly at Father and he gave in. The trip was postponed a day, then another two days, and on the third night Father was roused from bed by Mother.

Half asleep, Father instantly assumed the house was full of burglars. "Phone the police," he whispered hoarsely, and picking up a number-twelve shoe, he started for the stairs.

"Lady's having her puppies," Mother said.

"Hell and blast!" said Father. "Call the vet. Where is she, in the kitchen?"

"In your study," Mother said, and Father groaned. . . .

A few hours later we all stood in a circle around Lady, Doc Kinsey drinking a cup of coffee.

"Eight healthy pups," he said and looked dubiously at their muddy color. "Not thoroughbreds, are they, Hooper?"

"No," said Father, "and we don't want them."

"Best if I take them away now then," the vet said. "Take them away from Lady just after she's had them?" Mother cried, looking at kindly old Doc Kinsey as though he were a fiend. In vain Kinsey tried to explain that Lady would mourn her pups for a very short time. "She's had them," Mother said, "and she deserves a chance to raise them. We can sell them."

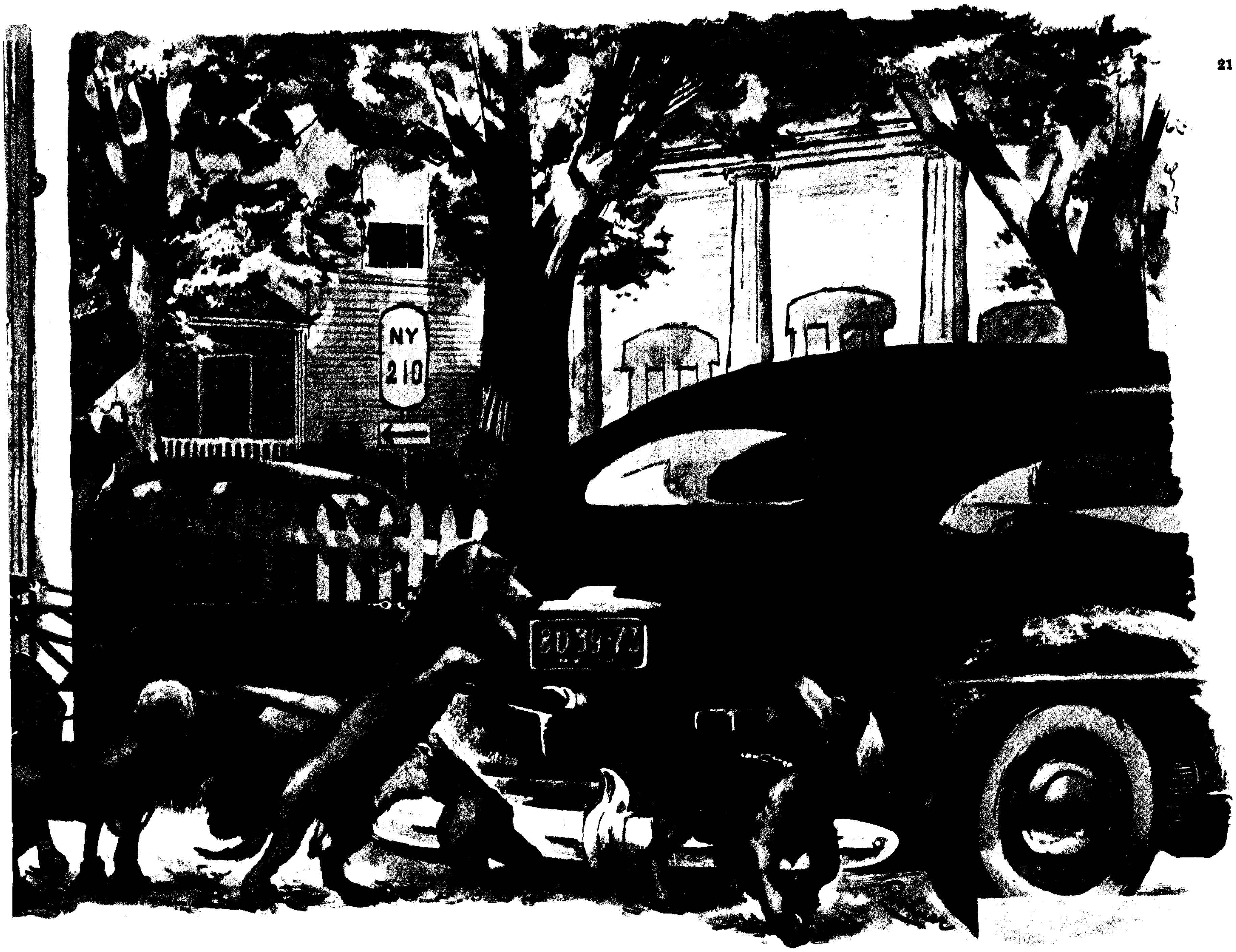
Father came home that night with the back seat of the car filled with lumber, and that evening he worked in the cellar constructing a pen for the dogs. He talked to himself as he worked and his words came clearly up through the hot-air registers.

"I have things to do," he said plaintively. "I'm a busy man"—*crash* went the hammer—"I have a brief case filled with urgent work and I spend my evenings"—*crash*—"building a blasted dog pen"—*crash*—"for a lot of mongrels."

Mother smiled at us, looking up from the basket of socks in her lap. "Your father is really a very warm-hearted man," she explained. . . .

The situation became acute when Lady ran dry. Father came home from work and found Mother downstairs, crouched in the pen, feeding the pups from a little rubber-nippled doll's bottle.

"That's the last straw," Father cried, frowning angrily at Lady, who came joyfully up to greet him.



Father had rigged up a complicated leash for the eight pups so he could take them all walking at once

Father had to do something—the family was obviously going to the dogs

BY WILLARD H. TEMPLE

◆

"The dog won't even take care of her own puppies."

"It's not her fault," Mother said. "Besides, the puppies will be weaned in another week. Then we can plan on getting rid of them. I'll run an ad in the Sentinel."

"No, you won't," Father said. "There's an Animal League in town and I'm turning those pups over to it."

He drove over to the Animal League that night. It proved to be a sagging, dilapidated old house. An ancient harridan with chin whiskers opened the door. Father was prepared to find a kindly old lady who loved dogs with a love that passeth all understanding.

"Madam," said Father genially, "I am going to present you with eight of the cutest little puppies you ever saw."

"Hey?" said the old crone. Father reddened and repeated his message.

"Speak up, can't yer?"

"Puppies," Father shouted angrily at her. "Eight dogs, dammit. I'm giving them to you."

The old woman said, "Miz Rand, she's sick, she ain't got time to tend to no more dogs," and the door squeaked as it closed in Father's furious face.

Father came home disconsolate. "We're stuck with those dogs," he said. "I have four kids that run me ragged, and now I have nine dogs. Who ever heard of a man with four children and nine dogs? I'll be a raving lunatic."

"Don't get excited, Norman," Mother said. "I'm sure there are lots of people who would love to have those dogs. I've put an ad in the paper and I'll have the children inquire among their little friends."

Father brightened up and the next night when he came in he looked cheerful. "Well, children," he said, beaming, "I know it will be hard for you to part with the little pups, but that's life. How many did we get rid of today?" and he patted Frances on the head.

"Don't wanna give the puppies away," Frances said. Her big brown eyes filled with tears. "Mean old Daddy," she said, and ran out of the room.

The cheerfulness vanished from Father's face. He muttered to himself, then looked heavily at the rest of us.

"We found three kids," I acted as spokesman. "But their mothers won't let them have mongrels."

Father got red. "What is this," he shouted, "a town full of snobs? I had one mongrel after another when I was a kid. Fine dogs. Aren't people mongrels? Aren't Americans mongrels? Who's a thoroughbred in this country except maybe an Indian? And look what happened to the Indians."

Father was getting worked up. Mother said, "Supper's on the table, Norman. I'm sure we'll have some results from the ad in the paper today."

She was right. About nine o'clock the doorbell rang and a man came in and asked to see the pups. Father and Mother took him downstairs. He looked at the eight pups leaping back and forth in the pen, and then turned a hard eye on Lady. Lady had a pedigree and Father was very proud of her.

"Pretty coarse type of Irish setter, isn't she?" the man said chattily.

"What makes you think so?" Father demanded belligerently. Mother made warning signs that Father ignored.

"Bigger than most," the man said. "Not as streamlined as she should be."

"Oh, no?" Father said dangerously. "What do you want, a dog, or a toy to put in your pocket?"

"These pups," the man laughed, "are going to be young elephants."

Father was still smarting over the insult to Lady. "If you want a canary," Father said, "I can direct you to a bird store."

And that ended any *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM PACHNER

KONSTANTIN KOSTICH

The Croatian Cabinet parades at a public function in Split, Yugoslavia. In this Russian-dominated country Americans are received as unwelcome guests

THE BALKAN FOLLIES

BY W. B. COURTNEY

"The Beautiful Red Danube" is the setting for a tragicomic show in which our G.I.s and diplomats often are pushed around and our planes, flying on official missions, are treated like enemies. After an extended inspection tour, our correspondent reviews the farce

FOUR hundred million dollars of your money and mine (the recent grant to Greece and Turkey), plus a lot of other things you ought to know about, are now going down the Balkan drainpipe: the popularity and prestige of the United States; *the safety of our occupation forces in Europe;* and the faith that many of the "little people" in this patch of earth reposed in us.

The Balkans are now a stage for what is currently the Greatest Show on Earth: complete with bands, parades, ringmasters, star performers and clowns. And we are in it. As clowns. Yanks over here have named this show "The Balkan Follies."

The Balkans—Albania, Greece, Yugoslavia, Rumania, Bulgaria and Turkey-in-Europe—are named after the mountain range which runs lengthwise across Bulgaria and forms that country's only backbone. Altogether they are slightly larger than Texas, have a population of less than 50,000,000, with an illiteracy average of 40 per cent—100 per cent among the peasants. Albania is the size of Maryland. Albania is famous in medical circles for judging its children's health by the louse test. Have got?—then Allah be praised! Greece is smaller than North Carolina. Greece is famous for in-again, on-again, gone-again kings; and bureaucrats who get fine new cars every time the nation receives foreign aid for its starving.

Turkey-in-Europe is smaller than New Hampshire. Turkey is not famous for anything since Ataturk made it give up harems. Yugoslavia is smaller than Oregon. Yugoslavia is famous for biting the hand that feeds it; a habit arising from the table manners of its peasants who hit anyone slow to pass the borsht, over the head with jugs, hence their nickname—"Jugheads." Bulgaria and Rumania are roughly the size of Tennessee and Utah respectively. Bulgaria and Rumania are jointly famous as the "Jumping Allies"; it's a poor war that doesn't find them on each side half a dozen times, often on both sides at once.

It surprised certain Western Foreign Offices, after the war, to learn that Balkanese are really *people*—and people, moreover, tired of being a museum remnant of the feudal age; tired of being pushed around by rich landowners, mauled by cops and kings: living in disease, filth, unspeakable poverty and blackest ignorance.

The stage setting of the Follies is a river that draws a 1,750-mile rainbow across the Balkans. Originally it lived up to the name made famous by a Strauss waltz: The Beautiful Blue Danube. Hitler's Shirts renamed it The Beautiful Brown Danube. This is being revised to The Beautiful Red Danube. The Danube is the biggest and best inland water highway of Europe. It rises in Germany, near France, bisects Austria, forms a partial boundary for Czechoslovakia and Hungary, laves northeast Yugoslavia, and is the frontier between Bulgaria and Rumania.

A politically, commercially and

(Continued on page 67)

LITTLE MAN ON A HORSE

BY JOHN GROTH

The life and times of a jockey, as told and painted by one of Collier's artists

THE little men in the bright colors are big men around the race track, and they've become big men because they're pint-sized. As one jockey at Churchill Downs put it, "When I was a kid they used to push me around because I was so small. Now the big guys are asking for my autograph."

The way it usually starts is this: The undersized kid hangs around the track probably for no other reason than that he likes horses. He gets to like the life around the track, too, and he envies the jockeys in their flashy silks. Sooner or later someone spots him and remarks casually, "You're a little guy. Why don't you ride?" That's all the encouragement the kid needs.

He gets a job as exercise boy and marshals the half-ton nags about. He soon develops big arms and shoulders. And he's careful not to develop elsewhere, for to be a jock he must remain puny, about 85 to 105 pounds.

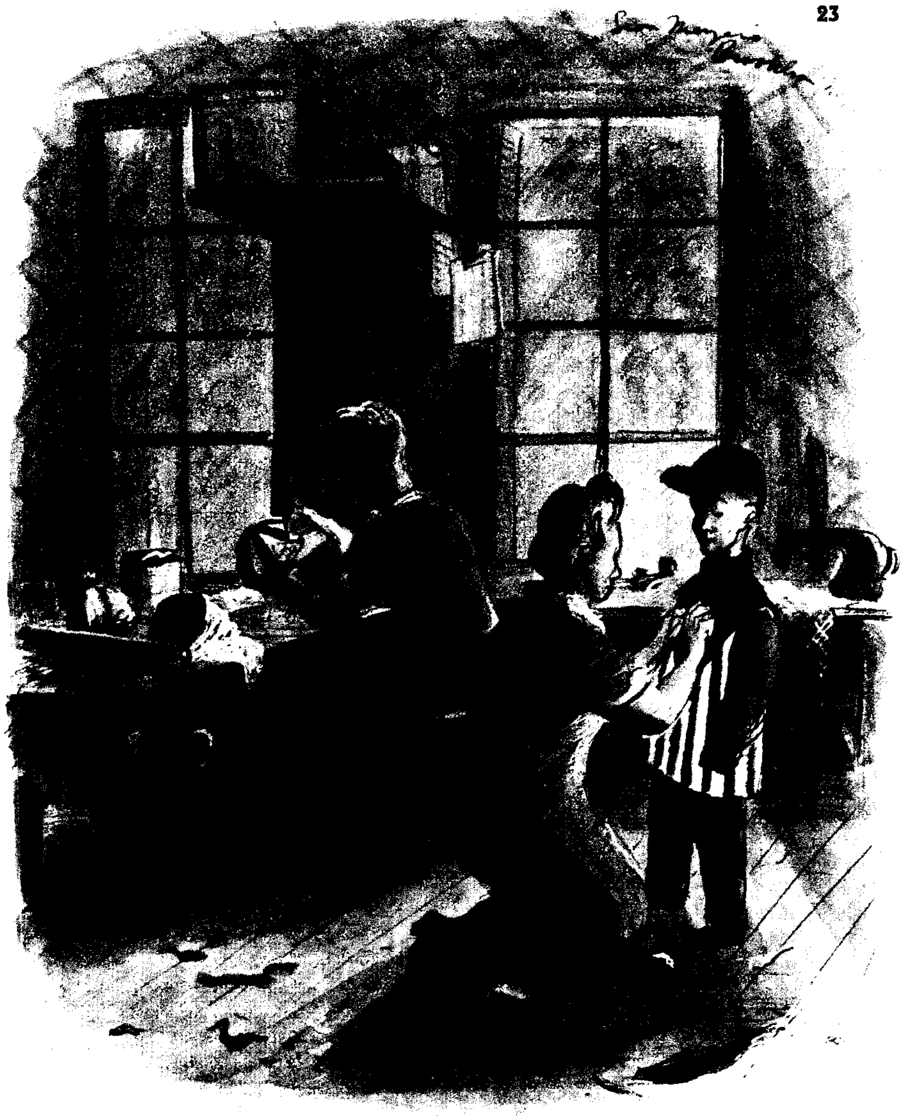
After a couple years, the kid applies for an apprentice jockey license and, if all goes well, in time he develops into a full-fledged jockey, equipped with an agent who solicits mounts for him and cuts himself in for 10 per cent.

Now the kid is eligible to don the bright silks. It may be the watermelon pink and gray of the John Hay Whitney stable, Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt's cerise and white, or the cyclamen and blue of the Main Chance. More likely it'll be the equally brilliant hues of a smaller stable.

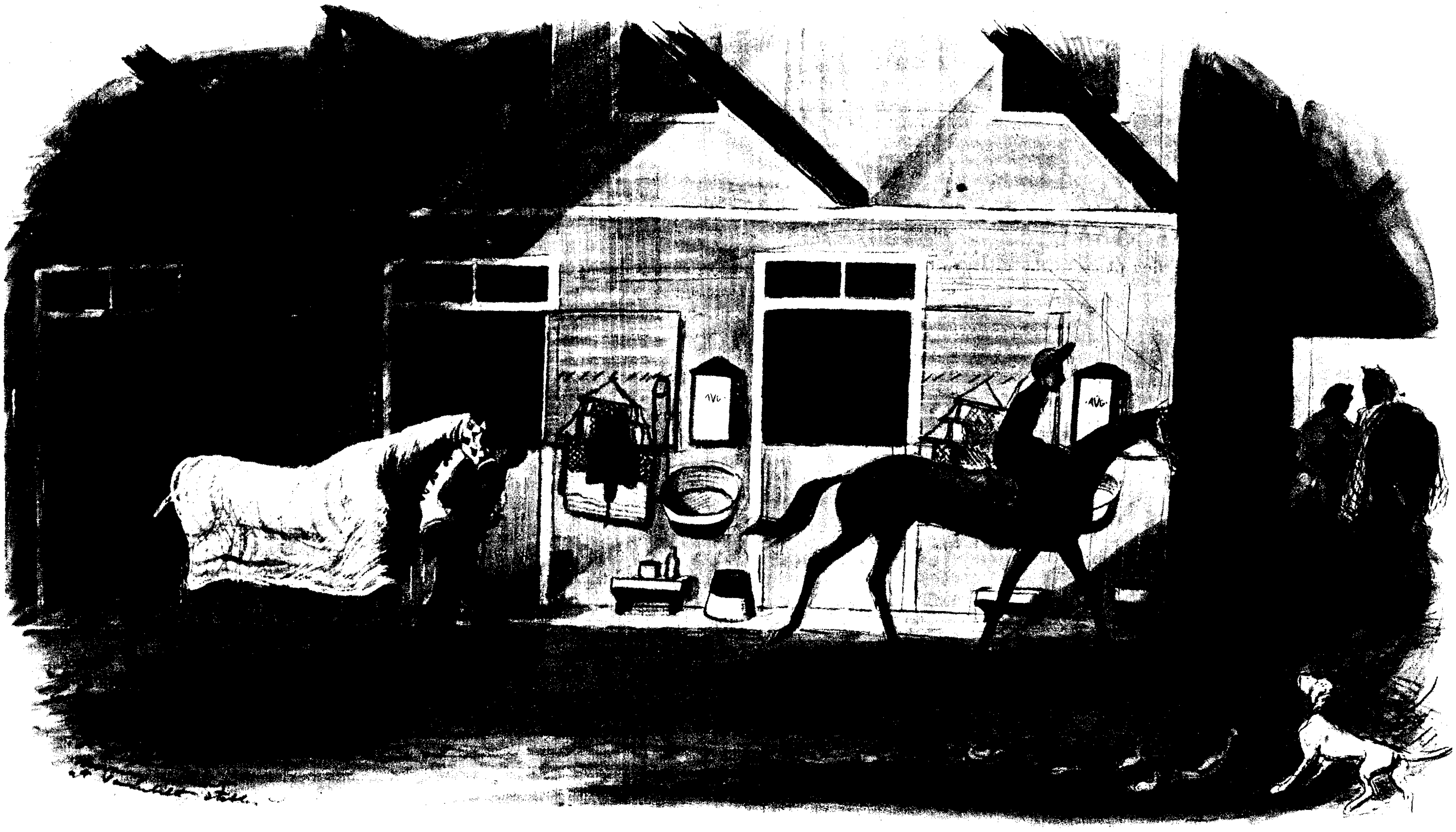
The silks are in all sorts of designs—polka dots, stripes, bars, stars, diamonds and squares. And whatever silks the jock wears, his mount's equipment is in the same color scheme. So is everything about the stable. The horse's blinkers and blankets, the sweaters worn by the stable boys, even the appurtenances—pails, benches, medicine chests—all carry the owner's colors.

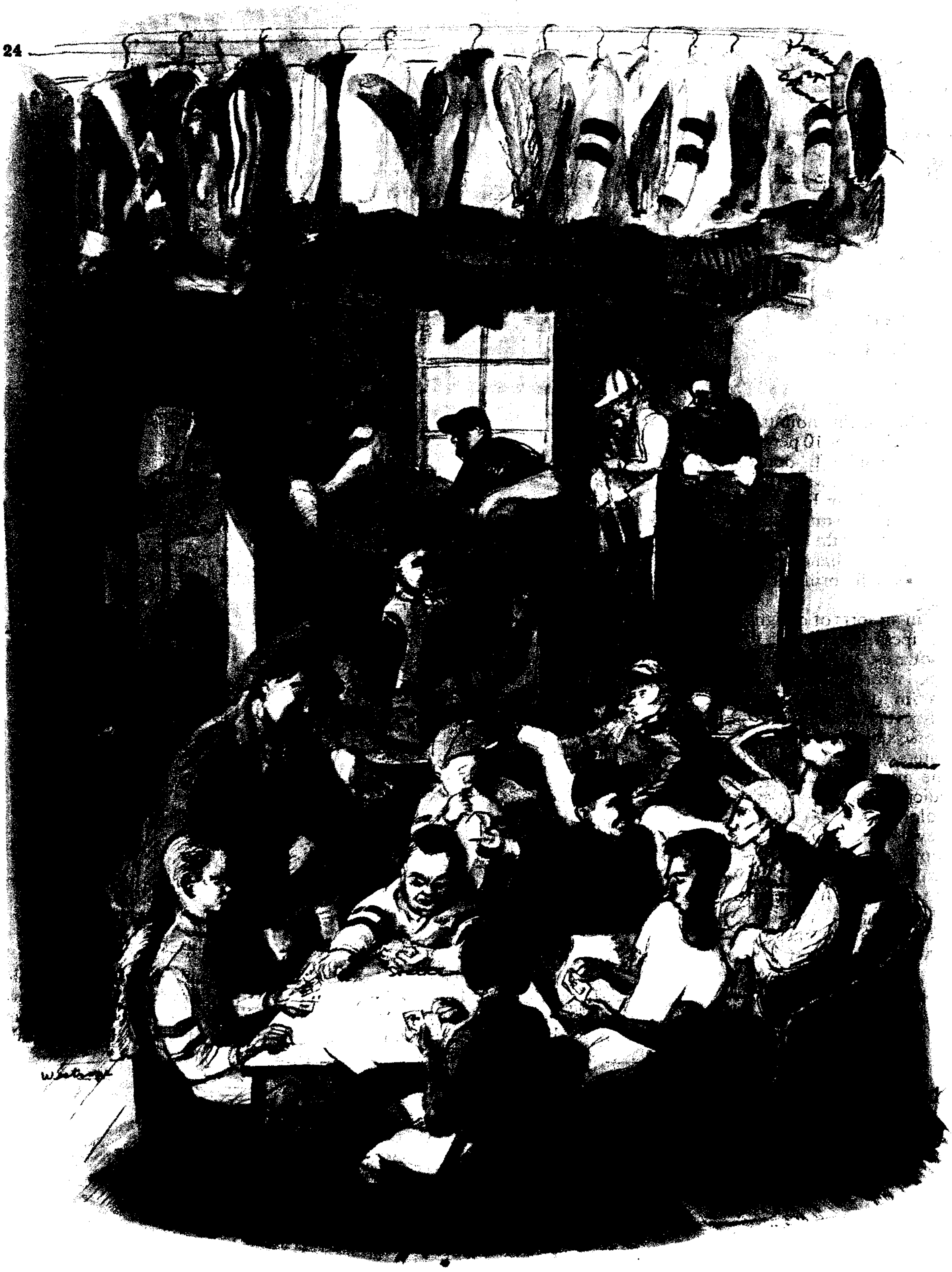
Some jockeys ride exclusively for one stable, some free-lance, and others give first call to one stable, reserving the right to ride other horses when not called.

The pay varies. A contract rider usually starts with base pay of $50 to $100 a month plus a bonus for each ride. On purses over $5,000 he cus-



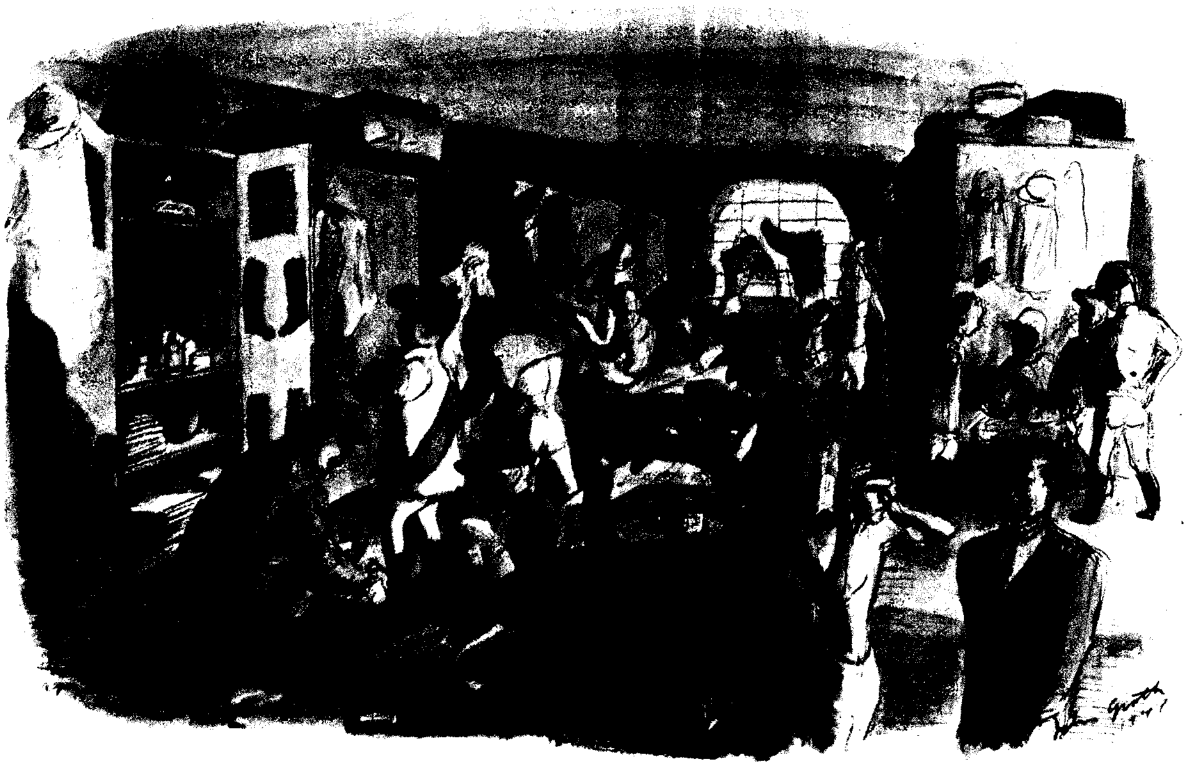
Most of the riders' silks and other equipment come from the little old-fashioned shop of Leon Meyer in Brooklyn, which the artist shows above. Below, he paints the morning workout at the Alfred Gwynn Vanderbilt stables, with the Chilean jockey Ruperto Donoso in the saddle

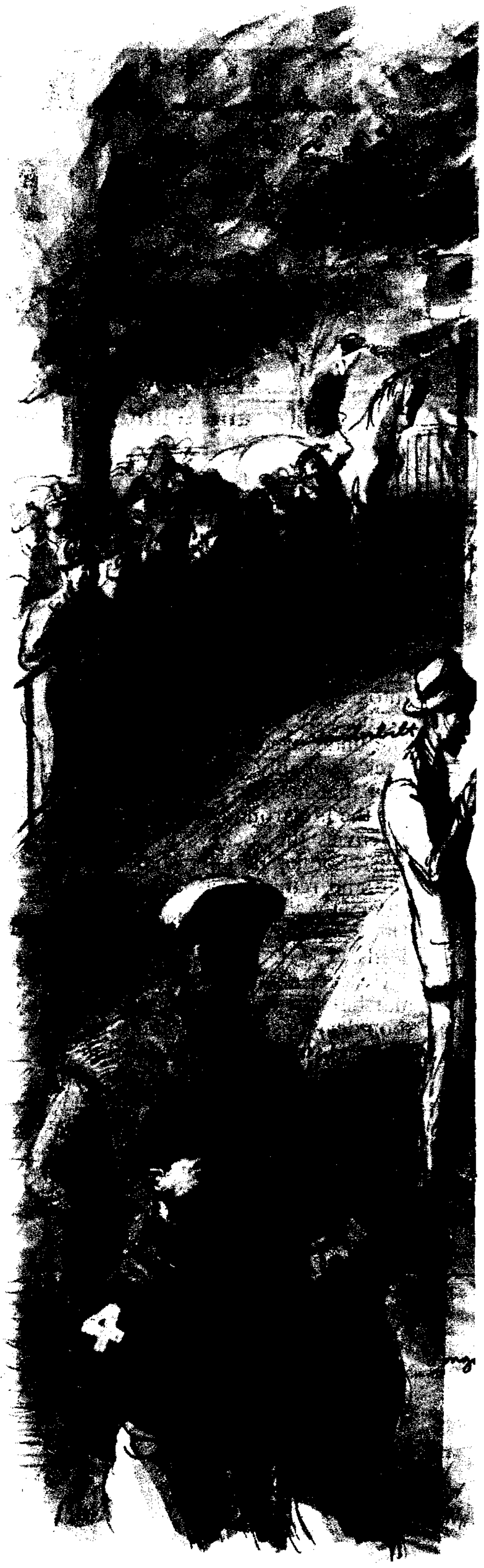




Between races, the jocks play gin rummy or lounge about in the jockey room under the high racks of silks

The locker room is a bustling place, as the valets rush about helping the jockeys change between races

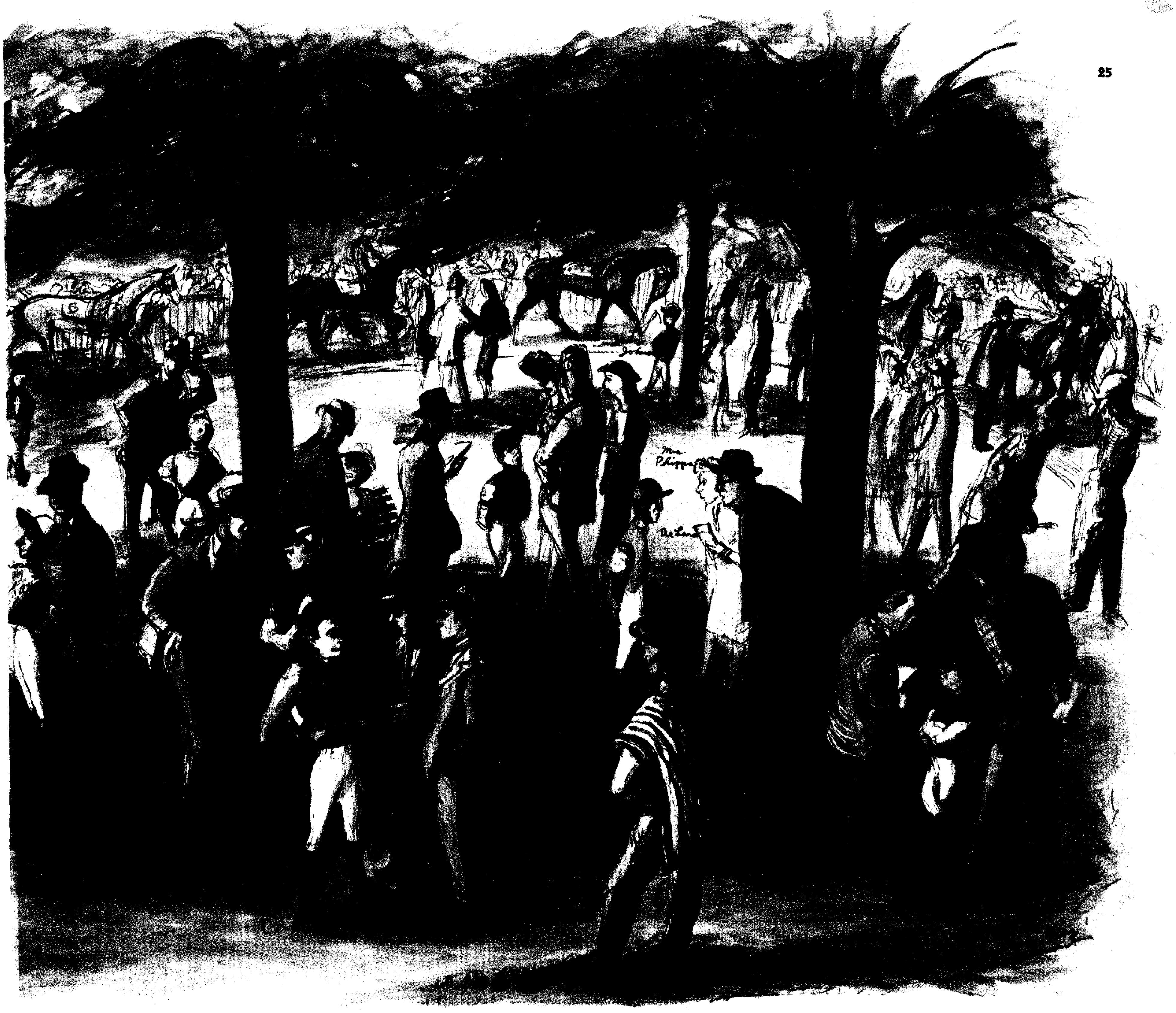




tomarily gets 10 per cent. The free-lancing jock ordinarily gets $15 or $20 per mount with a bonus of $50 if he wins, $35 if he comes in second. A top-notch rider may make $600 to $700 a week the year round.

That sounds fine, but it isn't all profit. The jockey has to provide his own saddle and saddle girths, his own crash helmet, breeches, two-tone boots, lead pads, whips, goggles, rubber shirts and a lot more things. In fact, he supplies everything except the colorful blouse and cap made up in the stable colors. These the stable provides, cut in the fine custom drape of a G.I. uniform—usually one size too big. The jock binds the cap on his head with rubber bands and secures the cuffs to keep the blouse sleeves from hanging to his knees.

He and the other jocks make a brilliant rainbow picture as they line up in their silks at the start of the race, but they're just bedraggled little men when they come back to the locker



room. If the track has been heavy, they're covered with mud. The valets are ready with water and towels and wipe them clean. The silks for the next race have been laid out, and the valet helps the jocks dress.

There is one valet for every four or five jockeys. These big fellows, who look like Primo Carneras compared with their tiny bosses, bustle about the locker room like wardrobe mistresses at a Ziegfeld chorus change. They take care of the jocks' racing things and street clothes, light their cigarettes and run errands. It's an odd job for the big fellows, but it pays well.

You see a jock work only for the few minutes he's in a race, but his life is strenuous. Often he's up at six in the morning exercising horses. He must be at the track an hour before the first race even if he doesn't ride until the seventh. He may pilot six or seven mounts in an afternoon.

That means, of course, as many changes of silks. For instance, at Belmont one typical day, Eddie Arcaro rode Mary Tudor in the first race, attired in the yellow and blue of Lester Manor Stables; he went out in the second in sapphire blue and gold fox on Gallacha for the Foxcatcher Farms; the fourth race he piloted Stage Mother in Walter P. Chrysler's white and red; the sixth in the green and white of W. M. Jeffords, on Uncle Remus, and the eighth riding Jeep for C. V. Whitney in light blue and brown—the silks of five stables in one day's riding, which is not unusual.

Weight is a major problem for the jockey. A lucky few don't add pounds no matter what they do, but the majority do their daily roadwork as religiously as a fighter training for the main bout. They pound around the track well swathed in rubber undershirts covered with sweat shirts. If that doesn't get rid of excess poundage, they boil out in the hot box.

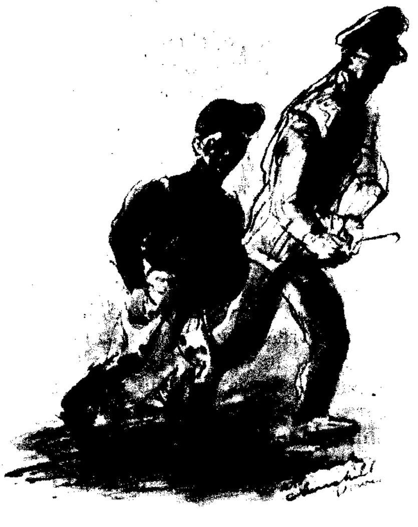
There's nothing easy about riding, particularly on a heavy track. The jockey who's riding well back in the pack gets mud shot into his face with the impact of stones. His goggles cake up and accidents are frequent. His horse may bolt and drag him, and only luck and his crash helmet will save him from serious injury. The ambulance isn't at the track for nothing.

When a jockey hits the top, like Longden, Arcaro or Atkinson, he'll make more each year than the President of the United States. But it's a long road up. And whether he gets anywhere or not, he'll always be a wanderer. This month it's Santa Anita, next month Hialeah, then Churchill Downs or Belmont. Or maybe a fast flight to Baltimore for a ride in the Preakness.

So there's little opportunity for home life. Some jocks marry and acquire houses, automobiles and babies. But under racing commission rules, there's one thing they can't own.

A jockey isn't allowed to own a race horse. ★★★

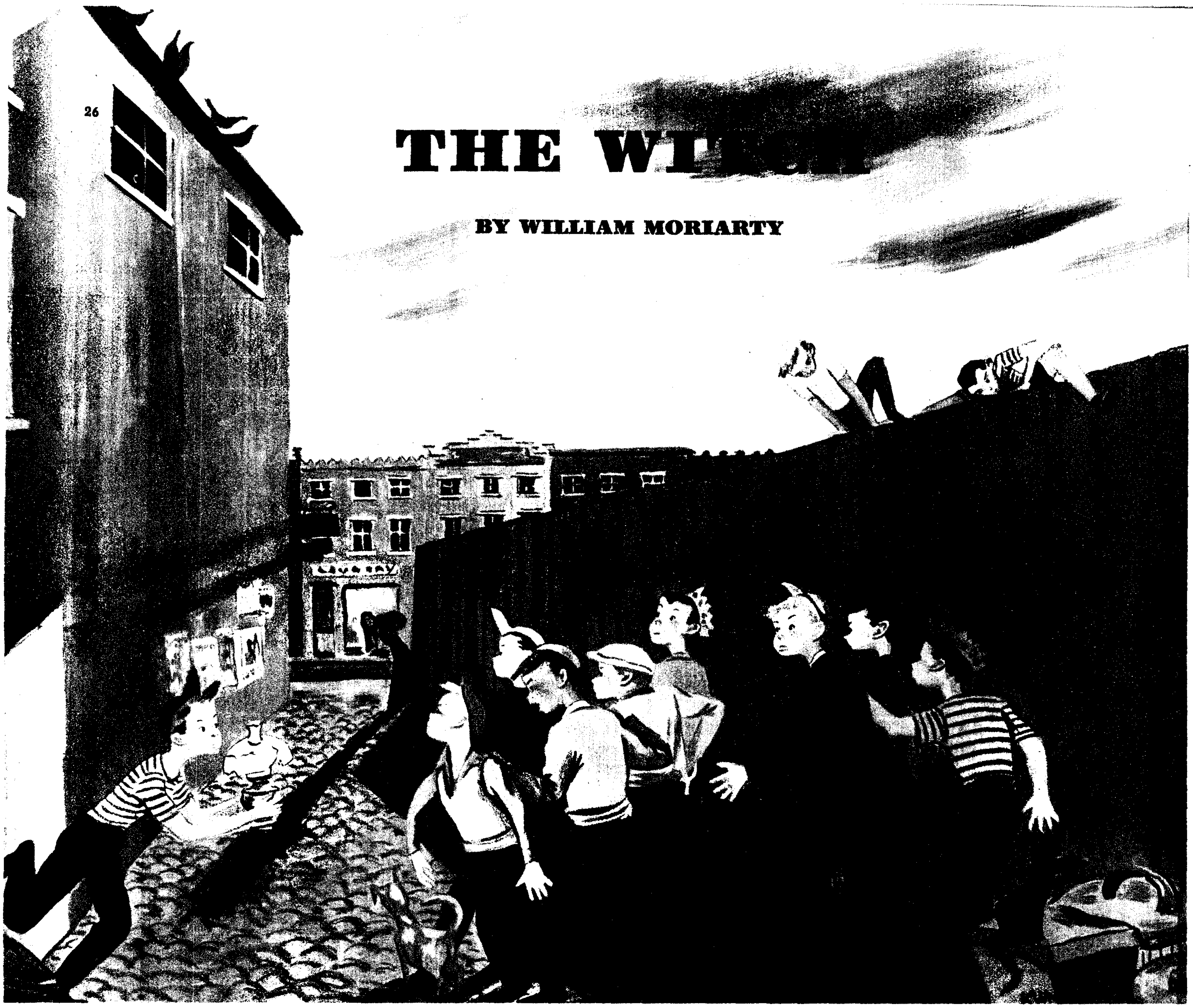
Above, the jockeys parade their mounts in the walking ring before the race. Below, a mud-caked jock heads back to the locker room from a heavy track



ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

THE WITCH

BY WILLIAM MORIARTY



With the lamp in my hand I ran up the steps. The Witch stood there at the corner of the alley!

A story of cruelty punished but scarcely redeemed by remorse

SHE lived in the cellar under the Greek's. The Greek had a store in a red-brick building near Saint Patrick's School on Market Street. The store was painted bright grass green. On one window, the one on the left-hand side of the door, lettered in red and blue were some words in Greek and on the right window the same words except in English. It was one of those funny kinds of Greek stores you see around. The Greek sold olive oil and spices and Greek coffee and different things like that. In the windows he had on display a lot of cans of all sizes printed on in Greek, and hanging behind the cans were long strings of dried figs. And in back of one of the windows was a big red coffee grinder.

What the store looked like inside I don't really know. I don't think I was ever in there. He didn't seem to have much of a trade and only for an occasional Greek dressed up in a shiny black suit you would never see anybody going in or coming out.

As for the Greek himself, I don't remember him much either—except that he was small and kind of fat and had one of those big curving Greek mustaches. He looked like what I'd guess you'd say was a typical old-time Greek who had come over to this country from Greece not too many years before. We used to pull his door open and yell in, then slam it again and run. But he never chased us. So after a while we let him alone.

People used to say that he was mixed up in rumrunning and that he had a room in the back of his store where he'd sell you moonshine if he knew you. But if he did I never saw anybody going there buying it, and besides he seemed like an inoffensive-enough man.

They used to say, too, that she was his mother and that he made her live in the cellar. But this was all just gossip and mean lies, because in the first place you could tell that she wasn't even a Greek.

I guess he must have been all right, since he let her live in the cellar under the store when all those that did the gossiping wouldn't let her within fifty yards of them.

This was all when I was a kid and still going to Saint Pat's. She was old even then, and so thin and brittle-looking that you'd be afraid she'd break in half if she tried to bend over. Her face was yellowed and she was as wrinkled and ugly as sin. She used to wear—winter and summer, it didn't make any difference—a long black dress that came down over her shoes and dragged along the ground behind her as she walked. The top part of the dress was shiny satin and she kept it pinned together at the front of her scrawny neck with a great big tarnished brooch that you could see when she was thirty yards away. Over her narrow, bent, little shoulders she wore, thrown across, a ragged black-lace shawl that used to keep slipping off. What her name was I didn't know. Everybody just used to call her the Witch.

Sometimes, when I was by myself, I used to think of the things that people said about her and I'd think of her having to live in the cellar and I'd feel sorry for her. I'd even make up stories around her to myself. That she was married to a millionaire's son and when he died his family had kicked her out. Or that she used to be a beautiful heiress who had married a poor young fellow for love and that her family had cut her off, and then her husband died and she was too proud to go back to them. Crazy stories like a kid with a romantic imagination would think up.

But no matter what I'd think up about her, whenever I'd see her coming along Market Street with her rag bag over her back, the same thing would always happen. Something inside me would choke and I'd feel afraid. For a minute, I'd stand rooted watching her. And then—I knew it was wrong but I couldn't help it—I'd cross the street without taking my eyes off her and I'd try to keep from breaking into a run. . . .

She was a scavenger, I guess you'd call it. You'd see her with her old rag

(Continued on page 44)

ILLUSTRATED BY K. WIGGINS

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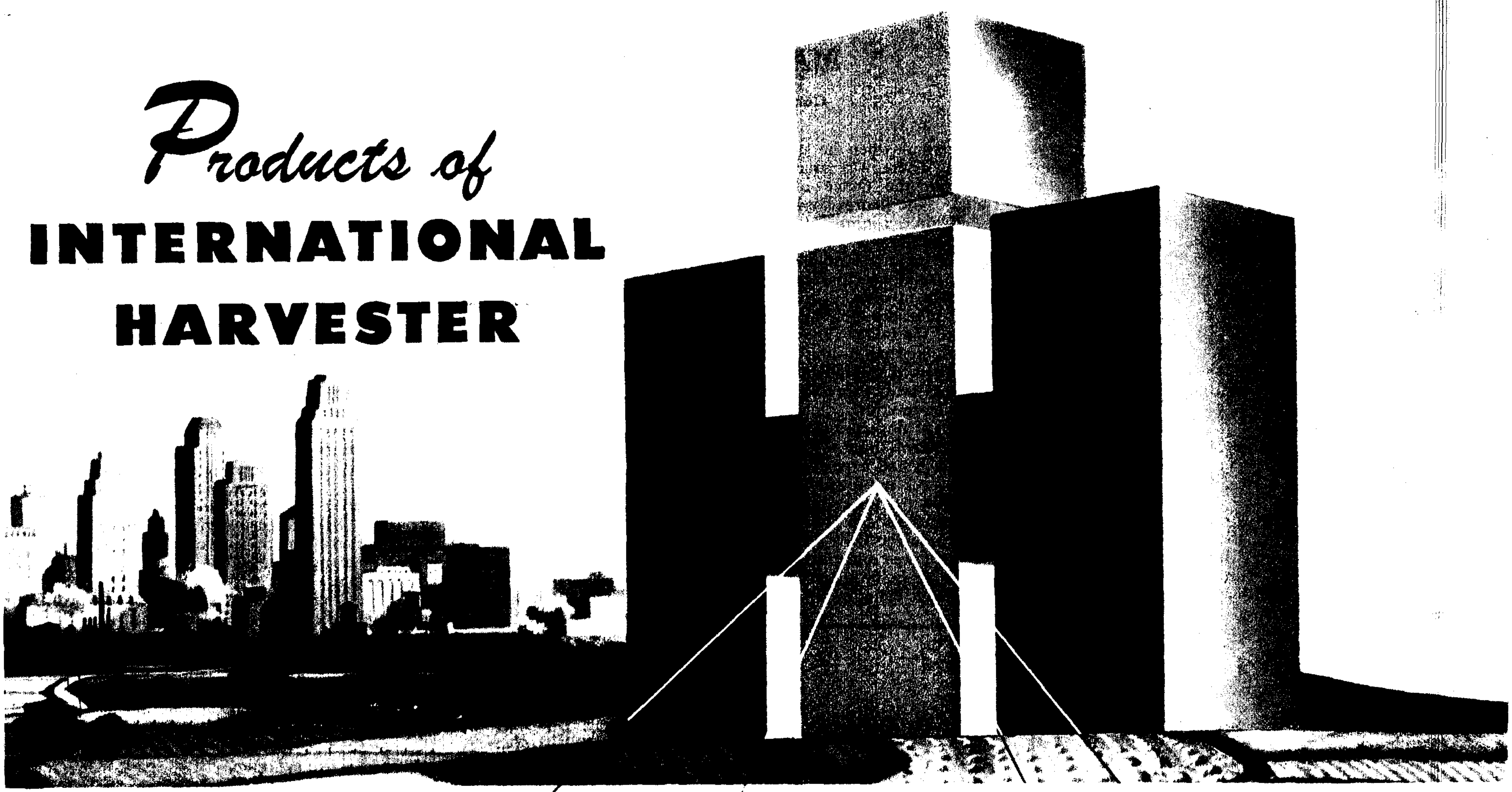

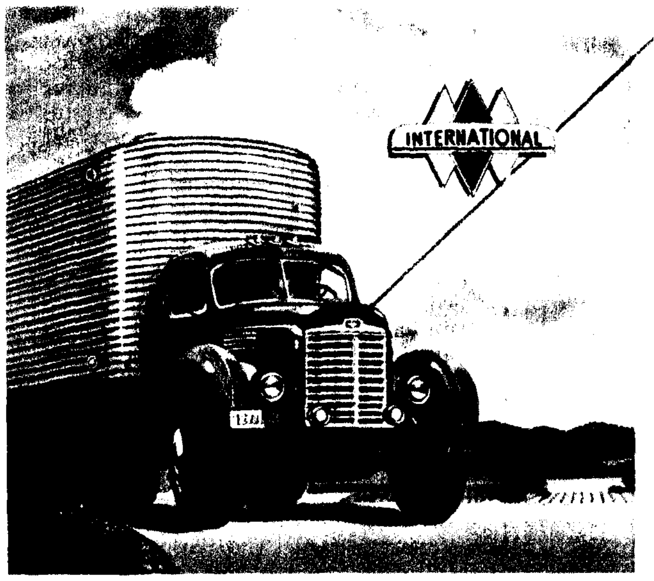

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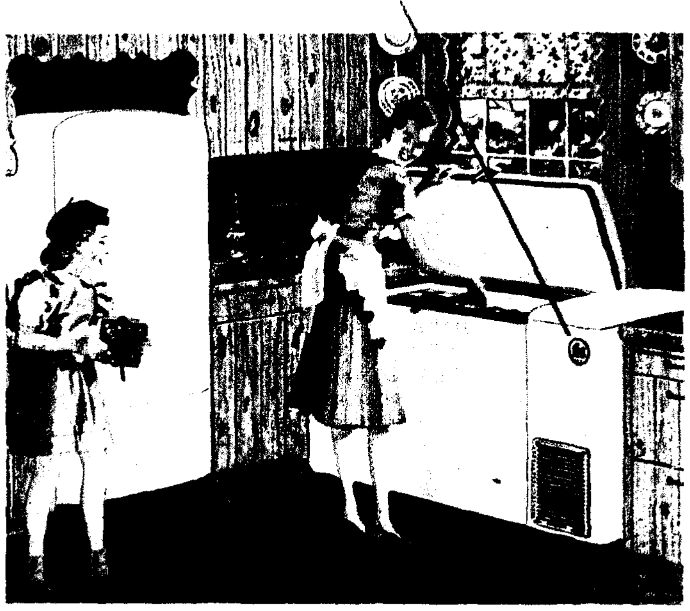

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MAN RUNNING

Continued from page 13

He smiled at her, took her hand and held it while he reached into the desk for a flashlight. He found it, satisfied himself that the battery had life in it, and went quickly to the door. She watched him, a shining gratitude in her eyes.

He carried the memory of it, and her white, gleaming body into the quiet, concealing night. . . .

To reach Cary Gardens he had only to leave the Cary Mews by the north exit, turn right along Brompton Road for sixty or seventy yards and then right again. Number 4 was the fourth house from the corner of Cary Gardens, a matter of another fifty yards. Thus he was standing on the high stone porch within a matter of minutes after leaving the mews flat.

HE WAITED a moment before putting the key in the lock. The street was empty, the house dark and silent.

He stepped inside onto the thick carpet and closed the door softly behind him, easing the spring of the latch into its staple so that it made no sound. He listened, and heard nothing except the wooden ticking of a large clock somewhere close to him. He pressed the button of his torch and swept its beam up and down the square hallway. He knew the library was at the end of the wide corridor facing him on the right.

He put out the torch lest the narrow, stained-glass windows on either side of the front door betray him to a patrolling constable outside, and made for the library.

The door of it was open. He stood by it peering into the complete darkness of the room. He strained his ears, remembering that the breathing of a man with a head wound is likely to be stertorous breathing. But there was none of any kind—just a flat, unbroken silence.

He stepped over the threshold and shut the door before aiming his torch toward the middle of the room. He pressed the button, and the beam cut into the darkness, a bright sword of revelation.

There was no doubt about the deadness of Joseph Inwood. The angle of the left arm, the twist of the legs—and in the left temple was a mortal wound.

A heavy silver candlestick lay gleaming on the creamy carpet a yard away from the body while its fellow stood on the wide, black table desk beyond, like a watchman of the dead.

The scene was unreal; the thought came to him that this was ridiculously like the traditional death of fiction: a millionaire found dead in his library, murdered by his wife. And that brought the unreality to immediate, tragic and dangerous actuality.

Joseph Inwood had been murdered by his wife. They would say that, however justifiable, however accidental a homicide it might have been.

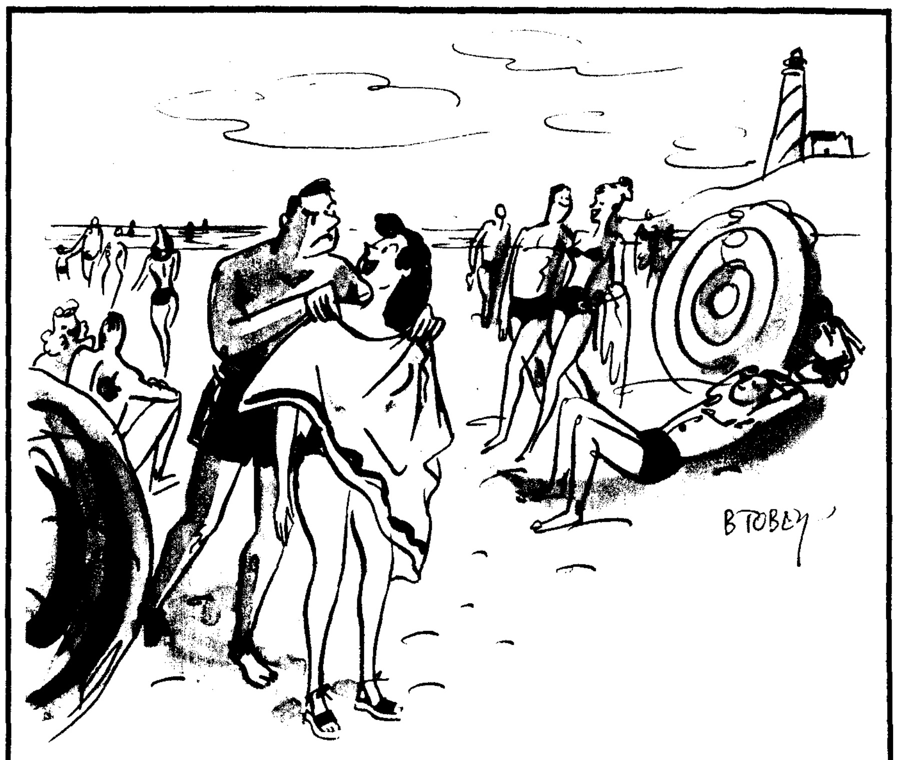
He noticed that he was not as alarmed as he had expected to be; there was less fear than the circumstances might have made reasonable. The sight of the body, the blood a dark patch on the light carpet, the candlestick—these things were dangerous; but there was comfort in the secrecy of them. No one except Charlotte and he knew what was in this room.

He moved into it now, avoiding the immediate area in which Inwood lay, and reached the far side of the desk. He switched on the table lamp.

Papers, documents were spread out on the red leather blotter; an open account book was propped up against the big silver inkstand. The safe in the paneling behind the desk chair was half open as Inwood had left it after taking out the papers on which he had been working. Jonathan looked these over quickly, touching them only by the extreme edges with his fingernail when he needed to turn a page. There was much correspondence with the Office of Works about a bridge; the figures were mouthwatering. Inwood, Limited, of course, would not be building it if they weren't, but nevertheless as an upstruggling architect himself, Jonathan appreciated the handsome profit involved.

He went around the table and looked more closely at the body. The face was even more porcine than in life; the thick fleshy cheeks seemed still blown out with the conceit of its living expression. Swine to look at, swine to know. . . .

The thought of fingerprints continued to occupy Jonathan's mind. The candlestick for instance had a perfect surface for them. He took out his handkerchief and thoroughly wiped the column and the edges of the candle socket. The corner of the square base was dark with blood; he left that as it was and put the thing carefully down again, fitting it once more into the small but definite impression it had marked in the pile of the carpet.


COLLIER'S "Why, George! You did notice my new bathing suit!" BARNEY TOBEY

He switched on the main lights of the room and began dealing with footprints, particularly the sharp, circular indentations of Charlotte's high heels. He erased them with his fingers.

He looked for traces of blood fingerprints on Inwood's face and clothing, for when Charlotte held the head in her lap she might have got some on her hands. But he was reassured, and stood up to face Charlotte's portrait above the fireplace: the Elmhurst portrait The Actress at a thousand guineas the square foot which had hung on the line in last year's summer show.

IT WAS an exquisite piece of work, more real than life; a glorified Charlotte, the skin even more delicately translucent than her own, the eyes deeper and more hyacinth. They looked straight into his, her love and passion reaching forth to him. "You'll get me out of this. . . ."

A burglar had done this thing—that was the best way.

He set to work methodically.

He pocketed Inwood's gold watch. He found the wallet and scattered its contents on the floor, but kept the three five-pound notes it contained. Having rubbed it clean of fingerprints he dropped it in the wastepaper basket.

In one of the safe drawers which he pulled open, with his handkerchief guarding his fingers, he found a three-inch-thick bundle of pound notes clamped tightly with an elastic band, and a small leather bag containing quite a number of cut but unmounted stones which looked very much like diamonds. He put it at the bottom of his hip pocket and wadded it down with the bundled notes. He pulled the drawer right out of the safe and put it on the floor.

The other things in the safe, papers and account books, he stirred with the haphazard hand of a burglar in a hurry.

Then he had his brightest idea.

He picked up the fatal candlestick again, still using the protecting handkerchief, smoothed out the impression of its base in the pile of the carpet. He opened the door cautiously, listened a moment to the quiet house, and leaving the door wide and the lights burning, went toward the front door.

Five feet from it he paused with another thought for the future mechanics of the evidence he was creating.

He turned about and went up the stairs, using the torch to guide him. He knew Charlotte's room to be one of the two big rooms overlooking the gardens at the back, but which he could not be sure. But there was not much risk attached to going into the wrong one, since there were still two floors between him and the servants' bedrooms.

However, he picked on the correct one by choosing the door with a small silver knocker which glimmered in the beam of the torch. He put the candlestick under his arm to free his other hand, and, switching off the torch, turned the knob slowly and opened the door a few inches. The familiar aroma of her perfume reassured him; he stepped inside.

The long windows were open, with the curtains only partly drawn and he could not risk turning on the lights. He went across to the sliding doors of a large built-in wardrobe and, with shaded torch, found a white evening frock. He rolled it up and put it inside his jacket.

He shut the door after him and went down the stairs again. He waited a few moments, listening through the sound of the big clock for any noise to suggest movement within the house. All remained quiet; the yellow shaft of light from the open door of the library shone steadily. He went out of the front door into the pillared portico and made sure that the street was empty before he turned and with his elbow broke inward the small side window at a point level with the lock. The crack was not as loud as he had feared it might be and the tinkle of the glass as it fell inside was satisfactorily muted by the heavy carpet. He put his hand through the hole and found he could reach the knob of the lock with several inches to spare. Thus had the burglar broken in—

He spent another ten seconds on a rapid review of the situation; he was pretty sure that so far everything was all right, but the next stage would not be easy. There would be no sheltering walls and closed doors.

But the time element in the burglar's crime must be clearly established as having been now—neither earlier nor later. He could think of no other way of doing it but this. He put away the torch, grasped the candlestick firmly and took a deep breath. Then he pushed the front door wide behind him and leaped down the step, with a clatter which echoed down the quiet street; he stumbled, recovered himself.

Then he set off along the pavement as hard as he could go, pounding hard with his feet in a flight of noticeable panic, the flight of a man in headlong escape.

THIRTY yards from Number 4, and twenty from the corner of Brompton Road he threw the silver candlestick from him as might a panicking murderer who realizes suddenly that he is still carrying the incriminating weapon. It bounced into the roadway and rolled to a standstill there, glittering, a prominently unusual object in such a place.

He rushed on, his ears straining hopefully for any sound above his own running to indicate an interest in him; it needed only one person lying awake somewhere near this stretch of street to hear him and remember it when the inquiry began.

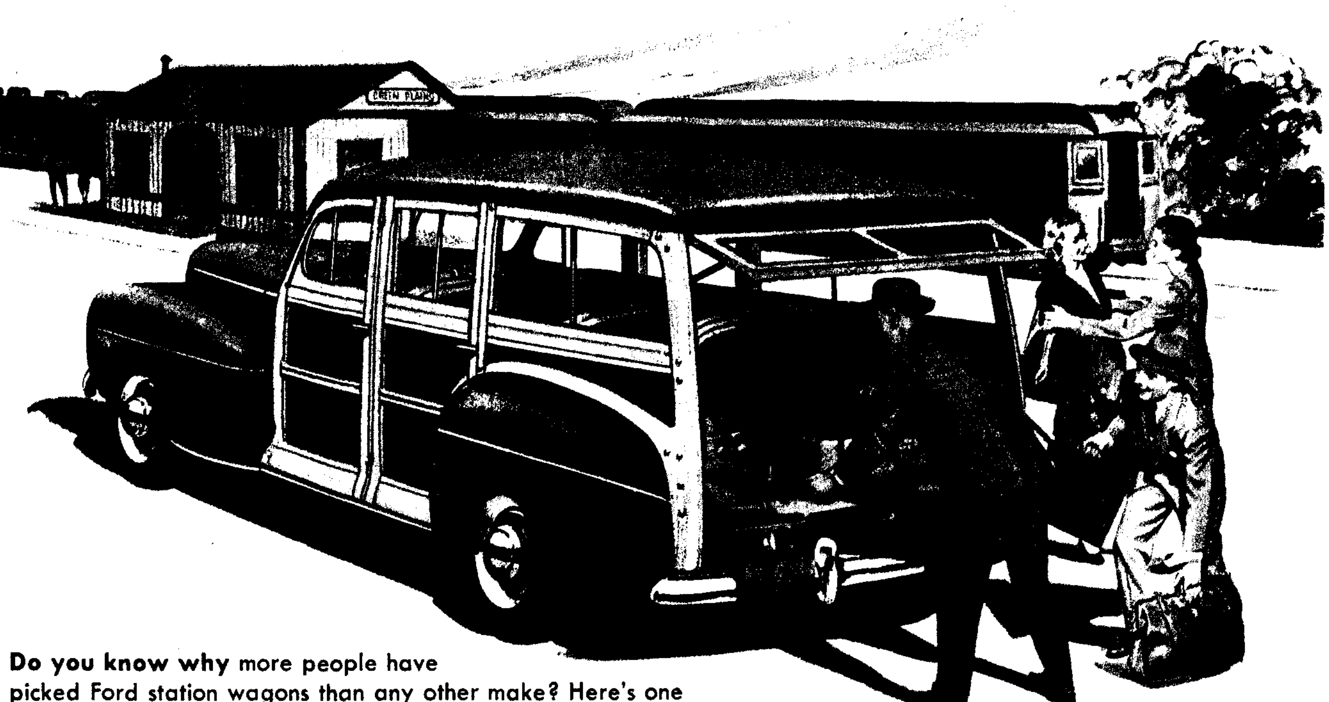
As he approached the corner he almost collided with a man and a girl who were just coming out of the shadow of the railings near the gate of a house. Jonathan swerved and avoided actual contact with them, but for a split second they were face to face. The man was young; startled, he said something which Jonathan could not distinguish; the words were lost as he hurried around the corner of the railings into Brompton Road.

His satisfaction with this accidental establishment of a witness—of two witnesses, for there had been a girl to whom the chap had been saying a long good night, and who would be able to bear out her boy friend's story of a mysterious man running away from Number 4—was marred by an uneasy feeling that he had seen the young man before somewhere. In the ordinary way of things this would not have mattered, but this was not in the ordinary way of things; if he had seen the young man somewhere, there was quite a danger that the experience had been mutual; but it did not follow that the man remembered it or, if he did, that he had recognized him; the moment had been brief and the light no stronger than that of the summer stars.

Jonathan hurried on. He might have noticed the man months ago in a bus or train, seen him crossing a road or buying a ticket in a cinema—anywhere, any time. Nothing to worry about, really, and only to be thought about as an interesting phenomenon, a glimpse of one of the difficulties a real criminal would meet in the course of his crime if he were a man of nervous imagination. He slackened his pace a little and looked over his

Ford's out Front

WITH A FAMILY AFFAIR!



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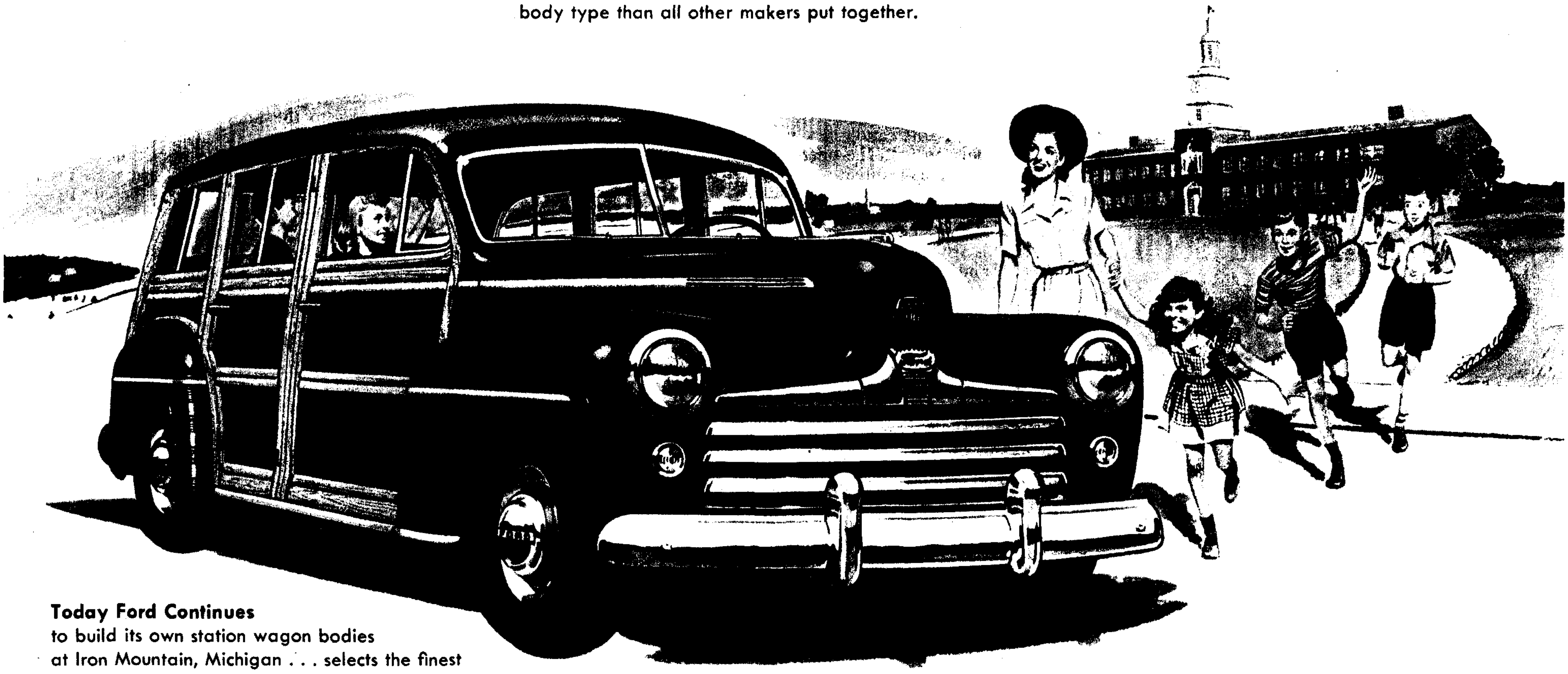

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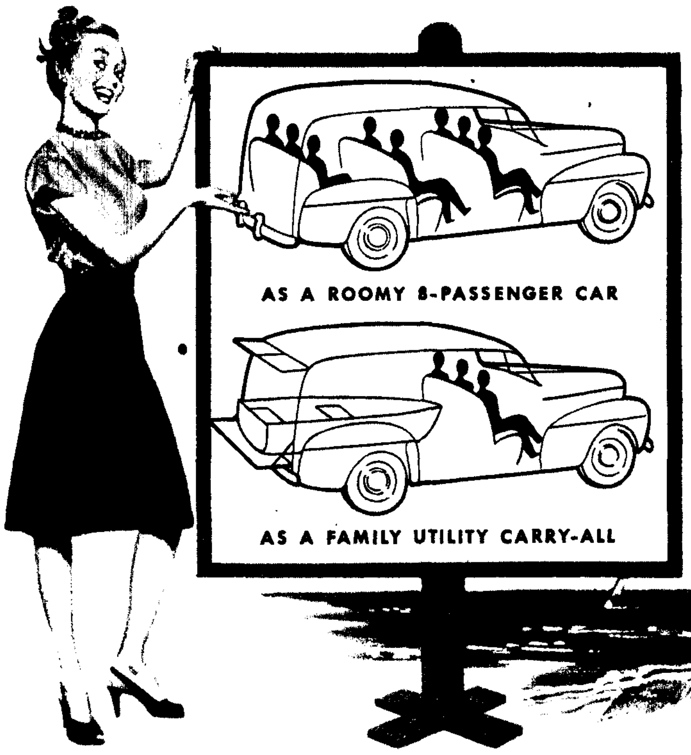
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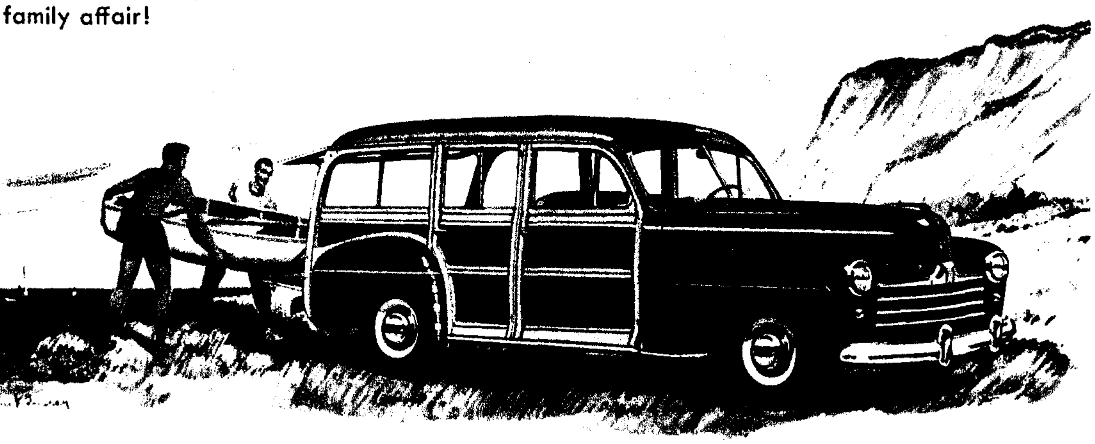

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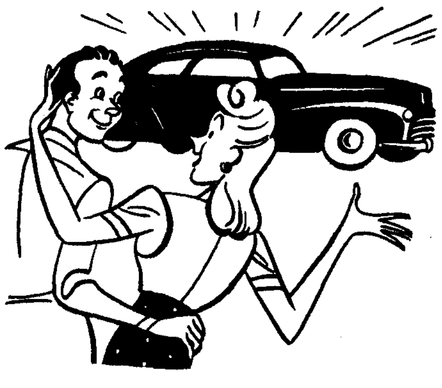


Here's a quick, easy way to make dull traffic film and grime vanish—use No. 7 Polish. If you want to restore the original color and glowing lustre, get a can today.

DU PONT
No 7 POLISH
BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

shoulder twice before he turned into Cary Mews. He was safe enough, of course; even if anyone hearing his dramatic departure from the Inwood house had thought of pursuing him, there had not been time to do so.

He dropped to a walk as soon as he was in the mews, keeping on his toes and making his return to the flat as quiet as his exit from Number 4 had been noisy. The two must not be connected.

CHARLOTTE was waiting for him at the top of the stairs, her white coat fastened to the throat, her eyes dark with anxiety.

"He was dead," he said.

He knew that she had had no hope on that point. Her anxiety lay in wanting to know what he had been able to do. She hurried into the sitting room ahead of him, turned and clung to him.

He gave her an account of what he had done with a minimum of detail. When he handed her the frock, she said he had been very clever to think of it, and more, to have picked the right kind of one—the half smile which lightened her face was the first bright thing of the evening. He knew from it that her courage would not fail her.

"I think the burglar theory will work," he said, "and if I guess right, someone will very soon find the candlestick in the road and connect it with the open front door—if they haven't already. There was a chap near the corner. I think he would see it and yell for a policeman."

"Darling," she said, and was almost tranquil in his arms. There was no doubt of her relief and gratitude.

"While you were gone I tried to work out the time part of it. Freddy and I came out of the theater just before eleven. It's ten past twelve now—"

"What time did you get home?"

"A few minutes past eleven."

"By taxi?"

"No. Freddy drove me."

"Freddy. Then someone knows the time you—"

"Don't worry about that. Freddy will back up any story we decide on."

She sounded very positive. He did not know who Freddy was, but he had to believe her faith in the man.

"You let yourself in, of course?"

"Yes."

That reminded him of her key, and he gave it back to her. "How long were you with your husband?"

"I don't know—not long. It's all such a muddle."

"You were here at a quarter to twelve."

He got on to the next point, the most difficult of them all.

"There'll be a gap of nearly three quarters of an hour between the time you left the theater and your arrival home—even if you get back there as fast as you can now and this Freddy chap keeps his mouth shut, or is ready to say he drove you around the town before taking you home—or nearly home—because you'll have to arrive on foot."

She nodded.

"I know. I've been working it out, and it's all arranged. I didn't see why you should have to hold all the baby. You know I said Freddy had wanted me to go on to the Paradise—well, I've just rung him up and said I'd changed my mind. He's waiting for me at his flat."

Jonathan's alarm was immediate and violent.

"Charlotte!"

"But it's perfectly safe, darling. I thought it all out. I shall tell him I went straight up to my room when he dropped me at the house, got ready for bed, and not having a book to read, went down to get one. And found Joe."

"But—"

"I know, Johnnie. You're going to say that the natural thing would have been to faint, scream, rouse the household, phone the police—yes, darling. But I can easily persuade Freddy that I am not that sort of person, that it's much more like me to run away from awfulness and horror—and then realize that I shouldn't have, and begin to look for someone to help me put it right."

She stopped his protest before he could utter it.

"After all, isn't that exactly what I did do—and came rushing to you?"

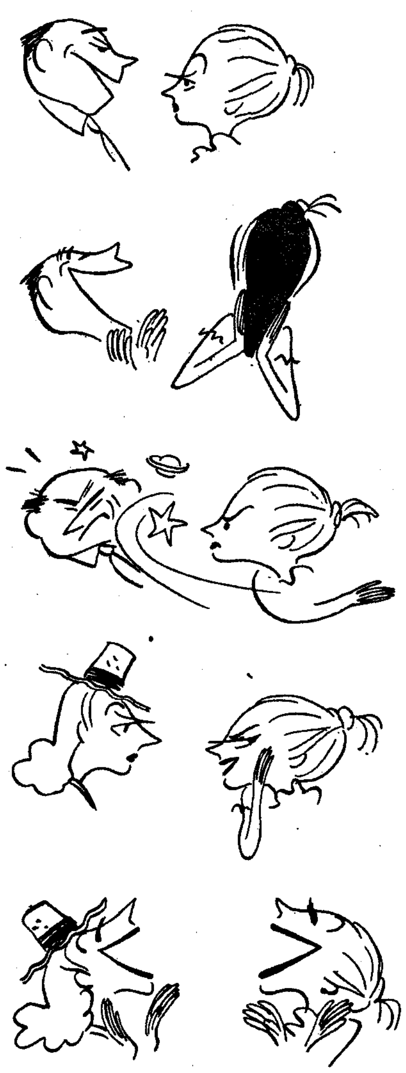
He told himself that his real objection lay in the thought that she was now calling on someone else to carry her flag, on another man. He struggled against it.

"Suppose the police start asking questions, checking up with everyone in the routine way they do in these things? You're asking this Freddy chap to perjure himself in a murder case—?" He used the word on purpose.

"He'd do that for me," she said.

"You know him pretty well?" The thought gnawed.

"Not as well as all that, sweetest; you do pick on the funniest moments to be jealous."



"And you to be silly, darling. You really think he'd stand by you if it came to the point? If the police doubted the burglar evidence?"

"I do—but I know they won't."

Jonathan had to believe her. She had arranged, it seemed, to pick up Freddy at his flat in about twenty minutes, and to go on to the Paradise from there. "Freddy who?" he asked.

"Freddy Williams. I must have told you about him. I've known him for simply years. Oh, darling, I know I can trust him, and you mustn't think 'the worst' so easily."

It was, as she had said, the wrong time to argue about things like that. And when he stopped to think a moment, there must be a number of men who would do anything to protect her.

"All right," he said. "That covers everything. By the time you get home in the early hours the worst will be over. You'll be met by a sympathetic police inspector, or maybe even a superintendent, who will ask you to prepare for bad news—if the policeman on the door hasn't already said the same thing. In either case, the best thing you can do is to have hysterics, or something before you have to say anything lucid. It won't matter so much then what you say."

"I've never had hysterics." She sounded doubtful.

It was on the tip of his tongue to say that she had never before killed a husband, even by accident. It would not have been kind, even in an effort to get things back to a normal level.

"The police are clever but they are also busy," he said instead. "They will be glad that the burglary motive puts the case into a routine type, to be cleared up by the routine organization ready to deal into it. Nothing subtle."

"That's all true," she agreed. "I won't be frightened of them."

She went into the bedroom to put on the dress he had brought her and returned with combed hair and freshened make-up, and he wondered with relief at her return to outward composure. But, after all, she was the one person in the world he would back to hold her own in any situation; that she had given way to panic in those first awful minutes after the accident—and it *was* an accident—was to the final degree inevitable. No human being of her fineness of heart and mind could have done otherwise.

She was warm in his arms; he kissed her throat, the softness of her neck.

"Now we go," he said.

He rolled up the bloodstained frock and took it with him when he led her down to the garage, using the door in the hall passage. He put her in the coupé without turning on the garage lights. He slid back the folding doors on their oiled wheels and, a moment later, started in third gear and, taking advantage of the slight incline to help him ease in the clutch, effected an almost completely silent exit into the mews.

After a moment he was able to turn off down Church Street, and he drove fast toward King's Road, Chelsea.

"Where is his flat?"

"North Audley Street. Opposite that big chemist place. But stop this side of it. He will expect me to come by taxi."

HER voice was cool; she was again aloof, fascinating—the Charlotte for whom he had fallen so hard. He was aware now of achievement; this business, awful as it was, had forged a link between them which must surely be one of the strongest bonds which had ever held two people together. The future, the immediate future, was grim with danger, but if she kept her head, and he had not the slightest doubt that she would, time would heal the rawness of the thing. It would become gradually unreal, like a bad dream fading, and they would be together for the rest of their lives. After all, Inwood had died by sheer accident brought on by his own foulness; Charlotte's hand had been the hand of fate, not that of a woman freeing herself to go to another man. And loss by death was such a comparative thing; it always depended on who died, and who regretted.

He was almost cheerful by the time he reached North Audley Street and approached the church. The dashboard clock pointed to twenty-five minutes past midnight; he drew her attention to it.

"We've done well."

"*You* have, darling."

"I'll ring you in the morning. The neighborhood will be in an uproar about it and I shall have the excuse of wanting to know that you are all right. You'll be able to tell me the police reaction. It will be quite natural to tell me that it was a burglar and so on—"

"And if they think it wasn't?"

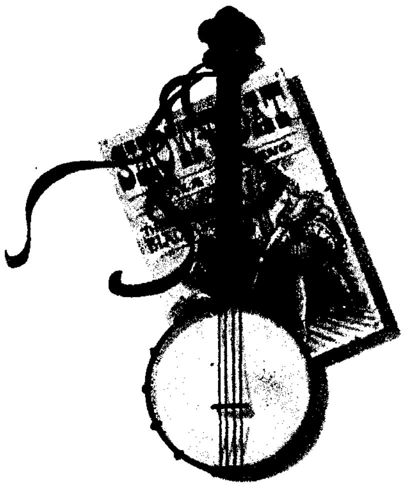
"You can say they think it wasn't."

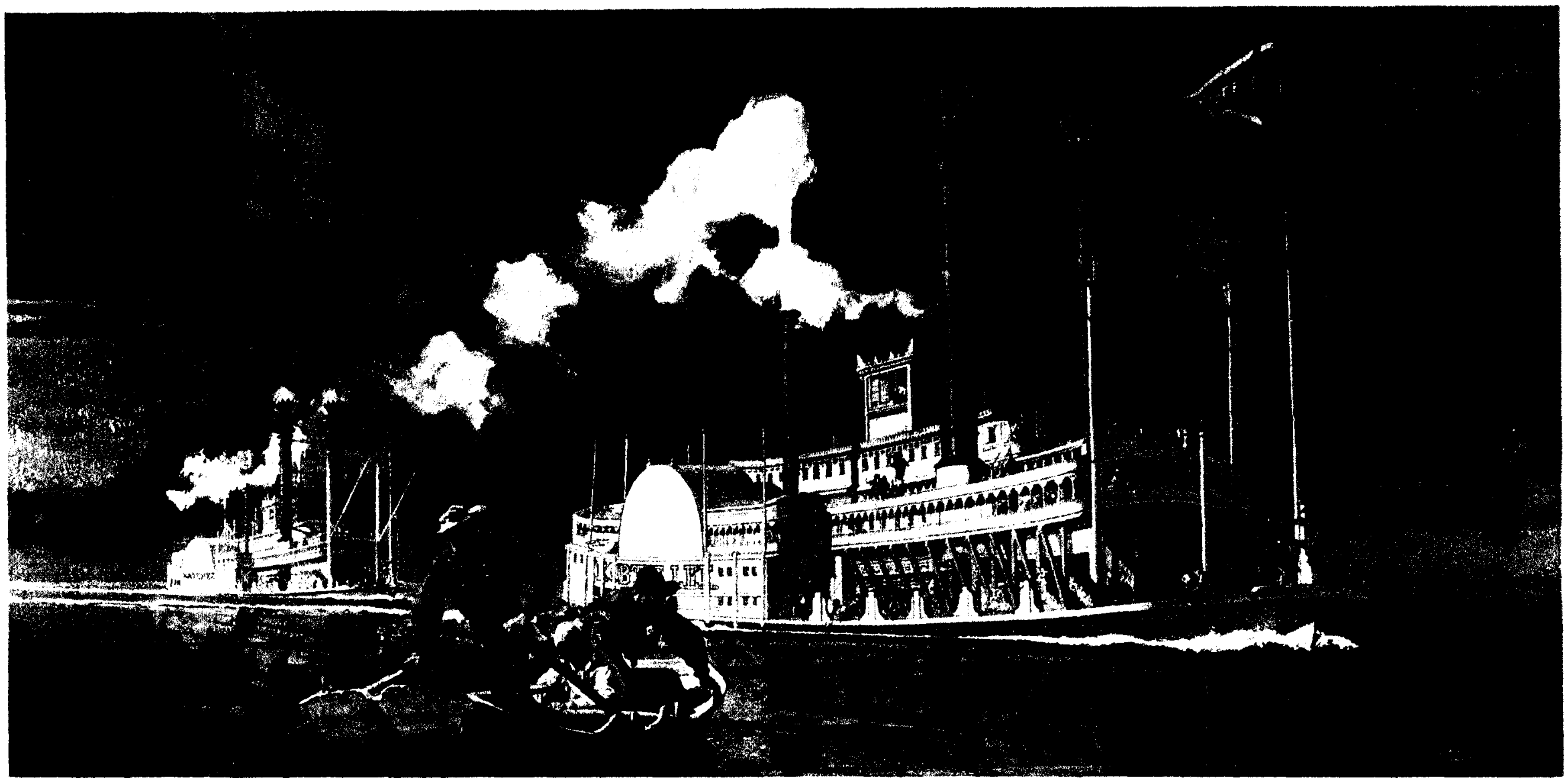
"And I shall see you very soon?"

He glowed secretly, but firmly said:

"Shut yourself up and see no one for

American Originals





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Looks Like I Need Some Help Myself!
LIFE GUARD
NO FOOLING, KID, THAT SISTER OF YOURS HAS ME GOING DOWN FOR THE THIRD TIME!
BUT YOU'RE NOT SUNK YET, HANK! GOSH! ALL YOU NEED IS SOME FIRST AID FROM YOUR DENTIST ON BAD BREATH!
TO COMBAT BAD BREATH, I RECOMMEND COLGATE DENTAL CREAM! FOR SCIENTIFIC TESTS PROVE THAT IN 7 OUT OF 10 CASES, COLGATE'S INSTANTLY STOPS BAD BREATH THAT ORIGINATES IN THE MOUTH!
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three or four days. I'll ring up tomorrow evening, but you'll have told the servants not to put through any calls."

"But, darling—I shall want so badly to talk to you."

He acknowledged to himself the pleasure that thought gave him.

"See you soon," he said as lightly as he knew how.

She pressed herself against his side when he leaned over her to open the door; her hair touched his face. He found he wanted her very much. Then he was watching her as she crossed the road to enter the glass-paneled door of a small block of expensive flats.

How often in this life did you get a chance to prove your love, to stand forth like this and turn aside from your beloved's head such a very dangerous thrust?

And he *had* turned it. He was morally sure of that.

HIS thoughts ran smoothly with the car's rhythm, driving homeward through the thinning traffic; each impression fitted into the pattern of all he had seen and done since she had arrived at his door. The blood on her frock, the pity of her fear, the hurried, wretched story of Inwood's brutality of mind. He saw again the slender beauty of her body as she freed it of the bloodstained frock.

Frock. It was in the car pocket by his leg. Drop it in the Thames now? No; two or three reasons, best of them that there was no great hurry, and people seen throwing things in the Thames late at night were unfavorably regarded by police and passers-by. Safe enough where it was. No one ever had anything to do with the car but himself.

His mind went back again to the Inwood house. The candlestick . . . the jewels, money . . . smashing the front-door side window with his elbow . . . down the steps, the door gaping behind him, and along the pavement toward the main road . . . chucking away the candlestick . . . a crash and tinkle of bright silver on the surface of uneventful Cary Gardens, and on toward the corner . . . then, the convenient witness. . . .

Jonathan, who had just swung the car smoothly into the mews in an accustomed arc, suddenly remembered where he had seen the young man before.

He was the counter clerk at Hargood's, the wine merchants in Brompton Road who sent him a bottle of whisky and two of gin once in a while; the same young man who had apologized only yesterday for being short on his quota.

"So sorry, Mr. Penrose, but we haven't a bottle left."

So sorry, Mr. Penrose, Mr. Jonathan Penrose, of 21 Cary Mews . . . just around the corner from the shop—drives a black coupé. Oh, yes, sir, I could swear it was him. I said, 'Oh, Mr. Penrose, we nearly collided,' but he just ran on as if the devil were after him. And then I saw the candlestick in the road—I heard it fall in the road when he threw it away. . . ."

You didn't need much imagination. . . . Jonathan Penrose drove the black coupé straight past the door of 21 and the open garage next to it, drove past the *police sergeant and the constable who were standing there waiting for him,* and out of the mews at the other end. He drove hard, with a weakness in his wrists which made the car sway untidily.

Out of the corner of his eye as he passed the lower entrance to Cary Gardens he saw a white ambulance and two, or perhaps there were three, police cars at the curb by the Inwood house. But the two dark blue figures outside his own flat were more vivid in his mind.

Keep cool—keep cool—if only this damned panicky feeling would stop. How many times had one heard it. "If only he hadn't taken fright and tried to get away—he only made it worse for himself—"

But this was not one of those instances. Stay, and tell the truth!

He could say to them:

"All those signs of burglary—the disorder, the papers strewn about and the money and the diamonds gone, and the broken window and the candlestick in the roadway and the running off down the street—I did all that to take your eyes off Mrs. Inwood. See—here is the money and the little bag of stones—"

"Oh, off Mrs. Inwood? Why?"

He would have to say:

"Yes, you see, Inspector, she killed him—not on purpose, you understand. It was quite an accident. Her husband was accusing her of sleeping with me. Yes, it was true, of course, that that had happened, but all the same she didn't *mean* to kill him when she smacked him on the head with that candlestick."

Jonathan did not take his foot off the accelerator until he reached Hyde Park Corner. At about that point he realized the police had just about had time to get out a calling-all-cars warning to look out for a black Talbot, number BKA 7023. So he stopped the car rather suddenly and got out.

He had walked several yards before he remembered the frock in the side pocket; he went back for it, leaning into the car while he put it under his coat. He was quieting down a little. He thought of the small suitcase in the dickey in which he kept extra tools.

He found and emptied it; old in any event and by no means smart after several months as a tool bag, it was at least some semblance of luggage with which to establish his bona fides in an overnight hotel; as long as he chose a cheap one. He wished he had a hat.

He transferred the frock to the suitcase, hiding the action by keeping his back to the pavement, and once again set off toward Piccadilly Circus, his face averted as he passed people. He was not unduly troubled by the fact that there were still plenty of them about; the more there were the less likelihood that anyone would notice him.

CHARLOTTE was uppermost in his mind. He loved her. Charlotte would be safe as long as suspicion remained on the burglar, as long, in fact, as it remained on himself. No one knew they were acquainted.

As he walked quickly away from the incriminating car, he began to see another danger. Charlotte would be at the Paradise by now, with Freddy Williams, delaying her return home until the police had thoroughly absorbed the burglar explanation.

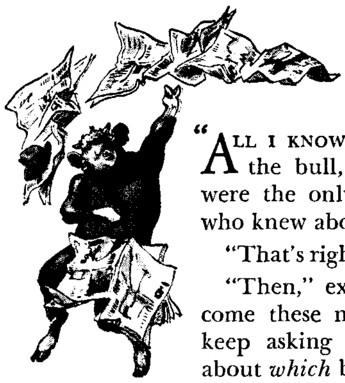
But would she keep her head when she was told that someone called Jonathan Penrose had done the murder? Would she hold her tongue and let the thing ride? Or would she, in order to save him, blurt out the truth?

She must not do that. *Must not.* But would she be able in that moment of surprise to see it would do no good; that he was as liable as if he had really done the thing himself, that at best he would be charged as an accessory after the fact and inevitably the police would read conspiracy between the two of them? If she tried to clear him she would make it worse—fatal for herself—and save him nothing.

He found himself praying that she would be untrue to all that was honest in her, strong-minded enough to accept his temporary sacrifice, for that was all it need be if he could get away, and look ahead to the future when, after the search for him had died down and he had established himself in a new name, they could find a life together somewhere in the largeness of the world. Jonathan Penrose, who had not been long enough out of the army to have made any great career for himself, would vanish and John Any-name-you-like would come into existence. There were practical dif-

"But who could have told the newspapers?"

CRIED ELSIE, THE BORDEN COW



"ALL I KNOW," thundered Elmer, the bull, "is that you and I were the only ones in the world who knew about it."

"That's right, dear," agreed Elsie.

"Then," exploded Elmer, "how come these newspaper columnists keep asking *who* is saying *what* about *which* bovine glamour girl?"

"I think it's real nice of the columnists to call me a glamour girl," teased Elsie.

"Woman," frowned Elmer, "with what you know and what I know, when are you going to stop being a glamour girl?"

"You, stop being such a worrywart!" laughed Elsie. "Think how proud they'll be of us at Borden's when we announce our exciting news."

"You keep Borden's out of this!" snapped Elmer.

Lady Borden

"This is *our* news. And tell Borden's not to cross us up by bringing out some doggoned new product just when our news breaks!"

"Don't worry about that, sweet," calmed Elsie. "Borden's just brought out new *Lady Borden Ice Cream*. And folks are going mad about it. It really *is* fit for a golden spoon. Smooth as a dream, and rich and luscious with pure, golden cream."

"Quit thinking about ice cream," commanded Elmer. "Let's think about *us*, and *our* big news."

"But Lady Borden Ice Cream is big news already," said Elsie. "It's already a great favorite wherever people appreciate truly excellent ice cream. At dinner tables, grand parties—"

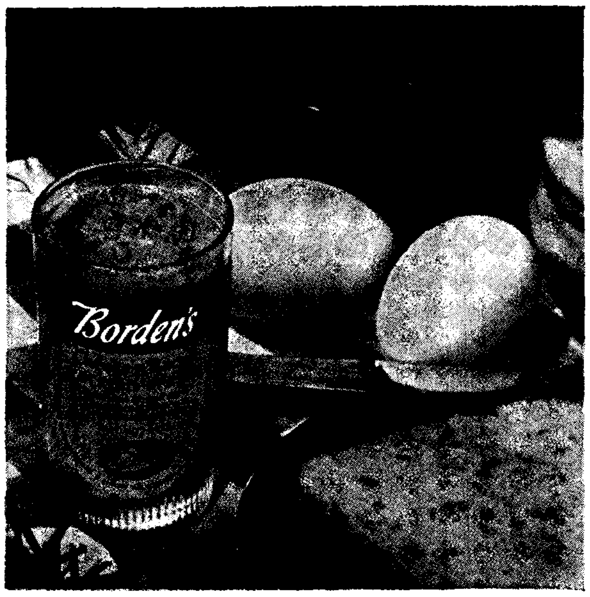
"Did you say *party?"* brightened Elmer. "Woman, there'll be no party to touch the one I'll throw when our big story gets out!"

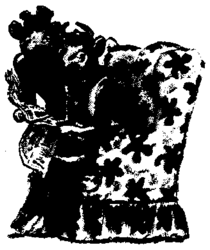
"When you throw that party," said Elsie, "don't forget to serve the very newest of *Borden's Fine Cheeses*—I'm referring to Borden's Cheese'n Bacon Cocktail Spread!"

"She talks about cheese," moaned Elmer, "when our wonderful secret is about to be spilled to the world. Woman, are you *daffy?"*

"I certainly am daffy," chirped Elsie, "about that new'n wonderful Cheese'n Bacon Spread. It's such a *thrilling* combination of aged Cheddar cheese and bits of crisp, broiled bacon. Makes the tastiest sandwiches ever. And it's perfectly grand spread on crackers."

"Aw," grumped Elmer, "the way you yap about Borden's, it's no wonder those newspaper fellows got wind of things."





"But dear, I *never* breathed a word," protested Elsie. "I promised I wouldn't *even hint* until you gave the word."

"And when Daddy gives the word," drawled Beulah, "you'll hear it—everybody'll hear it—it'll be loud but good."

"Of course it'll be good," said Elsie. "Daddy's one of the Borden family, too — and you know, *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!"*

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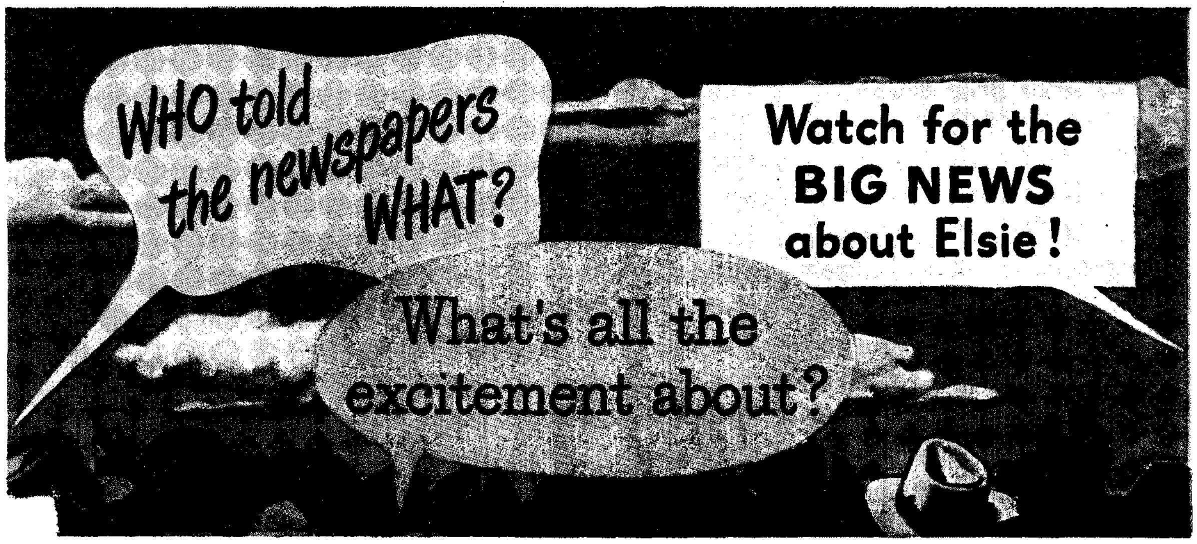
WHO told the newspapers WHAT?
What's all the excitement about?
Watch for the BIG NEWS about Elsie!

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"Mighty Fine Leaf," painted by David Stone Martin

FINE TOBACCO...

Light tobacco
Ripe tobacco
Mild tobacco
L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

LUCKY STRIKE *means* **fine tobacco**

So Round, So Firm, So Fully Packed—So Free and Easy on the Dr

ficulties, of course, but not insurmountable once the initial escape succeeded, once the police hunt had been outwitted and outlived. Then they would be safe.

But would Charlotte keep silent now? Would she have that little extra strength to hide surprise and horror when they told her they knew who had dropped that candlestick in the road?

Another wave of panic came over him, a confusion of instincts demanding expression. He must save Charlotte and at the same time, himself. But how? Even this flight was impossible; all his papers were at the mews flat: passport, checkbook—everything. No passport, no money. How far and how long could a man go without one or the other, or both? Wait, though! There was the Inwood money in his pocket. He would have to use it. Lucky to have it at all, and he must warn Charlotte not to pull chestnuts out of the fire; must make it plain to her that in the first place it can't be done, and in the second there isn't any need to try. Must get to Charlotte.

The confusion went as suddenly as it had come, leaving his mind clear again. Yes, do that first; find Charlotte at the Paradise and contrive to let her know what has happened. Make quite sure that she lets the situation develop in its own way. Time will work for us. Make her realize that.

THE Paradise was in Swallow Street. He quickened his pace. The suitcase in his hand began to worry him. He decided to lodge it in the cloakroom at Piccadilly Station, hoping that the clerk would not take particular notice of him.

Piccadilly Station. He noticed with relief that the cloakroom clerk did not take the slightest interest in him. He put the receipt in his waistcoat pocket and five minutes later was looking at the Paradise from the opposite side of the narrow street, seeing with satisfaction that there was movement in and out of the swing doors, mostly of people arriving in small parties or couples.

He stood there, waiting for a good moment to cross the road and merge himself with one of these influxes.

"I'll take you in," said a girl's voice close to him. "I'm a member. It'll set you back three quid for a bottle of gin—that's apart from me, naturally."

She was in a black suit with a long jacket, short skirt and a small hat. She had square shoulders, long legs and very thin stockings; her wedge heels were higher than most. She seemed to be pretty in the light of the neon strips over the Paradise.

"Why not?" he said.

"Come on then, ducks. I'll see you have a good time. The name's Sally."

It was only a slight variant on the old theme, though rather more digestible. But apart from that, she would have a camouflaging influence on his entry. And he had not forgotten about membership; his lack of it would present no great technical obstacle to getting in if he were alone, but it would inevitably draw a certain amount of attention to himself.

Let Sally do it for him. She put a hand in his arm and urged him across the street.

The lighting in the dance room was much less than that promised by the glare of the reception hall; it was discreet to the point of darkness. The alcoved tables in the walls and out in the open were lighted only by small lamps. The music was busy, the floor crowded, and the low ceiling held down the noise and the tobacco smoke so that neither could escape. You knew this was the Paradise by the golden angels with sprouting golden breasts who hovered, their backs to the wall, in the four corners of the room.

He could not see Charlotte anywhere.

He was anxious again. Something, anything, might have gone wrong with or changed her plan. He wanted to tour the room from table to table, to waylay the dancing couples as they circled the floor. Time passing pressed on the heels of his patience.

The girl Sally was chattering at him, a waiter was filling all the view, a throbbing drum beat with his pulse. . . . He wrote the word *gin,* scrawled indecipherable initials under it and got rid of the waiter. The girl wanted a cigarette and attention. He could give her the former, but, of the latter, very little.

Then with infinite relief he saw Charlotte. She was dancing with a dark-haired man with a heavy, good-looking face who would be "Freddy." They were at the edge of the floor quite close to him now. Her eyes were closed, and she seemed to be allowing her partner to carry all her weight. And no wonder. Jonathan marveled again at her strength of mind, her sustaining courage. It was so much easier for him, who had movement, initiative, things to do.

How to get close to her without causing her to give something away to her partner in the surprise of seeing him here?

"Come on, darling," the girl said. "My toes are itching."

He got up, seeing it as good a way as any to let Charlotte know he was here.

The girl wrapped herself professionally around him and began singing the words of the tune, which dealt exclusively with what love could do for you if you would only let it. That was true enough, in several senses of the phrase.

Charlotte's eyes were closed. It was tantalizing to be within two feet of her and not be seen by her. Freddy seemed to be holding her very affectionately, or else it was that if he didn't she would slip to the floor. Her white fingers rested loosely near the collar of the man's dinner jacket. Jonathan looked at those fingers possessively; they were his, to love as he loved the rest of her lovely body.

Then suddenly she opened her eyes and looked straight into his, as if, he thought, her spirit aware of him, had summoned her.

Her mouth parted slightly and her hand on the man's shoulder moved convulsively, then slackened again. But that was all.

JONATHAN managed to convey his need to see her alone by a slight backward movement of his head toward the foyer. He thought she responded by the smallest of nods, but he repeated the gesture to make sure she understood.

"Excuse me," said Jonathan, when they had got back to the table. "I shan't be a moment."

Sally's eyes hardened suspiciously. He managed a grin to reassure her that he was not walking out on her and made for the small lobby between the main room and the entrance foyer. He was not many seconds ahead of Charlotte as she came into it. He stood facing the dance floor, watching it crowd again as the band started up. She came level with him and paused within whispering distance. And she had the sense not to look at him.

"I was seen leaving the house," he said under his breath. "Police were in the mews when I got back. I'm disappearing."

Her eyes flickered toward him in alarm and then away.

People passed between them, and for a moment they were separated.

"This makes no difference," he went on quickly. "Don't try to get me out of it—only make things worse—I insist that you don't. Promise—"

Again her eyes, infinitely troubled, met his, but they gave him the promise he wanted.

She moved away, either to the ladies' room or the dance floor, he did not see because he turned away at once to shut her out of his view. He knew it might be weeks before he could be with her again. It was a thought which swept out of his mind even the relief at having been able to warn her successfully.

He took a chance; the instinct to get away out of here was too strong to resist. There was a page boy in the foyer. He gave him four pound notes from his wallet to take immediately to the lady at the fourth table on the left. And half a crown for himself.

"You see her?"

"You mean Sally? Sure."

"She's waiting for it," he said, to make surer that the boy delivered it, and went straight out of the place. He turned up Swallow Street and through the archway into Regent Street toward the Circus again.

Ducking out like that wouldn't matter unless they found Charlotte had been there, and their possible contact with each other established by the girl recognizing him as the "wanted" man from his picture in the papers. So many "ifs" were too many. Fear, more than any other emotion, was the fulcrum of imagination.

But his picture in the papers; that would add more difficulty to the task of escape. . . .

This brought an extremely satisfactory thought. His picture would not be in the papers for the good reason that no photographer had ever taken one of him. The need had never arisen. No girl insisting, no publicity requiring his likeness for support. Snapshots? One or two, widely scattered, and poor likenesses at that. George Wilmot had taken one last summer—and George was not at all the sort of man who would assist in the hue and cry; in fact, he would probably look on the destruction of a man like Inwood with approval.

HE FELT a rising of misery as he thought of George and Sybil Wilmot and the fifty or so men and women in the world who were his friends and whom he might never see again. He could bear that; but could he bear the constant knowledge that, puzzled though they might be at first by the inconsistency between what they knew of him and the news he had robbed and murdered, they would not find, however hard they searched and reasoned, any evidence on which to doubt the truth of it?

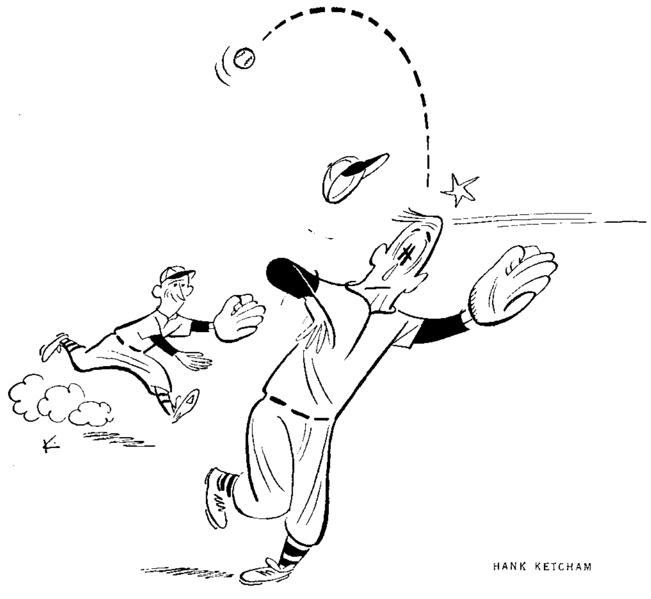
He had built up far too strong a case against himself for anyone to doubt his guilt, and that was the full truth of it.

He caught himself up with fierce accusation for having forgotten Charlotte. To be united to her by such unbreakable bonds, to be able to look forward to a life with her, albeit not immediately possible, far outweighed the loss of a few good opinions.

Then he saw the police patrol car. It was drawing into the curb twenty yards away. Its interior was dark, but there was a glimmer of silver buttons, and a brief shadowy profile against the side window of a man with earphones.

It may have been unreasonable to think that they had noticed him, that they had recognized him from a police broadcast of the wine clerk's description, but he had perhaps gone through too much too rapidly and recently to take a calm view of an alarming possibility.

He turned around and crossed the wide expanse of Regent Street toward the opposite pavement with a tingling discomfort between his shoulder blades. He knew they were watching him. He began to run, hoping that they would regard it as a normal thing to do in view of the traffic. He thought he heard the slam



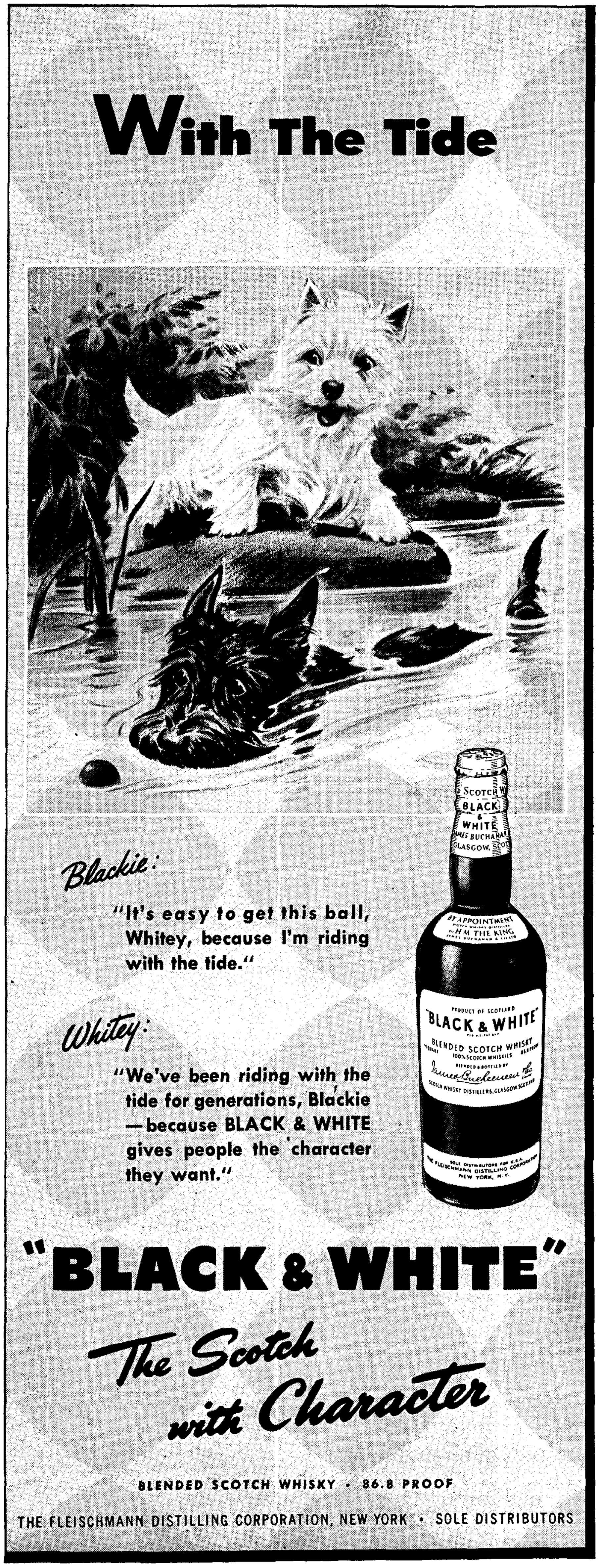
SPORTING ODDS

In a game with the Cleveland Indians several years ago, the Boston Red Sox had runners on first and second when Joe Cronin, Boston's playing manager, came to bat. Sammy Hale, Indian third baseman, anticipated a bunt and inched cautiously toward the plate—but Cronin sent a line drive directly at the third baseman. Hale had no time to get his glove up, and the ball struck his head with a resounding whack. As both base runners started off with the crack of the bat the Cleveland shortstop headed instinctively toward third. The ball bounded from Hale's head and landed in the surprised shortstop's outstretched glove. One out! The toss to second was made in plenty of time. Two outs! And the relay to first was easy. Three outs and a triple play!

And when the dazed Hale came to, he discovered himself credited with an assist.

—Frank McAvoy, Needham, Mass.

COLLIER'S will pay a minimum of $25 for each acceptable contribution to Sporting Odds. Address Sporting Odds, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.



With The Tide

Blackie:

"It's easy to get this ball, Whitey, because I'm riding with the tide."

Whitey:

"We've been riding with the tide for generations, Blackie —because BLACK & WHITE gives people the character they want."

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of a car door. He wanted to look around but dared not. Why had he let himself begin running like this? Easier to begin than to stop. Were they running in pursuit of him or had the car crossed the road after him? Wheels whirred down the slight slope and shut out other sounds. He turned north, away from the Circus, and dived helter-skelter into the short alley leading into Kingley Street. As he took the corner he saw, fifty yards behind him, two of them in pursuit; the dark peaked caps of mobile police were unmistakable.

But Kingley Street was dark, deserted, and although he feared at any moment to meet a patrolling constable, he had a more sheltered feeling in the narrow street. He heard a whistle, sharp, urgent, summoning all who upheld the law. Pelting up Argyll Street, he made for the more crowded area of Oxford Street and the tube station. Faces turned toward him as he passed them but the lethargy of uncertainty was in their expressions. He might be a man running to catch the last tube train; it gave him the few moments he needed to get ahead of them before they joined the police chase.

His mouth was dry with the sucking of air into laboring lungs.

ONE can imagine how Charlotte Inwood came out of the ladies' room at the Paradise and went back slowly to her table. She would have renewed her make-up and taken another aspirin or so; Jonathan had been gone about four minutes. The conversation in the foyer between Jonathan and herself was safely past. The shock of seeing him there when she opened her eyes on the dance floor had been too awful, one of the worst moments of the whole thing.

Freddy Williams was reclining comfortably on the red plush seat, his handsome face as composed as a stone; he seemed to be enjoying his cigar. He moved but did not get up when she reached his side. He looked at her rather like a doctor analyzing a patient's reaction to a hypodermic, and said "Well?" as if nothing particularly exciting had happened.

"Anyone would think," said Charlotte with a sudden anger, "you had done things like this so often that they don't mean anything to you any more."

He grinned at her; the fun of seeing a still woman in movement was one of the most attractive things he knew.

"It's true!" she said with no less heat. "You're so confident, and satisfied—like a man who's eaten a good dinner and knows it won't disagree with him! I loathe you!"

Freddy Williams considered. He looked at the end of his cigar and he looked at Charlotte Inwood.

"However often I have or haven't done *things like this,*" he said, "I'll tell you quite honestly, I have never had such a beautiful, desirable, clever woman to rescue me from the predicament into which my impulsive nature has landed me."

"I deserve every word of that," she said. "And why I'm *not* a raving lunatic after what I've had to cope with tonight, I don't know. I'm frightened of myself, Freddy. *Why* am I behaving so rationally and calmly—and cleverly?"

"Because you are in a situation which has sufficient of the fundamentals to arouse you to the actualities of living. You're alive, as a woman, with something to fight for, to run risks for. It's the first time in your artificial existence that it's happened to you. So stop being surprised and tell me what Don Jonathan Quixote required of you when everything was so nicely settled."

"Someone saw him running away from the house, someone who knew him. The police are looking for him."

Freddy Williams laughed softly and nodded.

"I thought it was something like that. And he came to tell you not to try to get him out of the muck?"

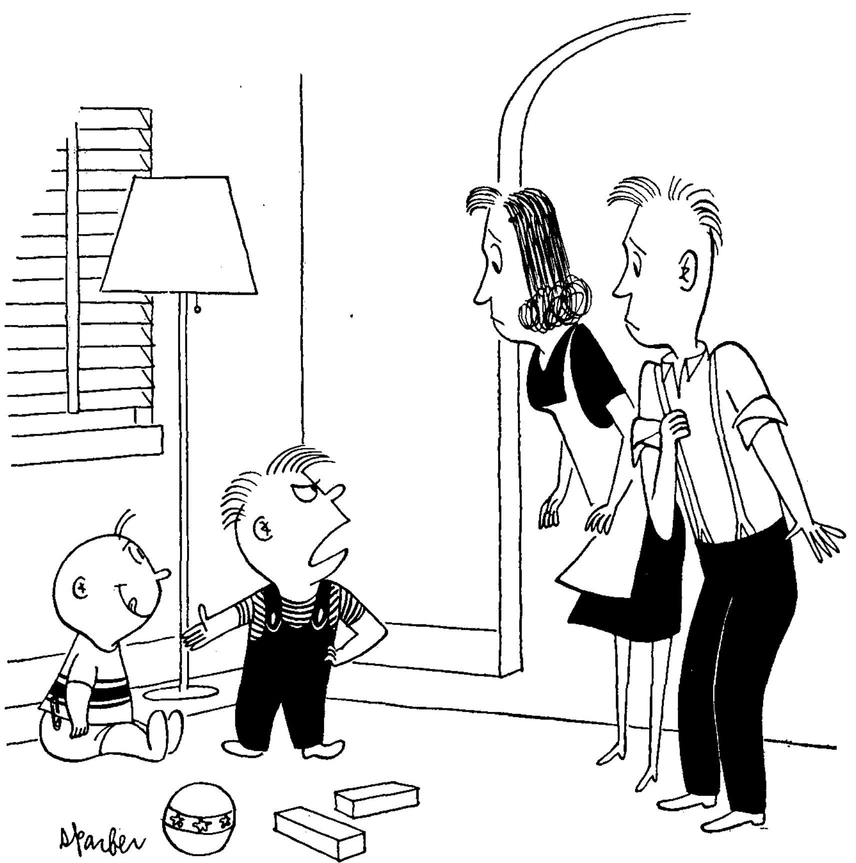
"You're very sure of everything, aren't you, Freddy? Suppose he came to tell me he wasn't going to be left in the muck—which is a beastly word—that he wouldn't go on with it—that he couldn't go on saving me?"

"No."

"But *how* can you be so positive?"

"Darling, you don't know yourself and in spite of the number of men you've had, you don't know them either. Your Jonathan is behaving according to the book—

TIMMY by **HOWARD SPARBER**



"I let Hanky hold my penny in his mouth—and he lost it"

COLLIER'S

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You get this Straight Line Design in every Pepsodent Tooth Brush

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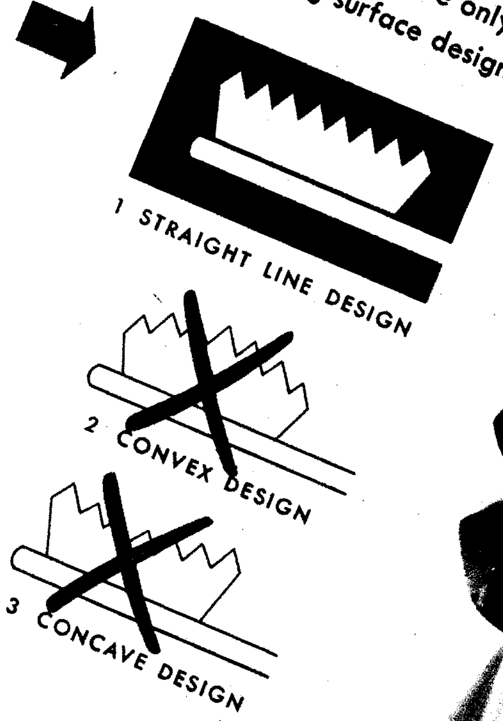

Pepsodent tooth brush

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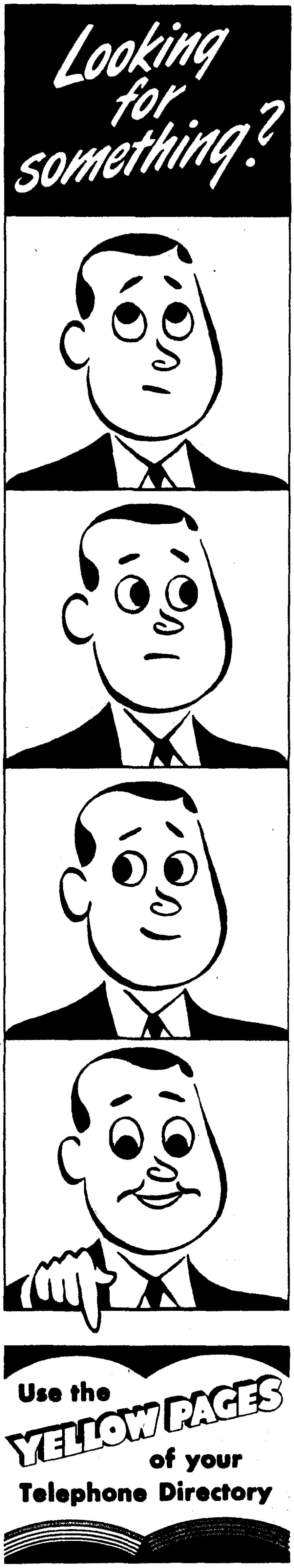
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with no advantages whatsoever. Don't forget I've seen him twice. Both times he was looking at you and didn't see me. And I remember thinking that if I ever caught myself looking at a woman the way he was looking at you, I would take a gun and shoot myself. You own him, body and soul."

"But if they catch him—and surely they *will*—*he'll tell the truth*."

"He doesn't know it."

"I mean, what he thinks is the truth: that I did it—accidentally."

"If he told them that—which is the truth as he thinks he knows it, who on God's earth will believe him? After this spectacular run-out he's done! Suppose he tries to implicate you, where will *that* get him? My dear windy little goose, *I* am your alibi. Let them try to break *my* story."

He laughed again, and she shivered at the sound with an intensity of pleasure.

"Tonight wasn't the *first time* you've—killed," she heard herself whisper. He lifted the loose skin of the back of her hand and pinched it between the nails of his thumb and second finger.

"But never before because I wanted a man's wife," he said, "as badly as I want you."

She looked at the livid blue mark on the white skin of her hand and shivered again, aware of another uprush of the same queer pleasure which this man was able to evoke whenever he spoke, or touched, or hurt, or merely *was*, and she near him.

The band played a Strauss waltz and the smoke of Freddy Williams' cigar eddied caressingly about the breasts of the golden maiden above their heads.

"And never before," added Freddy in faint repugnance, "have I killed a man with a candlestick."

THIS, then, is where Jonathan arrived in my life, at a time when there was plenty to occupy us. Things, in fact, were what even Father called "difficult," a word I could not remember him using before. K. Zimmer was the trouble.

I had just finished a two-hour session with K. Zimmer, trying to deal with him in accordance with Father's instructions, and I had done very badly. It might have been worse but I had left his small, dirty office on the first floor, and was down the stairs and out of the front door before Jonathan came through the archway from the street with the police at his heels. For it would not have been at all suitable if K. Zimmer, who would have seized any additional weapon to use against us, had seen the manner in which Jonathan came into my life. But the door of 52 was safely shut.

That archway may have had a door to it before the war, but the six feet or so of stone passage between the street and the actual front door was more a jutting-in of the pavement than a part of the house. It also formed a convenient dark corner for couples without parlor sofas; there had been such a couple in it when I arrived three quarters of an hour ago. It was from this small memory that I had the idea a moment or so later which I think saved Jonathan.

At first he was no more than a dark, swaying figure—a tall man whose face I could not see, breathing heavily, a hand against the wall to support him.

He spoke. He asked if this passage led into the next street. I said no, it was only the entrance to a house and what was the matter? Nothing, he said, was the matter.

To this day I am not sure whether it was something in his voice, some deep and subtle contact between us, a preordained coming together of two people, or merely the effect on me of a sudden blast of a police whistle not far away. Perhaps the sound acted as the stimulus to a kind of reflex instinct in me, conditioned as I was by association with Father, which without conscious thought demanded that I protect this man from the hated police who were our enemies as well as his.

Wherever it came from, I moved at its dictation.

I joined my hands behind his neck, pressing myself against him, and told him urgently to pretend to be kissing me.

He pretended to be kissing me, and I thought: How satisfactory of him to understand my plan so quickly.

He held me tightly, further to support the picture of a loving couple. He was very exhausted and his heart hammered against me. I moved a little so that his back was to the pavement.

Then, a moment later, a torch flashed on us, held a moment and was gone. That was all.

"They fell for it," I said at last, and his arms loosened, dropped to his sides. He leaned against the wall, and tried to control his breathing so that he could speak. Instead of asking why I had helped him without question, which ninety-nine other men would have done (and reasonably) he said, "Thank you" and left it at that. Then he began trying to size me up, and I laughed at what he was thinking, so clearly could I see it. "I'm afraid I'm not the easy lady who rescues the hero and dies of t.b. in the last chapter so he can marry the good girl. It's only that instinctively I rather shy at policemen—that whistle and everything. I had to do something—"

I was not sure what "everything" added up to. But I was realizing where we were and that K. Zimmer was too closely upstairs behind me. I went out onto the pavement and made sure the chase had really gone past us. I was thinking "us," I noticed, and felt the first twinges of alarm at what I had done.

I said goodby and good luck, and another time he should remember that men are animals too—when one of them starts running, so will all the others. Or hadn't it happened like that?

"I think if I had had the nerve to take no notice of them, they wouldn't have noticed me. As you say, I ran and they ran after me. I think it was an ordinary patrol car, not looking particularly for me—it was too soon."

Then, to prove myself the wise disciple of the zoologists, I was dragging him by the arm into the car, because two men who looked like plain-clothes men were coming toward us from the direction in which the chase had gone.

I started up, drove into Oxford Street and turned east.

"Apart from that," I told him, "obviously I was very silly to make myself an accessory after some fact I had better not know about. You'll have to get out as soon as there's a bit of distance between you and them."

"Of course—and I am very grateful."

"If I drop you off at Holborn tube station?"

"That would suit me very well," he said in a voice which clearly indicated that Timbuktu would have been better.

Apart from not wanting to get myself involved in whatever trouble he was in, I had to remember what I was still carrying in the back of the car. If we were stopped and searched. . . .

"Look," I said sharply. "You are *nothing whatever to do with me!*"

He was startled. "Of course not."

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to snap at you like that. After all, you didn't ask me to get you out of that, to give you a lift, or anything."

"It was a terrific thing to do for a stranger. If you'll stop the car now, I'll manage all right."

"Where will you go? You've got somewhere—safe? Someone to help?"

"Yes, of course."

He hadn't. I felt angry with him. He shouldn't have done whatever he had done without making a few elementary arrangements.

"This will do—this corner. I can walk," he said.

HE STOPPED in the middle of the sentence because he noticed, and I noticed too, that I was driving faster instead of slowing down to let him out of the car.

"I'm not asking questions," I said, "but was that a—well, a local hue and cry?"

"I think it was, but it could have been evidence of a—well, calling-all-cars sort of thing on a national basis."

Oh, dear, I thought, and asked whether he would be safer in London or out of it.

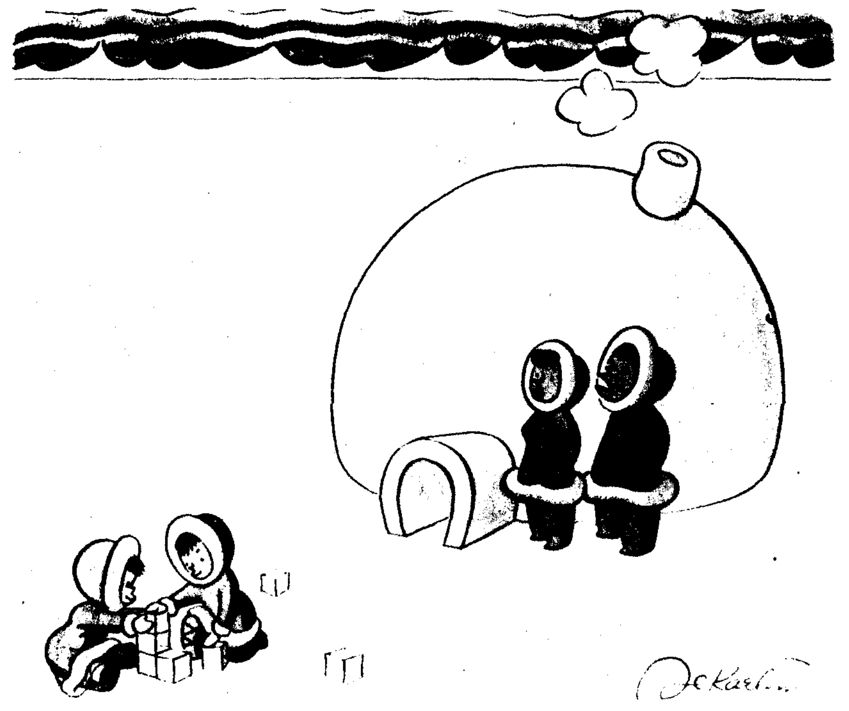
He hesitated.

"I'm being practical," I said. "It's just as easy for me. I'm going a good way up the east coast between now and breakfast time."

The tires hummed, the engine ran sweetly, and I was trying to assure myself that it really was "just as easy." The contents of the Austin's boot, locked though it was, were worrying me. I was being a complete fool.

"The country," said my passenger hesitantly. "A small place—"

"Any small place in mind?"



"It's not going to be easy. They've never seen a bird or a bee or a flower"

COLLIER'S AL KAELIN

That toe, that finger, and that little fish
Made as neat a three rings as one could wish.
So the gentleman cried, "I have a hunch
The water'll be warmer after lunch."
And the lady said, "That suits me fine!
Let me pass you a bottle of Ballantine."

Great favorite since 1840...
it's America's largest selling Ale

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Back in 1840, when his ale was ripe and ready, Peter Ballantine took one drink to judge its PURITY, a second for BODY, a third for FLAVOR, and chose for his trade mark the three moisture rings left by his glass on the table.

Your first glass of Ballantine Ale is more than a drink; it's a discovery. You wouldn't believe ale could be so light *and* so satisfying. And the *flavor!* Ballantine tastes like no other ale you've ever tried. "Wonderful!" Look for the 3 rings, call for Ballantine Ale . . . today.

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Barbasol
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Barbasol
No Brush-No Lather
No Rub-in
For Modern Shaving
Barbasol Blades
Double Edge
Barbasol Blades

● No brush
No lather
No rub-in

Sizes: Large 25¢; Giant 50¢; Family 75¢, $1.00

New!

Barbasol Blades, 15 for 25¢; 5 for 10¢. Super-sharp!

"Well—no, I haven't," he admitted. "A stranger rather shows in a small place."

"I hadn't thought of that—I'd be more noticed."

"You would."

"This is ridiculous," his voice was stronger. "I can't let you in for this—taking advantage of your kindness, unthinking kindness. I'm a fugitive. Anyone who helps me will be in trouble. I—I'm a criminal."

"Well," I said, "suppose I haven't much to lose by helping you?" This was not altogether accurate; for no reason whatsoever that I could name I was trying to keep him with me. At the same time my rational mind was nagging at me to refrain from any further acts of self-destruction.

A criminal? He was no more a criminal than I was; I told myself so, and did not ask myself how I knew. Perhaps I realized that to be a criminal was quite possible without feeling like one; or that motives and circumstances as viewed in your own eyes are what make you feel a criminal, not your acts as seen by others.

THIS one was not feeling like a man who has committed a crime, even though he was behaving like one.

If the police had a general search out for him, it must be for something very serious. . . . "What have you done?"

"Murder," he said so quietly I scarcely heard the word. I realized I had asked that question aloud. It was the one question I had not wanted to ask.

I said, "Oh," rather blankly, and he went on speaking in the same low voice, looking straight in front of him.

"I tried to make what they will call a murder look like a burglar's killing, and it came off too well."

"Murder," I said meaninglessly, "is a bit of a thing."

"—So you see why I'm not a healthy contact."

My mind should have made itself up once and for all. "You get out," is what I should have said. Instead, I said, "Now you've started, it won't hurt to tell me a little more."

He drew his breath.

"This is not the police version, but the true one. I didn't kill anyone, but someone else did, and I believe honestly it was by accident. It was not murder—I used the word to put the thing at its worst, as the world will see it."

I was immediately aware that my curiosity about him had been violent and personal.

"If you didn't kill anyone I don't see why on earth you are running away."

I was driving steadily through the wide east city streets, which were by now almost free of traffic; the dashboard clock showed twenty minutes past one.

"You *must* drop me," he said earnestly. "I'm a danger to you or anyone who helps me. I told you I tried to make an accidental killing by someone else appear the work of a panicky burglar. Unfortunately I was seen leaving the house by a man who recognized me and who was apparently in touch with the police immediately afterward."

All this was difficult to understand straight off, but it seemed to me he should have stayed and explained; he would have got into trouble for interfering with evidence in a crime, but to have run away was about as mad a thing as one could imagine.

Again my line should have been to shrug my shoulders, tell him he knew best, stop the car, and wish him the luck he obviously did not deserve and get rid of him.

"Who is the 'she'?" I said instead. "Your wife?"

He shook his head, and I could feel him thrusting hard against the floor boards. His eyes were intent on the road, fearing the sight of a flashing torch.

"Not my wife—she was *his* wife."

"The man who was killed?"

The rights and the wrongs of it were beyond me; the essence of his position, however, was clear. He must love this woman very much indeed.

I suppose one is always inclined to be intrigued by the sight of a man's devotion to a woman other than herself, but not necessarily quite so much as I seemed to be now. It was out of all keeping with the realities. And worse than doing nothing to curb my curiosity, I encouraged it. Obviously, I told myself, since I could get him to tell me about it now—in the middle of the night with matters rather confused—I should have to look after him for a little longer, until knowing me better he might feel like confiding in me.

Thus I was able to give myself a nice, idiotic reason for what I was doing.

But first I must ask him two questions. I made them short and businesslike. How recent was this killing, and how good was the police description of him likely to be? He told me. I was relieved about there being no photograph of him in existence. A verbal description obtained from several people would be a bit muddled.

A clever fugitive would go to new places and lie low in them until a changed appearance, with the carefully practiced mannerisms of a new identity, obliterated the old. . . .

Had this unguilty murderer, who no doubt was planning such a future, the capacity of character to succeed in it? I had not seen much of his face yet, but the profile was good. A steady mouth and chin, a high forehead. . . . I suddenly began to see the light of an idea, a plan.

"I can make you a proposition," I said.

"No proposition you could make would be anything but so unfavorable to you that it's not—" he stopped. He was not convinced that I knew what the word proposition meant.

"It depends," I went on quickly, "if you've got any money."

That shook him a little. He told me cautiously that he had fortunately come by some in the course of inventing the burglar.

"You see," I explained, "at the moment I'm not on the right side of the law myself. We could make a deal."

"Not on the right side of the law?" He was puzzled. "A girl like you—" He paused to ponder how nice or not nice a girl I might be. I held my tongue with an effort; one day perhaps I would be able to explain to him in simple words that there are no longer nice girls and not-nice girls, whatever he had been brought up to believe, but merely girls—and furthermore that even they are women.

"What have you got yourself mixed up in?" he asked. I wondered what Father would say to any answer I might give to this sort of question from a stranger.

There was a pause and before I could say anything, he added, "I'm sorry. Nothing to do with me, of course."

I LET it go at that. I liked his restraint. It would simplify things if at this stage he saw me as a young woman accustomed to solving her own ethical problems, and most others. Giving him time to arrive at this conclusion I said, "Whatever we decide, it's a business deal. You won't be getting something for nothing."

He nodded finally, and with a note of relief in his voice said he would risk it if I would.

I was progressing. He was prepared to accept my toughness and my habit of looking after myself; that I could help him and would do so on a business basis. I summed it up for him:

"Like you, I need help. In exchange I can keep you safely hidden for a bit while you begin to build up a new identity. But what we—what I shall want you to do may put you in the law's clutches for something besides a murder you didn't commit."

"You seem very ready to accept *that* point."

I laughed, I hope cynically. "I believe you as far as I have to—and after all whether you did or didn't kill the man is entirely your affair. From the practical point of view, the police believe you did. That is going to be my problem as well as yours."

"Yes," he said shortly. "You appear, however, to trust me to a certain extent."

I rammed it home.

"I can afford to. I'll have the whip hand the whole way."

"You mean you would have more to tell the police about me than I would have about you?"

"That," I said in a nice, hard, clipped tone, "is exactly what I mean."

He was silent. We were on the outskirts of the city now and leaving the tram lines at last. I felt it was the moment to put my cards generously on the table, as one who closes a deal. So I said, "I expect you've read the papers the last few days?"

"Yes?"

"Did you notice quite a story about a Rembrandt painting called The Old Woman in a Shawl?"

He said he had. He remembered some of the details:

"It was stolen last week from Lady Harvey Gill's country house—I mean mansion—by the not-unusual method of a ladder to the first floor."

"When everyone was at dinner," I reminded him.

"It seemed unusual for them to take only the one picture; there were plenty of other valuable ones. But it was the most valuable."

"The Daily Mirror worked it out at over a hundred pounds the square inch—twenty thousand pounds."

"Trust the Daily Mirror," he said.

I added that they had reproduced a photograph of it, as also had the Times, Manchester Guardian, Daily Telegraph, Daily Express and nearly every other paper in the country.

"Making it not too easy for the people who stole it," he commented.

"That," I said, taking a deep breath, "is one of the chief reasons why it is still in the back of this car."

He leaned forward suddenly, as if to put space between him and it.

"I see," he said, settling in the seat again. "The Old Woman in a Shawl."

Then he laughed, and I was suddenly tingling with the most remarkable subdued happiness of heart I had ever felt in my life. I knew then, in the sound of his laugh, that he had indeed told me the truth when he said he had not done a murder and that equally would he believe me when I told him, as soon I would, that I had not stolen the Rembrandt, even if I had climbed that ladder into Aunt Florence's gallery and taken it away—not stolen it, that is, in Father's view.

THE steel gray of our estuary was tinged with the first green of summer dawn when I reached my bedroom. It was good to get out of my clothes. The air was warm and still, like silk on my body.

From the open window I could see the masthead of the Peacock in the backwater beyond the elms two hundred yards away; I thought of my new responsibility, this man Jonathan Penrose, sleeping in the small cabin a few feet from where the butt of that mast passed through the main cabin.

I suppose the various good women, who had done their best to bring me up properly after my mother died, would have said that these new pleasurable feelings in me were not nice feelings. But somehow they gave me confidence. Even the inevitable interview with my father, the Commodore, when I would have to tell him how K. Zimmer had reacted, did not cause me the dread it should have.

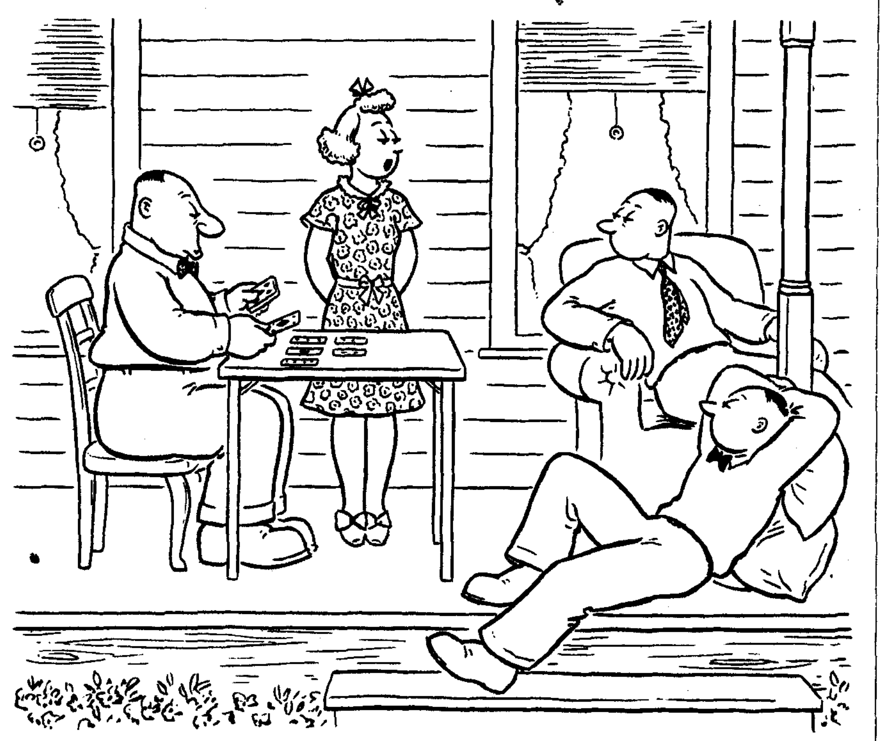
I felt so good I took out my only new nightgown and let its satin slide down me deliciously. It was satisfactory to have put the car in the stable garage, Jonathan in the ketch, and myself in my room, all without waking Father, whose trick of sleeping like an underfed cat at a hole where a mouse may come makes nocturnal movement precarious.

How in the world I was going to play Jonathan into our domestic scene I had not as yet the ghost of an idea, but in this all-conquering mood, I was sure I would get one. In the meantime he was safe on the ketch, near at hand, but not too near. The house could not see the ship, except her masthead.

If I told Charlie, our man-of-all-responsibility, that I was keeping an eye on the boat, he would be grateful that that part of his routine was being taken care of. The sheets were cool. . . .

(To be continued next week)

ALFRED by **FOSTER HUMFREVILLE**



"Alfred makes productive use of each minute of the day. While you've just been wasting time, he has already won two games of solitaire"

COLLIER'S

Help for helpmates

"The stem of hubby's pipe is split?"
Says Tex, "Don't be distraught—
Some Texcel Tape will hold it till
A new one can be bought.

"When wifey wants a picture hung,
Before you whack the tack,
Just place some Texcel on the spot—
The plaster will not crack.

"Yes, Texcel helps both man and wife
(It helps the kiddies, too)
For mending, sealing, fastening
Without the aid of glue.

25¢ size shown. Also comes in 10¢ and 15¢ sizes.

"This wondrous tape is quick to stick
And you can see right through it;
It's neat, it's strong, it's firm because
The 'stickum's' bonded to it.

"So when you're shopping and you see
This Texcel Tape display,
Why, get a handy roll or two—
You'll use it ev'ry day!"

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Texcel Tape

"TEXCEL" REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

CELLOPHANE TAPE — STICKS WITH A TOUCH

Industrial Tape Corporation · New Brunswick, N. J.

New Tire!.. 34%

AND AT NEW

NEW!... 34% MORE MILEAGE—AND HERE'S THE PROOF!

In millions of miles of road tests, tires were driven until the treads wore smooth.

The *new* Goodyear De Luxe averaged 34% more mileage than the famous Goodyear tire it replaces. Yes, *34% more mileage!*

If the *new* Goodyear De Luxe can make a record like this under test conditions tougher on tires than ordinary driving, isn't it reasonable to believe that it will do at least as well on the wheels of your car?

NEW!... SHARP CUT IN PRICES!

This increased mileage actually costs you less. You not only get a new and better tire, you get it at a sharp cut in price!

Your choice of two famous treads:
The De Luxe Rib
The De Luxe All-Weather

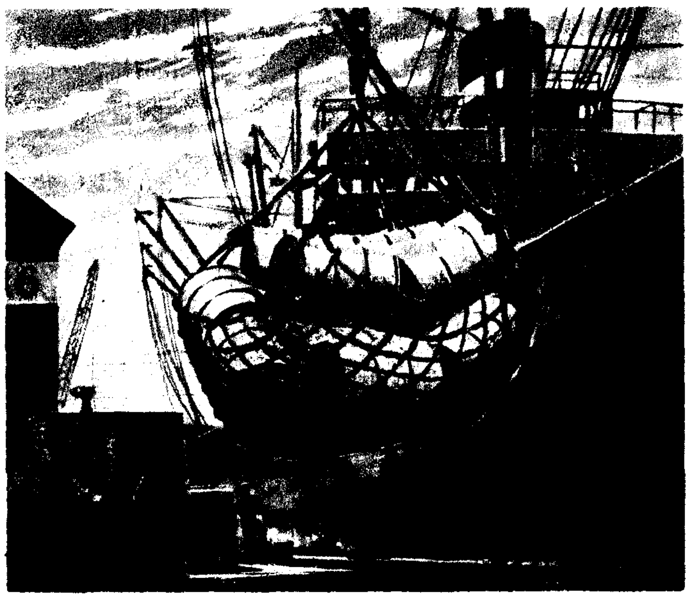
THE NEW GOOD

MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEA

All-Weather T.M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company

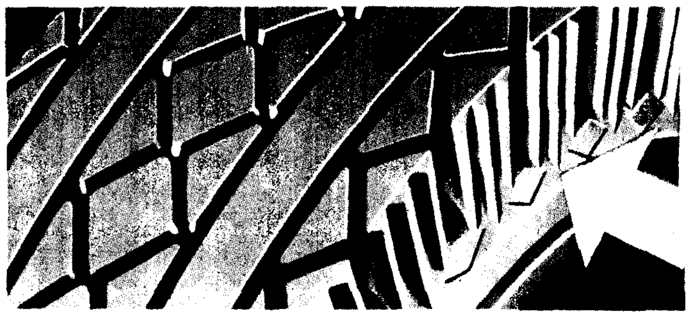
MORE MILEA
LOW PRICES!

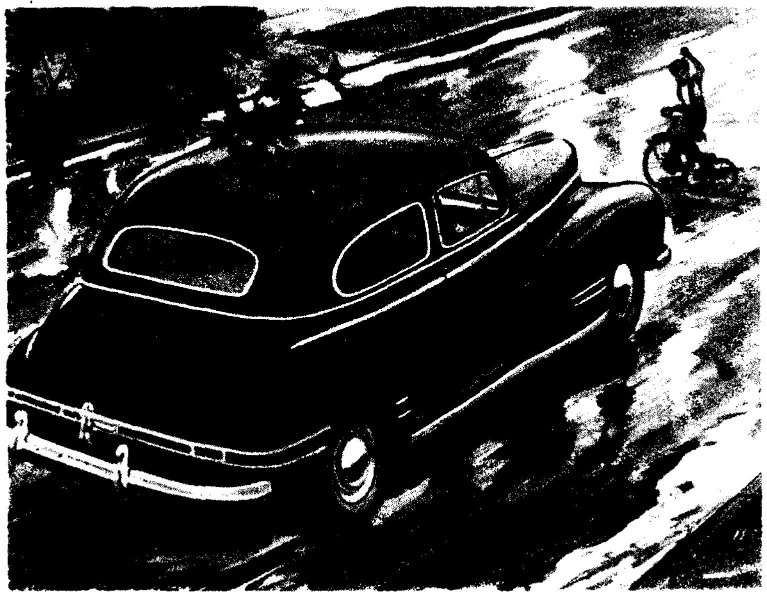
GOODYEA
DELUXE ALL WEATHE
GREATEST TIRE VALUE IN AMERICA!



NEW!...STRONGER CORD, STRONGER BODY!

The cord in the tough new De Luxe is stronger. This means a stronger body, means the tread can be made heavier for longer wear.





NEW!...BETTER TRACTION!

The sure-footed new De Luxe has a wider, flatter tread. This puts more rubber on the road. It gives you more traction when you need it most. It means quicker stops.

NEW!...IMPROVED SHOULDER DESIGN!

An improved shoulder design makes the shoulder huskier, yet more flexible. It makes the long-lived *new* Goodyear De Luxe wear more evenly. The more evenly a tire wears, the longer it lasts.

This *new* Goodyear De Luxe is typical of the year-in, year-out improvements that have kept Goodyear America's first-choice tire for 32 consecutive years.

YEAR DE LUXE

IRES THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND

New Kind of Furnace!

"Tends Itself" Without Ashes or Dirt and Gives WARM FLOORS!

"All-over-the-house" heating. Coleman heats up to 5 rooms. It's automatic.
Warm-floor comfort. Heat doesn't "pack" at ceiling! It gets down to the floor.
(Cutaway floor shows "hidden" installation)

No ashes, dust, fuel-dirt. Choice of oil or gas models.

Sits in the floor—No basement needed. Easy to install, in new homes or old.

Curtains stay clean, weeks longer! No fuel dust, ashes, soot, to mess up curtains, rugs, furniture, wallpaper, paint! Saves hours of work; save wearing out nice things. Be proud of your clean house, with a Coleman Floor Furnace.

Sit in your armchair and laugh at fire-tending chores! No fire-building, no fuel-carrying, no ashes to clean out! Light your Coleman Floor Furnace in the fall. No fire tending except turning a valve. No tending at all with a thermostat.

Order your Coleman Floor Furnace from your dealer now to be sure you have "warm-floors" comfort next winter. Ask him for free literature or mail coupon to The Coleman Co. Inc., Dept. CM-611, Wichita 1, Kansas; Philadelphia 8, Pa. (Terminal Commerce Bldg.); Los Angeles 54, Calif.

Coleman

Automatic Gas and Oil
Floor Furnaces

The Coleman Company, Inc.,
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Without obligation please send me free illustrated literature on the Coleman Floor Furnace, for the fuel I have checked below.

☐ Gas ☐ Oil

Name________________
Address________________
Town________________State________

THE WITCH

Continued from page 26

bag down by the bridge poking stuff out of the dump and at night going around picking things up out of ash barrels that she might get a few cents on from Red Cohen, the junkman. One time she used to go around to people's back doors looking for any trash they might have. But she was so ugly and hideous-looking that people were more or less afraid of her and they'd send her away with gruff words without giving her anything. They might mumble to themselves afterward that she was rich, and that she had a hoard buried in the Greek's cellar. But the truth was that they just couldn't bear looking at her. I guess she knew it, because after a while she gave it up.

I remember one time, I must have been about eleven, she came to our house. She stood out at the bottom of the back steps and my mother talked to her through the screen door. I was behind my mother peeking out, scared to death. She had on that same old long black dress that dragged along the ground behind her as she walked, and she was so old and ugly that I was afraid to keep looking at her. But, for some reason, I couldn't keep myself from looking at her either. It was part of that same double feeling I always had toward her. When I didn't see her, I'd think of her as a pathetic, even a tragic figure, and I'd feel full of pity for her. But when I saw her, something inside me would always choke and I'd feel afraid.

She just stood there at the bottom of the back steps with her head bent, mumbling something to herself. She didn't ask for anything. But there wasn't any need of her asking, since everybody knew who she was and what she was after.

My mother was a fine woman, one of those bighearted Irishwomen, as sympathetic almost as God Himself. She couldn't bear to see even a bird hurt without taking it in and caring for it until it was well again.

"Ah, the poor thing," she said. And she asked the Witch to come in.

I was terrified. I turned and ran through the kitchen and into the dining room. I closed the door halfway, and from behind it I watched what went on.

MY MOTHER had her sit down at the table and she made her a cup of tea. Then she sat down with her and talked to her in that hearty, good-natured way of hers, trying to make her feel at ease. The Witch didn't say anything. She just kept looking up at my mother as if she couldn't help being half afraid. When she had finished her tea, she put down her cup and stood up awkwardly.

"Now, now, don't be running off with you," my mother said, pushing back her chair. And before the Witch could go, she went to the cupboard and took her pocketbook down from the shelf. She gave her a quarter.

The Witch began to look around the kitchen with the quarter in her hand, mumbling confusedly to herself, and not knowing what to say.

"Aah!" my mother said with a snort, turning away from her. She was as embarrassed as the Witch was grateful.

It was then the Witch saw me! As she looked around the kitchen with the quarter in her hand, trying to find something to say, she caught me peeking out from behind the dining-room door. For half a minute I stood there looking at her, unable to move. I scarcely dared even to breathe. And then, before I could pull back behind the door in fright, she smiled at me. That was the only time I ever saw her smile. And it was an awful, toothless smile.

"That's a fine boy," she said to my mother in a cracked old voice. And you could tell that it was her way of thanking her for the cup of tea and the quarter. Her eyes were filled with gratitude.

But it was too much for me. I knew that it was a shameful thing to do, but suddenly I just couldn't help doing it. I turned and ran. My mother didn't even have a chance to call after me. The front door slammed behind me and I was out.

Afterward, I felt rotten inside about it. I'd imagine my mother standing there embarrassed with the Witch after I had run and I'd fill with shame, and when I'd think of the poor old creature and how she must have felt, it'd make me feel so bad inside that I'd have to try to think about something else. So that even though my mother never said anything to me about it, I was always ashamed of it before her.

But the Witch never came to our house again, and that was a long time before she stopped coming around to people's houses.

WE USED to plague her unmercifully when we were going to Saint Pat's. Running after her, mimicking her, making faces and calling names at her from a safe distance, throwing rocks at her even—not to hit her but just to scare her. I never really had much heart in it. I had a feeling of shame inside me for doing it even while I did it. But all the rest of the kids did it, so I did it, too.

She never chased us. She tried not to let on she even noticed us. She just kept trudging along with her head down and the rag bag she always had slung over her shoulder to the Greek's. She went in through a bulkhead in the back.

But she was afraid of us. You could tell from the way she'd kind of cringe down and try to slink alongside of the buildings when she'd see us coming. We sensed that she was afraid of us, and it only made us plague her all the worse.

One day (this was during the winter and we had just gotten out of school for the day) we spied her coming, trudging along Market Street with her rag bag over her shoulder as usual. But this day there was something different about her. She had an overcoat on—and it was the most fantastic overcoat you ever saw. There she came, trudging along Market Street in an old Army overcoat turned green with age, and so big for her and so bulky that it was a wonder she could even walk under the load.

"Hey, the Witch!" one of the kids shouted in surprise as he saw her coming. "Hey, look at the Witch!"

There she came, with her rag bag over her shoulder and in that big square Army coat that reached down almost to the ground. In a way, she was pathetic. But this was the first time that there had ever been anything different about her, and she was such a fantastic sight that the kids could hardly contain themselves with the cruel joy of a new incentive to plague her.

"Hey, the Witch!" the rest of the kids took up the shout. "Look at the Witch!" And then suddenly, one after the other, we began to run.

We circled around the poor frightened creature, hooting and making weird noises, with some of the kids darting in and out by her, and all of us yelling, "The Witch! The Witch! She's filthy rich! Hey, Witch! Where'd you get the overcoat?"

She kept on her way, cringing in against the buildings and trying not to notice us. But she kept watching us with a scared look out of the corners of her eyes and she tried to go a little faster.

Then Joe Riley, to show off, ran right up behind her and made a grab at her rag bag. She shied away from him with a sudden start of fright. But as she shied, her rag bag fell off her shoulder.

With a whoop, a couple of the kids started after it. She gave a little cry and scrambled to pick it up. She stood facing us with frightened eyes, clutching it tightly to her chest.

"Hey, Witch! What's in the bag?" the kids shouted at her. And, as she started on her way again, with us still after her, plaguing her, some of the bolder kids began making sudden running darts by her, trying to grab it.

Then Joe Riley, still trying to show off, picked up a big chunk of ice out of the gutter. "Hey!" he yelled and threw it. He only meant to scare her, but as it went through the air my breath was held. It hit her, sickeningly, on the side of the head and knocked her down against the building.

Nobody moved. For a minute, I guess we all thought she was dead. And then we all started to run at once.

But she got up. She put her rag bag back on her shoulder, sobbing. And she went on her way, crying and rubbing the side of her head.

Something turned inside me then. Shame for what we had done to the Witch, and a terrible pity for the poor old creature so that I felt sick inside. And then, because I wasn't able to face what I knew was the guilt of my part in it, my feelings welled up suddenly into a senseless anger that I had to take out.

I went after Joe Riley. The color had started to come back into his face and he was beginning to laugh in a shaky way. "Hey!" he said when he saw me coming at him and he went to put his arms up.

But I punched him in the face and knocked him down. And I sat on him and pushed his face in the snow.

"I didn't mean it! I didn't mean it!" he kept wailing. But I didn't even hear him I was so mad. I sat on him and banged his head on the ice and I'd have killed him if the rest of the kids hadn't pulled me off.

Going home alone afterward, I didn't feel any better for it. I was still sick inside with shame and in a rage with myself that we had done that to the Witch. I knew that it hadn't been what Joe Riley had done particularly, it was the guilt of my part in it—not just this once but all the other times that I had been with the kids included. This time had just been the worst, and I had tried to take out the shame and guilt of my part in it on Joe. But as I walked home alone afterward I knew that I hadn't made it any better. It wasn't that I cared so much about what I had done to Joe Riley—he had it coming. But when I thought of the Witch and the thing we had done to her, I could feel the shame still deeper inside me.

Joe Riley didn't come back to school for a couple of days after that, and that night his father was over to my house raising hell. From upstairs in bed I could hear him.

"If you don't take care of him, I will!" he kept shouting at my father.

My father said he would, sure he would. He came upstairs after Mr. Riley had gone and came into my room. I lay in bed without moving, hoping he would think that I was asleep. But then when I thought he might go away he said, "Now, what was it all about?"

I didn't say anything. I didn't know how to explain it to him, and I felt guilty and confused, so I kept silent. But, finally, as he kept waiting there in the dark for me to answer, I said, "Joe Riley hit the Witch with a chunk of ice and I gave him a licking."

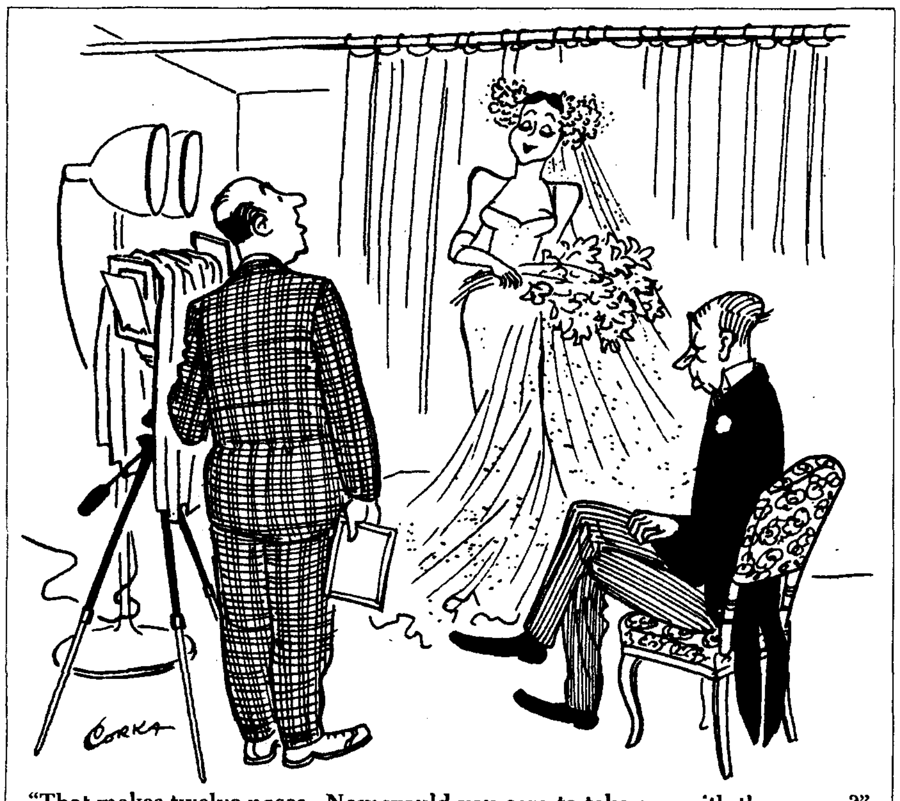
My father didn't say anything. I waited, but he just came over, patted me on the head a couple of times and went back downstairs.

I listened to his steps going down the stairs and it made me feel rotten the way he had patted me on the head, because what I had told him and what he thought wasn't the way it was at all.

THEY started to ride me in school after that, saying I was in cahoots with the Witch and that I went down the Greek's cellar with her nights and did things with her you couldn't repeat. I thrashed some of them, but they only thought up still worse things to say.

A gang of them would get together in the schoolyard at recess and point at me and whisper. When I'd come after them, they'd just laugh and start to scatter. Or, because they knew they could make me mad, they'd follow me home after school at night hooting at me and making fun of me all the way. And all I could do was fume and run around trying to catch them.

So that, finally, in a fury because I couldn't catch all of them at once and thrash them to make them see what was right, I turned and I began to run after the Witch again with the rest of the kids. And, in fact, I began to plague her worse than any of them. I knew it was wrong, but I was determined that if the rest of the kids wouldn't let me alone to do what was right, I would really show them how



"That makes twelve poses. Now would you care to take one with the groom?"

COLLIER'S JON CORNIN

Can You Stop in Time?

For Safety's Sake..

have your automobile brake system checked regularly - - and when service is required, insist upon

WAGNER LOCKHEED BRAKE PARTS and FLUID

Situations arise in everyday driving that leave no time to think about your brakes —they just have to "be there!" *Now* is the time to make sure that your brake system is ready for these emergencies.

The level of fluid in your brake system should be checked regularly—at least twice a year. If fluid is required to bring it up to the proper level—it pays to specify WAGNER LOCKHEED NO. 21 BRAKE FLUID. NO. 21 is an all-season fluid that functions perfectly under all driving temperatures. It is used by automobile manufacturers and recommended for *all* hydraulic brakes.

In addition to taking care of the fluid level, ask your serviceman to check your brake system. If any parts need replacement, specify genuine WAGNER LOCKHEED HYDRAULIC BRAKE PARTS. Minor repairs today may save you a major service expense tomorrow. Wagner Electric Corporation, 6400 Plymouth Ave., St. Louis 14, Mo., U. S. A. In Canada: Wagner Brake Co. Limited, Toronto.

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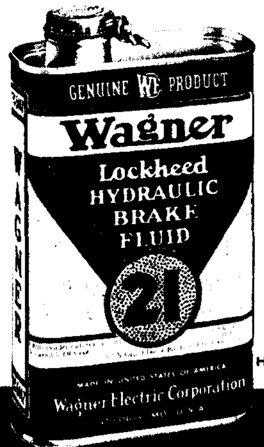

KINSEY
Distilled Dry Gin

What's the lowdown on tall drinks?

Here are three right answers to that question... first and second, the popular twins: Tom Collins and Gin Buck; third, a new contender for the summer drink championship: the Singapore Sling.

Try all three, because no one drink can please all tastes. But *one gin*... Kinsey Gin... can and does give better taste to every summer cooler. Here's why:

Kinsey is the *genial* gin... superbly smooth.
The *dry* gin... yes, dry as fine champagne.
And *94.4 proof*... brimming with flavor!

Make your tall drinks with Kinsey Gin... and you can look forward to pleasure all summer long!

KINSEY GIN

IT'S 94.4 PROOF

TOM COLLINS
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
juice ½ lemon
1 teaspoon sugar
serve with ice, soda,
decorate with lemon,
orange, cherry.

SINGAPORE SLING
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
¾-oz. cherry liqueur
juice of lemon
serve in tall glass
with ice, soda, slice of
orange, sprig of mint.

GIN BUCK
2-oz. Kinsey Gin
juice of ½ lemon
2 cubes of ice
serve in tall glass
with ginger ale.

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to do what was wrong. Little by little, I became the ringleader, and in spite of the growing shame inside me, I was always thinking up more and meaner ways of plaguing her.

I remember a bunch of us used to put our heads together in a corner of the schoolyard and talk. Some of the kids used to say that she was rich and that she had her gold hidden away in the cellar, while others would say that she carried it around in her rag bag with her. One day—with a show-off of bravado, but with a feeling of shame inside—I made up a plan to sneak down the Greek's cellar some afternoon when the Witch was out and see what was down there once and for all. The rest of the kids listened and laughed with glee.

"If she's got any money, we'll steal it," I bragged with a show of toughness that I didn't feel.

THE next day, actually, after school, we scaled the fence behind the Greek's and dropped into his back yard. We tiptoed across the yard in silence with myself in the lead and the rest of the kids behind me. But as we reached the bulkhead we became afraid and stopped. We stood there, the kids behind me whispering to me and to one another to go ahead, but with nobody moving.

But finally, as the kids kept prodding me, I had to go ahead. I felt like a sneak thief, but I put on a show of boldness. "Well, who's coming with me?" I demanded in a whisper.

Nobody volunteered. The rest of the kids hung back, shuffling uncertainly. They must have felt as ashamed and afraid as I did. "Come on," I said again, a little louder. "What are you afraid of?" And to show them my bravery, I started down the cellar steps.

At the foot of the steps the door stood partly open. I put in my head cautiously, but in the darkness I couldn't see anything. Except there against the wall, almost under my feet, what looked like an old brass kerosene lamp. I put in my arm slowly, inch by inch, not daring to move any farther than I had to, and grabbed.

But then there was a commotion in the yard behind me. With the lamp in my hands I ran back up the bulkhead steps. The Witch stood there at the corner of the alley!

Nobody moved. For a minute, nobody seemed to know what to do and we just stood there looking at her. We were all scared to death. But she was more frightened than we were.

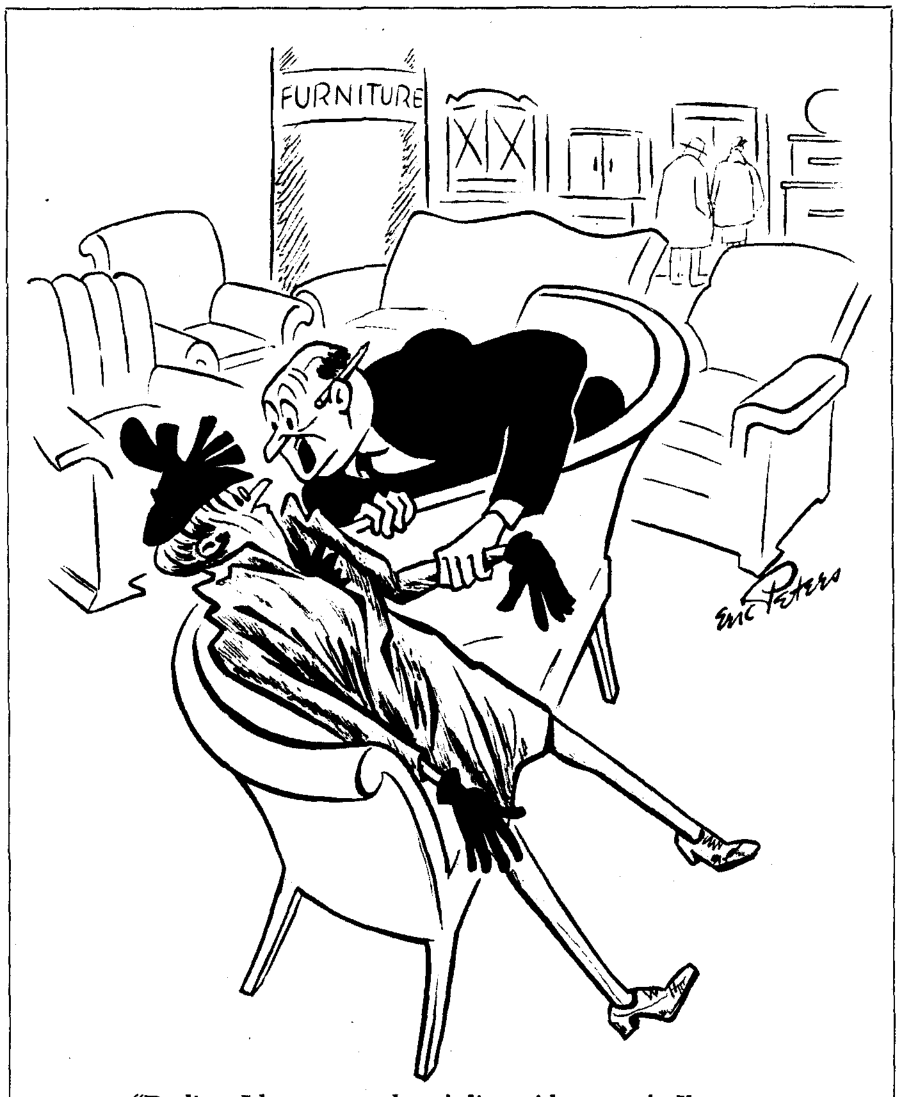
But then, as she saw me with the lamp in my hands, her expression changed and she almost took a step toward me. The lamp seemed to be hers and she had that same look on her face as on the day the kids were plaguing her and trying to take her rag bag away from her. Like the look on some frightened little kid's face when an older bully is trying to take something away from him that belongs to him. As the poor old creature's eyes met mine, I had to look away in shame. I couldn't help thinking of how little she had and I felt like a criminal caught in the act in some particularly low, miserable crime. I just stood there with her useless lamp in my hands, not knowing what to do with it, and I felt so rotten inside that I wished something could happen so I could disappear.

After a minute her expression changed again, and she fell back a step in fright, afraid of even having moved.

Then a noise came from the back room of the store. The Greek came to a window. And suddenly, as if at a signal, we all went running, pushing one another out of the way, and climbing back over the fence. We stopped for a minute on top of the fence to hoot at the Greek and show off our bravery. And then off we ran.

When we were a safe distance away, we stopped to laugh and talk about it. Some of the kids took the lamp and paraded up and down with it on top of their heads, making fun of the Witch. But somehow I didn't feel much like laughing and talking. And after a while I took the lamp away from them and went home by myself. I didn't know what to do with the lamp, but I couldn't throw it away or break it. I sat for a while on the back steps with it. And I hid it carefully under the steps before going into the house.

After that when we'd see the Witch coming along Market Street with her rag bag over her back and that same old long black dress dragging along the ground behind her, the shame would be like a stain inside me. The kids would run after her as always, yelling and taunting, and I'd run with them. "The Witch! The Witch! She's filthy rich!" we'd yell. "Hey, Witch! What have you got in the rag bag?" or, "Hey, Witch! What happened to your overcoat?" But I'd run on the outside edge of the crowd, and I could never bring myself to look up into the poor frightened old creature's eyes again. . . .



"Darling, I love you and can't live without you! You are everything in the world to me! Will you marry me? . . . There, that will give you some idea of how it works!"

COLLIER'S ERIC PETERS

Then I moved away from Saint Pat's. My oldest brother got a job and we moved into a better neighborhood. I was going to a school uptown and I hardly ever went down around Market Street and Saint Pat's, so I began to lose track of the Witch. Except once in a while I'd happen to think of her. I'd think of the way that people treated her, walking on the outside edge of the sidewalk and turning their heads away with a look of distaste on their faces as they passed by her. And I'd think of the things I had done to her, alone and with the kids, and I'd begin to fill with shame so that I'd have to try to think about something different.

I'd remember some of the things I had heard the older people down around Market Street saying about her among themselves. And I'd wonder if she was one of those mysterious eccentric recluses like people said, and if she was rich and had her hoard buried in the Greek's cellar. Or if she was just some poor unfortunate creature who had been born to nothing, was nothing, and would soon return to that nothing. But, gradually—you know how kids are—I was beginning to forget her.

And then one night after supper I picked up the paper and there was a small piece on the back page about a nameless old woman being found dead in a cellar on Market Street. That was all it said. But my throat gave a leap. The Witch was dead. I knew right away it was her.

I stayed in the house for a while. And then I told my mother I was going out with the kids. But I took a walk down Market Street. The old neighborhood was pretty well run down. The houses were dirty and needed paint. The streets were dirty and they seemed narrower than I had thought they were. There were a lot of little kids around and they were ragged and had dirty faces. It smelled like a slum. I passed by the Greek's and he was closed for the night. But it looked to me almost like a different place. The lettering on the windows was faded and the paint that had seemed such bright grass green was chipped and peeling in places.

There was a drugstore on the corner of Hadley's block in where Malone's Market had been just a year before. I dropped in and ordered a soda. It was a dingy-looking little place with all secondhand fixtures. The clerk was alone and I tried to start up a conversation with him. But he was five or six years older than I was and he didn't seem to want to be bothered talking to a kid. Then I brought up about hearing something about the old woman being found dead in the cellar. I spoke in an offhand way, not wanting to seem too curious about it.

The clerk seemed half willing to talk about it. "Oh, it seems," he told me, "nobody noticed her around for a few days so they told the cop on the beat. He went down and he found the old woman dead."

The clerk stopped. He didn't want to talk to me, but you could tell that he liked to talk about it.

After a minute he said, "Nobody knew who she was. They used just to call her the Witch. And everybody used to talk about how rich she was.

"She was laying in a corner of the cellar on some piles of newspapers she used for a bed. She had been dead two days already and her body was all dried out and the rats had gotten at her—" The clerk was a skinny guy with big eyes and he described it to me with an awed and gory relish.

There was nothing in the cellar to tell who she was. All she had was a few old pieces of junk and some brass kerosene lamps that she had kept, for some pitiful reason, for herself out of her years of scavenging. That was all.

"Except for one thing," the clerk said. "They found a cigar box." The drug clerk stopped. He seemed a little puzzled, as if he didn't quite know how it should be regarded.

"She had it all covered over with pieces of fancy cloth, and she had some old yellowed lace sewed on around the edges to decorate it. On top there was a card tacked on. 'For my decent burial,' it had written on it in pencil.

"In the cigar box, there was a little better than fifty-six dollars in pennies, nickels, dimes and some quarters."

The pitifully decorated cigar box with its fifty-six dollars and the few brass kerosene lamps and pieces of junk. That was all.

The drug clerk didn't seem to know what to make of it and he stared at me with his big eyes for a minute. Then he snapped out of it, and giving me a look of contempt to make up for having been bothered to talk to me, he went back to wiping his glasses.

I sat there for a while without drinking my soda. It was quiet in the drugstore. All that could be heard were the movements of the clerk and the sound of some kids playing up the street. Then I got up and I walked home in the growing dark. I thought of the Witch and her cigar box. Her pitifully decorated cigar box with its fifty-six dollars, and the few old brass kerosene lamps and pieces of junk. That was all.

THEY had a Mass for her at Saint Patrick's. She used to go to the early Mass there. They bought her a cheap casket, and the priest said a Mass for her and they buried her in Saint Patrick's cemetery.

The Mass was upstairs in the big church, and there wasn't anybody at the Mass except a few old ladies down in front who go to every Mass they have.

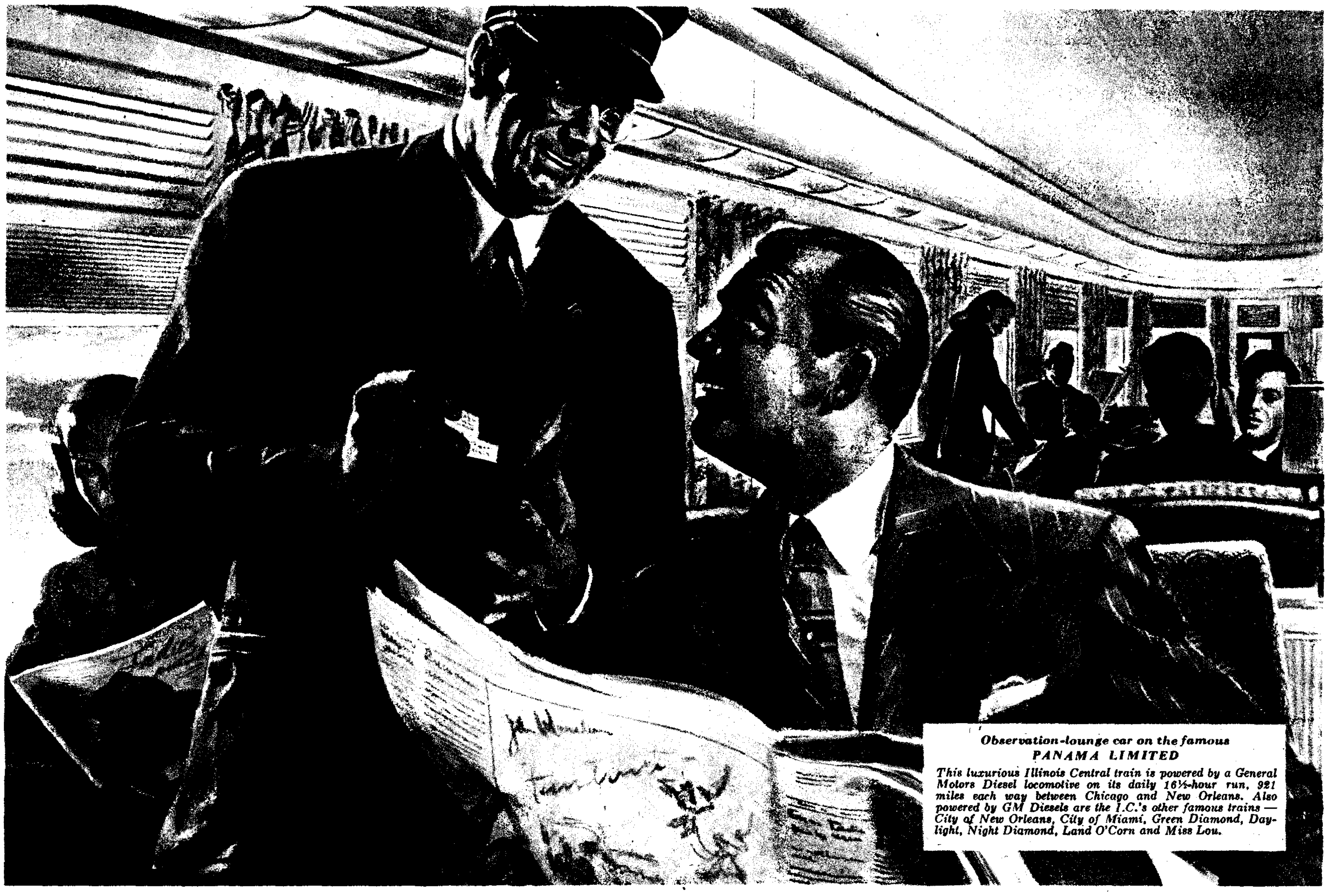
I don't know why, but without telling anybody where I was going I sneaked in and sat in the last pew. It was an eerie feeling—the casket in the aisle and the priest standing on the altar saying Mass softly in Latin in the big, almost empty church.

I knelt and I thought of the Witch. The way she had lived and what she had lived for. There she was now in her little, cheap wood casket in the aisle of that big, empty, vaulted church with the priest saying her Mass—the Latin words echoing softly in the hush, and the few pious old ladies with their heads bowed down up in front.

I bowed my head and I said a prayer for her quickly. And then I slipped out before anybody would see me.

Coming out into the sunlight, it was different.

THE END



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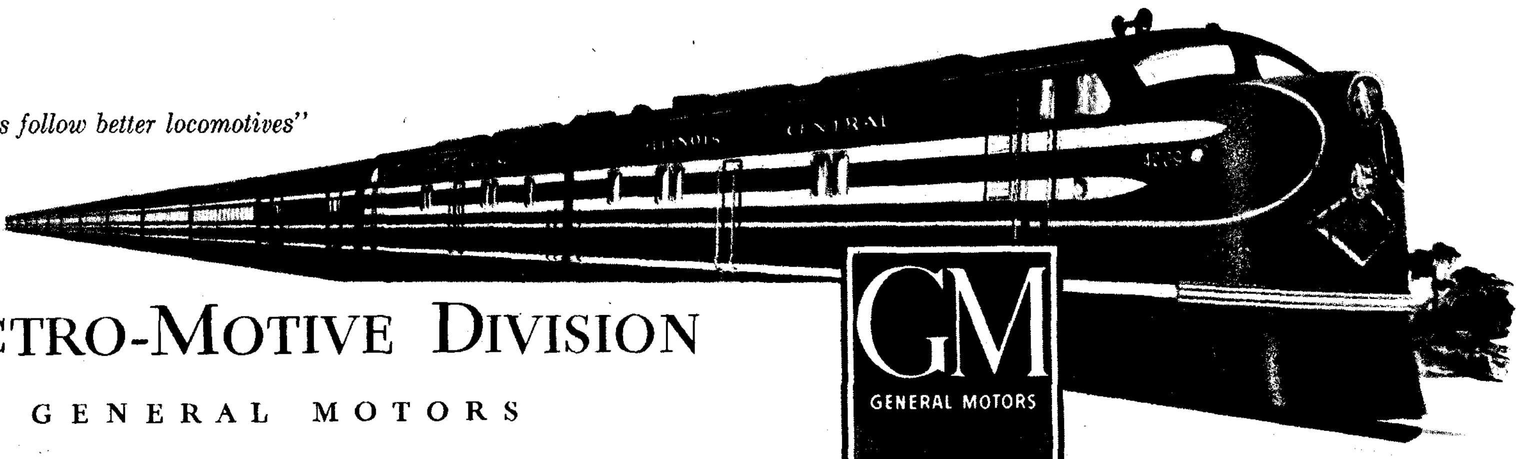

ELECTRO-MOTIVE DIVISION

GENERAL MOTORS

LA GRANGE, ILL.

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THE LADY WAS A TRAMP

Continued from page 21

chance of a sale there, as Mother remarked acidly to Father after our prospective purchaser had departed minus a dog.

No one else answered the ad.

The next night a change in Father was apparent as soon as he came home. He had obviously made up his mind to ignore the dogs. He did not mention them during dinner nor afterward as he smoked his cigar and read the paper. Then he went into the study to pay the monthly bills.

"Hey," he said, and suddenly bobbed up in the doorway. "Didn't we pay Kinsey for delivering those mutts? He's charged us again."

Mother sighed. "I'm afraid that's a different bill. That's for the distemper shots. The dogs have to be inoculated, you know. You wouldn't want them all to get distemper."

"Why not?" Father said.

He brooded on this possibility, then disappeared into the study. We heard his pen scratching, then silence, followed by a gasp as though he were mortally wounded. He loomed up in front of us once more, a sheet of paper in his hand.

"This item?" he said to Mother.

"Oh, that? That's for beef."

"We haven't had that much beef."

"For the puppies," Mother said. "I've fed them scraped beef."

Father stared at her in horror. "Scraped beef?" he said in a choked, unbelieving voice. "Lady eats horsemeat."

"The puppies wouldn't eat horsemeat."

There was a long silence while Father digested this. It seemed to leave him speechless. "Mongrels," he muttered after a time. "Scraped beef."

"It's just for a short time," Mother said consolingly. "They're puppies and puppies must be coddled. Puppies must eat a lot."

"They're eating me right out of house and home!" Father shouted. "Scraped beef! It's nine o'clock. Maybe they're feeling a little peckish right now, eh? Maybe I should run down cellar with a platter of ham sandwiches. When I had dogs as a kid you know what they got? They got what was left on the plates. They ate everything from chicken bones to spaghetti and they thrived on it. They were the biggest, healthiest dogs around. Once I had a dog who ate pancakes. Lived to be fifteen."

"Times change," Mother said. "They were farm dogs getting lots of exercise. All I can do is to go by the most modern medical advice. I bought a book on the care of puppies."

It rained hard that night and was still pouring in the morning. Mother went downstairs to feed the dogs and found that water was seeping in through one cellar wall. The floor was wet and the atmosphere damp.

"They'll get pneumonia," Mother said, and a little later the dogs were quartered in the kitchen. They were still there when Father came home that night, unsuspiciously opened the kitchen door and was swarmed over by a deluge of nine dogs. Lady, wanting Father's affection for herself, sent her pups flying with quick nips.

AFTER a certain amount of order had been restored, Father said, "The thing that is driving me insane is that Lady doesn't even like these dogs. They're her own flesh and blood and she doesn't even like them. She goes off on a tear and dumps the results in my lap."

"Dogs are that way," Mother said. "It says so in the book. A mother dog brings up the puppies to a certain point and then sends them out to fend for themselves."

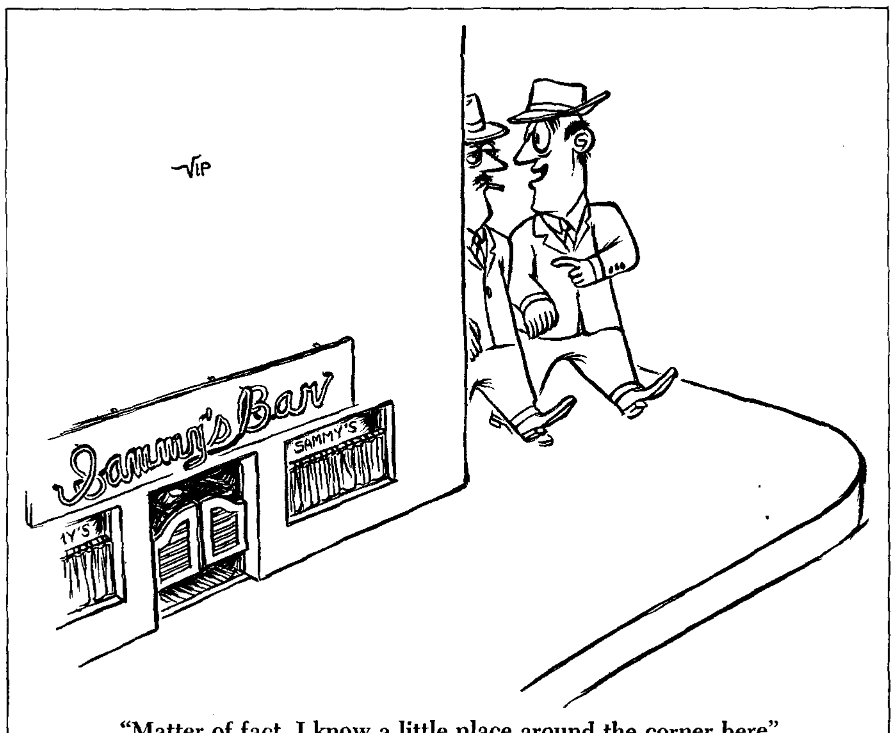
Father stared across the table at Mother. "Sends who out to fend for themselves?" he demanded. "How much fending have you seen those puppies doing?" Father tapped himself on the chest. "I'm the guy that does all the fending around here. But I'm through. No one wants the dogs, we can't keep them. I called Kinsey today and the way he disposes of dogs now is quick and painless. Shoots an overdose of nembutal in a vein and in a matter of seconds the dog is chasing rabbits in the Happy Hunting Ground. They go over tonight." . . .

Dinner was a quiet affair, none of the children asked for seconds. Frances spilled her glass of milk and the fluid trickled across the table and some ran down onto Father's lap. He didn't say a word.

After dinner, Frances, being the youngest, went to bed first. Father went up, as was his custom, to tuck her in and kiss her good night.

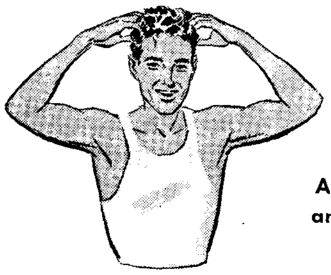
"Don't wanna kiss Daddy," Frances said, when he bent over her bed.

"What's this?" said Father, trying to joke about it. "What's this?"



"Matter of fact, I know a little place around the corner here"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH



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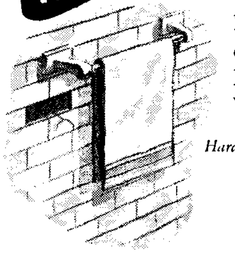
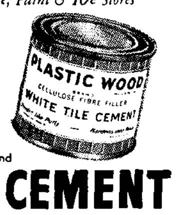

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"Won't kiss Daddy," said Frances, and put her head under the blanket.

Father came heavily down the stairs. "This is not my fault," he said plaintively.

"The children will have to get used to the idea," Mother said. "It's hard for them. Fred, you go with your father and help him."

We rounded up the pups and carried them out to the car. Their bodies were not large, but they had long legs and tremendous feet. They took to the car like ducks to water. Father started out the driveway and the pups leaped back and forth, barking as they did so. One of them jumped on Father's head and shoulders, and I had a glimpse, as we passed beneath a street light, of Father's face set and stern, with a puppy draped over his head and neck, chewing his right ear.

We drove in silence to the vet's, Father driving the last mile at a cautious twelve miles an hour because one of the pups was entangled in the steering wheel.

Father stopped the car, brushed sundry dogs off his lap and lighted a cigar. "Say goodby to them if you like, son," he said, and stared out the window. We sat there and finally the door of the animal hospital opened and old Doc Kinsey came down the walk.

"Just closing up," he said, peering in the window. "You wanted me?"

Father stared at him. "Hell, no," he said finally, "just taking a ride, just getting the dogs accustomed to the car." And home we went with the pups barking and one of them eating Father's hat.

We went into the house and Mother and the other children who had been very low jumped up in amazement.

"He was closed up," Father said.

My younger brother let out a war whoop. We knew then that Father couldn't do it. That is, we all knew it but little Frances. She took him literally and thought the puppies only had a reprieve from death until the next day. But we didn't realize how she felt until the following afternoon.

WE WERE all upstairs except Frances when Mother said, "I haven't heard a peep from the dogs."

"Maybe they all dropped dead," Father said hopefully.

"John," Mother said, "run downstairs and see if they got out the kitchen door."

John clattered down the stairs, and then came flying back up shouting, "The dogs are gone!"

We chased downstairs after him. Lady was sleeping under the kitchen table, but the puppies had disappeared.

"Where's Frances?" Mother said suddenly, and we started on another hunt. Mother came in from the back hall. "Norman," she said, "the leash is gone."

Father had rigged up a complicated leash for the pups so he could take them all walking at once. It made quite a picture, Father holding a rope with eight dogs attached to separate strands leading off from it.

"She's gone off with the puppies," Mother said.

"Take it easy," Father shouted. "You take the car. John and Emily, go off on your bikes. Fred, come with me. She can't have gone far. My God, with eight dogs. They're bigger than she is."

We ran up the street. "I will personally kill those dogs," Father panted. "I will strangle them with my bare hands."

"Then Frances will never speak to you again, Father," I said helpfully.

Father groaned and we ran around the corner and over toward Main Street. We were passing Mr. App's hardware store when he called out the open door to us.

"Your wife just phoned. Asked me if I saw you over this way to tell you she found your little girl."

We hurried back. Frances was there—but no dogs.

"She was down near the railroad tracks," Mother said. "The most disreputable part of town."

"Who'd you give the dogs to, honey?" Father said.

"Men," she said. "Nice men."

All that week end she acted as though she had saved the dogs from a horrible fate, and Father was the villain she had foiled. He tried to explain things to her and got nowhere.

"She'll never like me again," Father said gloomily.

On Monday, Mother spoke to me. "I suppose it will blow over in time," she said, "but right now Frances just doesn't like her father. She's too young to understand his viewpoint. Your father is terribly upset about it. He tossed all last night."

We expected Father home at five thirty, his customary time. When he hadn't arrived by six o'clock, Mother telephoned the man he usually rode with.

"Dan," she asked, "did Norman ride with you or is he working late?"

Dan was apparently hesitant over the phone, and Mother spoke sharply to him. "Don't act so mysterious," she said. "Where is he?"

"Well," Dan said reluctantly, "the truth of it is he asked me to let him off at the Eagle Bar and Grill."

Mother hung up and stared at us. "Your father," she said, "has never loitered in taverns on his way home."

Another ten minutes went by and Mother compressed her lips and went to the telephone again. When she got the Eagle Bar and Grill she could hear a juke box in the background.

"Is Mr. Norman Hooper there?" she said coldly.

"He was," said a cordial voice, "but he ain't any more. Said he was going to stop by the Palace."

Mother hung up with a crash. "I don't believe it," she said. The Eagle Bar and Grill at least was reasonably respectable. The Palace was not. There was usually a fight at the Palace on a Saturday night. Mother looked at us, then called the Palace. She hung up quickly and turned to me. "They said he went from there to Joe Mooney's. I never heard of that."

"Oh, sure," I said. "Everybody in town knows Mooney's. It's a bookie joint."

"A what?" Mother was mystified.

"It's a cigar store in front," I said, "but in the back room they make bets on horse races."

"We won't wait another minute," Mother said, and served up the dinner. She was shaken. After many years of being a faithful husband, Father had apparently run off the rails and become a drunkard and a gambler.

"It's Frances," Mother said. "Your father's heartbroken. She's made him a guzzler and a horse player."

We were solemnly eating dessert when suddenly the front door banged open, and we heard Father proclaiming loudly if somewhat thickly that dog was man's best friend. "Damn' tootin'," he added in a confidential tone as he strode heavily along the hallway.

"You must act as though nothing is wrong," Mother cautioned us swiftly, and we sat there with set faces.

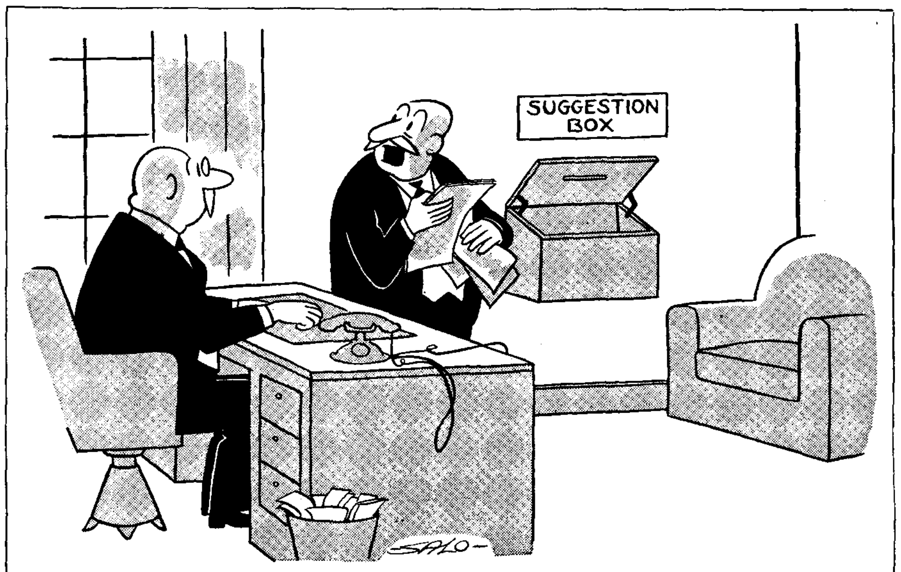
THEN Father burst in upon us. His hat was on the back of his head, a cigar between his teeth, and his face was flushed. And under one arm was a wriggling puppy.

"Norman Hooper," Mother said, "you should be ashamed of yourself."

"What for?" Father said. "I had to look after the dogs, the dear little dogs. Had to stop in and see if they were being mistreated. Can't have that, you know. Can't have anybody mistreat those very valuable dogs."

Mother stared at him. "You mean Frances gave the dogs—" Mother stopped, horrified by the thought.

"Certainly," Father boomed. "Six of those dogs are owned by barrooms. I had a bottle of beer at each bar and inquired after the health of the dog. I investigated each dog personally. Can't have those valuable dogs brought up on pretzels and cheap gin, you know. Not after they've been brought up on—*hic*—scraped beef."



COLLIER'S "Say, morale must be pretty high in the office staff. There hasn't been a single 'drop dead' suggestion in weeks" SALO ROTH

Nobody said anything. The puppy wiggled and dropped to the floor and Frances jumped down to hug it.

"My very own favorite puppy," she cried.

Father said, "The seventh dog was owned by the fire house, and the eighth one by one Joseph Mooney, a bookmaker and a scoundrel of the first water. He left the dog locked in his nefarious establishment for twelve hours. I threatened to punch his nose and brought the dog home. I guess we can manage *one* puppy."

Father sat down in his chair, his hat still on. Frances came over and climbed up into his lap. She sat there looking lovingly up at him. "Want Daddy to feed me," she said.

Father sat back and a big grin spread over his face. After a moment Mother smiled too.

"Norman," she said, "I think those six barroom pups will be all right. I don't think you need stop and inquire about them every night."

No one needed to worry about those dogs. They grew like weeds under a summer sun and eventually acquired quite a reputation around town as watchdogs and pets. But Mother never quite recovered from the fact that among our local saloon set they were known as Hooper hounds.

THE END

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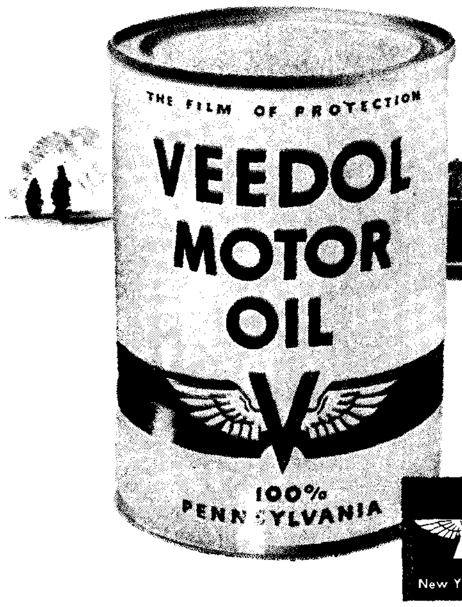
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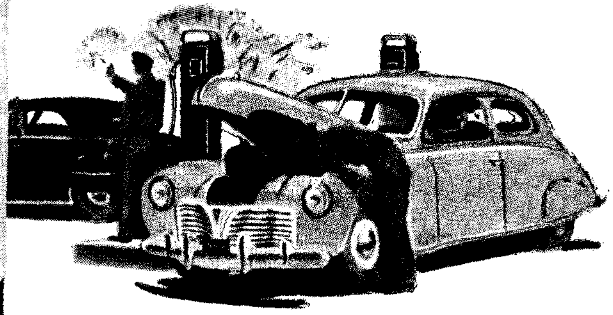

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Mr. Homes (right) exercises his tongue muscles in class at the District Speech Clinic, Washington, D. C., where he overcame a speech defect which had made his life miserable for more than twenty years. Now he speaks clearly

I STOPPED STAMMERING

Defective speech is a tragedy for more than a million Americans, most of whom don't realize what modern methods can do for them

Susan Hurley uses a mirror to watch her tongue action which gives strength and agility in conversation

Dr. Richard R. Hutcheson, director of the speech clinic, gives voice instruction to one of his pupils, R. Brewer

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

BY EUGENE C. HOMES

AS TOLD TO GREER WILLIAMS

THERE are about 1,400,000 stammerers in this country, and until a year ago I was one of them. I can remember riding in the family car in Staunton, Virginia, when I was five and asking, "How, how, how—?" My never-finished question is beyond recall, but I have painfully clear memories of how my speech grew into a misery of self-consciousness in the ensuing twenty years.

I stammered so badly that I gladly avoided talking with anyone outside my family. Silence was the easiest way out of my difficulty, and yet it continually led to more difficulty, like the time a high-school kid, bigger than I was, told me to get out of his way. I couldn't talk fast enough to argue with him, so I just hit him. I was pretty big myself and usually won my fights, but not that one.

In the last year, however, I've been speaking up to everyone. With expert help, I found a new voice and get so much fun out of using it I can hardly stop. And the thing I'm most eager to talk about is the knowledge that helped me—knowledge that can be put to work to help the whole army of speech cripples known as stammerers or stutterers.

Speech is man's Number One method of communication with his fellows. By our speech, people form their first impressions of our intelligence, education, character, personality and even the state of our health.

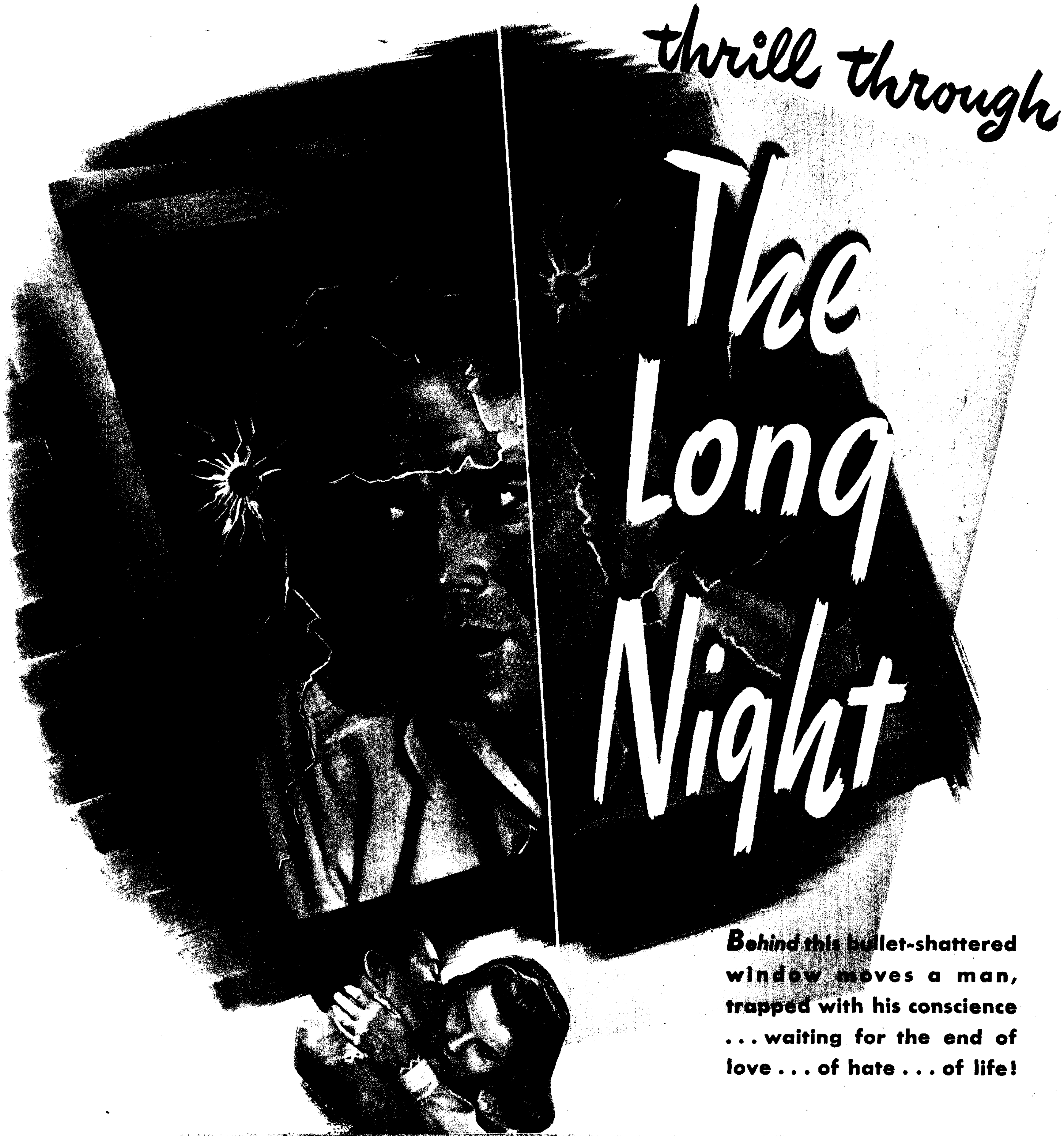
Yet our parents and teachers leave our ability to speak mainly to chance. Children learn to talk normally almost entirely by imitation. Some find it difficult. Others mimic the wrong things. There's a good chance that a child's speech habits, whatever they are, will become fixed in the first twelve years. Speech authorities say that eighty-five per cent of all stammering begins before the age of eight, and nearly all of it is established by the time of adolescence.

Because they don't have anyone to help them find the key to their speech locks as children, a great many stammerers wind up as maladjusted adults and easy marks for exploitation by quacks. I know, because I did.

Like most stammerers, I had no idea what started it. I was raised on my uncle's 200-acre farm near Staunton, with my two older brothers and younger sister. My father, who was dean of the School of Engineering, University of South Carolina, died when I was two and a half years old. My mother went back to teaching school. It was her wish that I grow up to go to West Point and be an engineer like my father.

If his death or some other mental shock was responsible for my stammering, as is sometimes the case, I have no memory of it. I had a happy boyhood. I did my chores on the farm, had my fist fights and took my spankings like the rest. While I knew that I was different from my more talkative playmates, it didn't seem to worry me or anyone else at that time.

An aunt taught me the first grade at home, so I started to school in the second. Naturally, my inability to talk freely set me apart at once. I couldn't recite Jack and Jill when the



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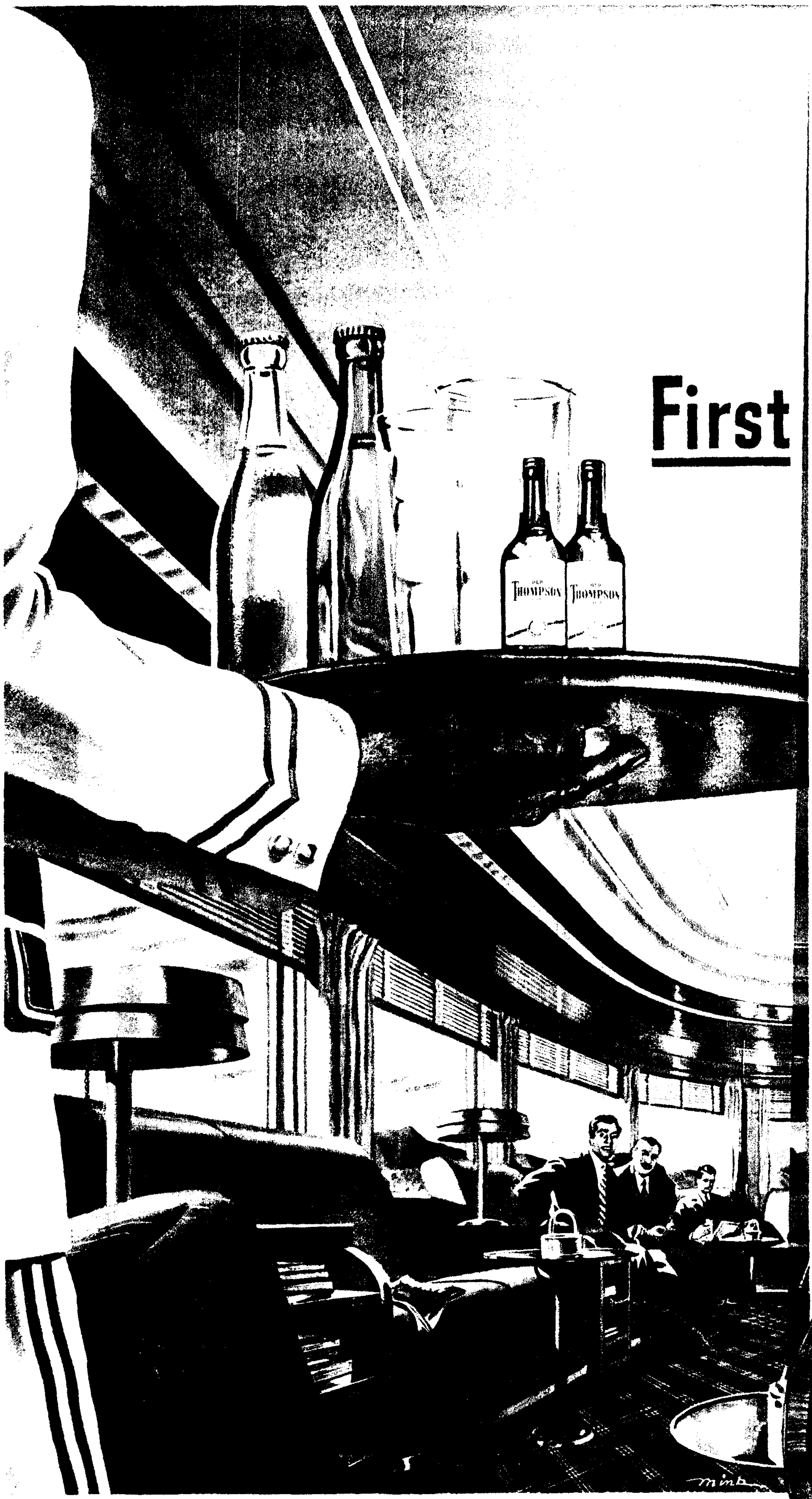
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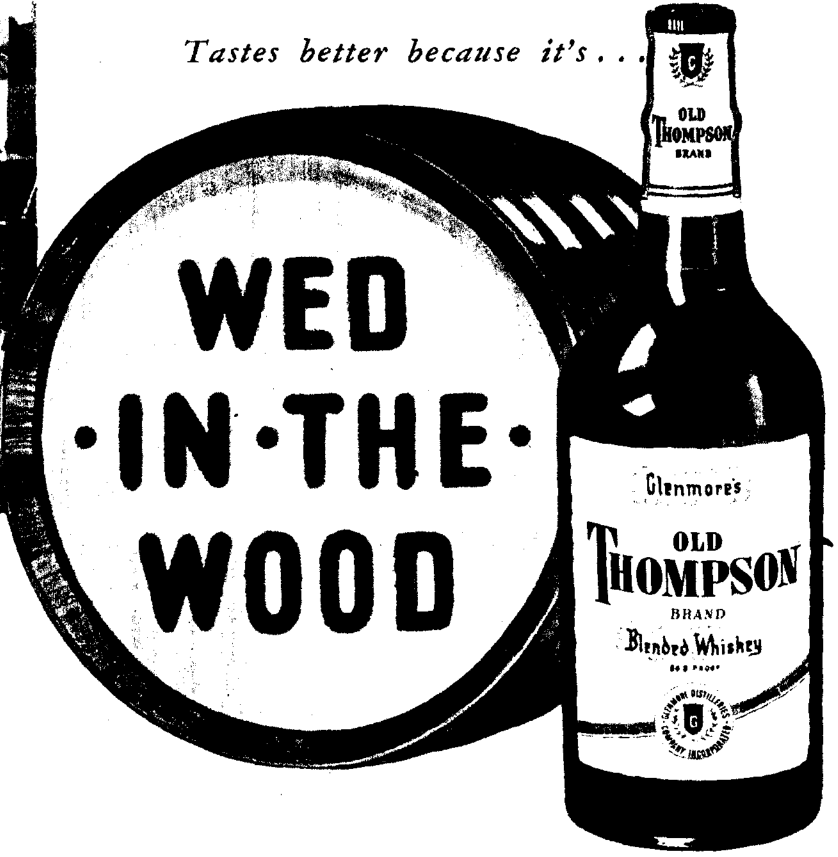
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NMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY · LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY principal came around to check on our reading. That, I guess, started my career as an oral wallflower.

While I could talk reasonably well with relatives and friends, I always got all tied up when the attention of strangers was centered on me. In a store, I was afraid to ask for what I wanted. I'd get a friend to buy candy for me, and he'd explain to the storekeeper that I stuttered.

My mother was always sympathetic but neither she nor my aunt and uncle tried to do anything about my putt-putting. Like most parents, they thought I'd outgrow it. By the time I reached the sixth or seventh grade, however, I was convinced that, as much as I'd like to be able to talk like other people, I'd never do it without help. But I didn't get any. The school system didn't seem to be organized that way and, so far as I know, it still isn't.

It wasn't that I was mentally backward. I was especially bright in arithmetic, and got A's and B's in all subjects throughout grammar school. When I entered high school at thirteen, though, I felt suddenly as if an overwhelming load had been put on me. I became self-conscious, felt inferior and didn't see how I could handle the situation any longer.

Handicapped in Job-Hunting

I graduated when I was seventeen. Again I was up against it. I tried to get a job, but it was no use. My speech blocked any aggressive action. I tried calling several companies in the Shenandoah Valley but I couldn't talk well enough on the telephone even to get an application blank sent to me. So I went back to school for a postgraduate course in bookkeeping and typing, meanwhile driving the school bus for my uncle.

In 1939, I decided to enlist in the Army. The recruiting station in Staunton ordered me to its Richmond headquarters. There they wasted no time. The colonel called me in and handed me a paper saying I was disqualified due to an impediment of speech.

It was a sad blow for a physically fit young fellow of nineteen who stood five feet eleven and weighed 175. I returned home, embarrassed. A friend of the family, a retired Army officer, saved my face. He said he knew the colonel in Richmond and would take me down to see him. A week later he did, and this time I got in. It was decided that my speech defect was not sufficient to disqualify me.

All I did during the first ten months was run a mimeograph machine. During that time I was promoted to private first class. It was my first advancement and, in a way, meant more to me than when I made master sergeant in 1942. I was lucky to reach the top in the enlisted ranks. While I considered myself a good administrative clerk, I was never able to perform my duties satisfactorily when it came to addressing others, whether of higher or lower rank. My stammering rated many a hard look from officers.

Meanwhile I began my correspondence with a "school for stammerers" in a Midwestern city. I was still a private when I read its little magazine advertisement. It offered a free book on the cause and correction of stammering. It was the first time I'd heard any such good news, so what could I lose by writing?

The school sent me the book and a friendly letter with a diagnosis blank. No obligation, of course. I filled it out and in a week got back a typewritten report—nine pages, single-spaced.

I was Case No. 136,626 and, it said, had a mental type of combined stammering and stuttering with an intermittent-recurrent tendency and a progressive trend. The rest of the diagnosis was devoted to telling me that for $300 (payable upon enrollment) I could attend the school and obtain freedom from stammering in four to eight weeks. It was a tempting offer, but I was in the Army.

It puzzled me a little that the school ignored this fact in the letters to follow. For three years, hardly a month passed without a beautifully written "Dear Eugene" letter from the school. One of them cautioned me:

"You should get plenty of exercise, sunshine and fresh air and, most important of all, do not allow yourself to come under any severe emotional strain, or excitement."

The school didn't seem to realize that the Army took good care of such things. Always it told me of the next vacancy in a class and held out such promises as "You can definitely acquire the gift of perfect speech." I was told that my fear of stammering would end the first day in the school. All I had to do was say to myself, "I'm going to the school now and not wait a single day longer."

Nor did I wait any longer than I had to, without going A.W.O.L. When I got out of the Army on points in October, 1945, my mind was filled with hope. Certainly, I left no room in it for doubt or distrust.

I was given a new diagnosis saying, "Yours is a case of genuine stammering" and repeating all the rest. I made a quick trip by auto to the school. The head was most cordial and said, "I'll make a new man out of you." He had an impressive office in a downtown building and I didn't think to ask to see the school. I agreed to start the course the next week.

When I got back to begin school, I made my own way to the office, registered and handed over $300 from my savings as a G.I. A big limousine took me to my hotel. The hotel had a four-day limit so I soon wound up in the school's boardinghouse. The place was ramshackle, and the food was pitiful.

The school was a disappointment, too. It turned out to be a gloomy old hall. There were thirty-five or forty in my class and we spent four hours a day there. The school's only teacher was a woman who was nice enough, but the training consisted of singing our words in syllables while swinging our hands in rhythm. Our main chore was to march back and forth on the dance floor in platoon front formation, swinging and singing.

We did have breathing exercises and lines to practice, such as "Great thoughts like great deeds need no trumpet." Then there was "Never be fearful but happy and cheerful," but it didn't keep most of us from being utterly discouraged.

Disillusioned Students Quit

I felt like going home the first day. All of us, however, found we had no choice but to stick it out. The students began dropping out fast, nevertheless, after three or four weeks. I didn't hear anyone say he had acquired perfect speech, but at least three out of four stammered bitter things about the school.

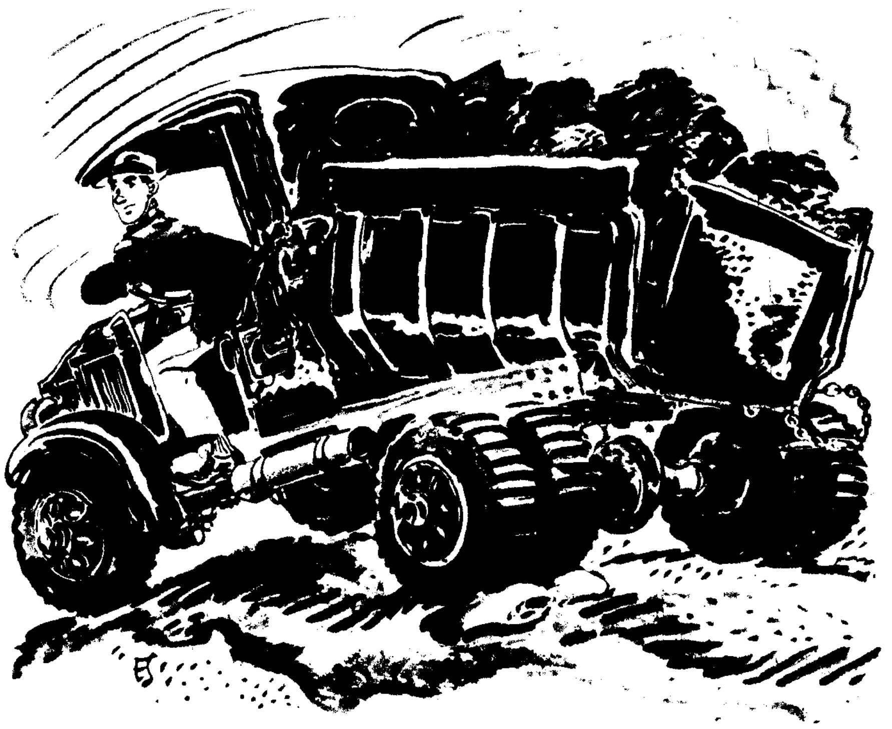
Where were all the happiness-ever-after testimonials, such as the facsimiles sent to us? In the boardinghouse we found names and addresses of former students scribbled on the wall. I wrote to three of them, and so did some of my roommates. The alumni replying to our letters were unanimous in condemning their alma mater.

After six weeks, without further encouragement from the school, I climbed on the train. I never felt lower or had less faith in my fellow men.

Of course, it was all my own fault for having failed to investigate the school in the first place. I have since learned that this school is not accepted by the American Speech Correction Association. The Department of Veterans Affairs has twice rejected the school for participation in the G.I. Bill of Rights.

The next time I knew better. From a fellow stammerer, I had heard there was a speech clinic in Washington, D. C.—the District Speech Clinic.

I went there with little hope that any-



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thing would come of it. The director, Richard R. Hutcheson, asked me to talk to him without using my hand. I couldn't. He made a phonograph recording while I tensely labored through:

"M-m-my name is Eu-Eu-Eugene Crosby Homes. I a-a-a-m I am m-making this recording to hear m-myself talk and to uh-uh-uh-recognize what is needed for improvement of m-my voice."

Mr. Hutcheson played it back and I said, "Pretty buh-ad." He said yes. I asked if there were any chance for improvement and he said he wouldn't make any promises but there could be; it was all up to me. He suggested that before I decided about taking any training I take a look around the clinic.

I did, and saw various classes being conducted. I was impressed that everything was in the open.

The next day I returned to the clinic. I learned a three-month course would cost $187.50. To my surprise, I was told I could get it under the G.I. Bill of Rights.

I started at the District Speech Clinic in February, 1946. The course of thirty hours a week was not easy, but it made sense. The speech therapist to whom I was assigned said that I had to be re-educated in speech from the beginning, using normal voice training as the basic method. The trouble was that I had a voice with a stammering defect built in, so to speak, and the object was to rebuild one not associated with this defect.

Building Correct Speech Habits

The first thing the teacher did was put me on a sixteen-day "silent period." During this time I was not to say anything to anybody except as she directed. A lot happened during this period.

Over and over, she hammered me on two points. Slow down. Relax. Speak slowly. Take it easy. At the same time, she showed me the correct positions for sounding consonants. I discovered that it wasn't the vowels—*a, e, i, o, u*—but the consonants—like *p, b, m, y, ch*—that gave me trouble. The way to say a word, I learned, is not to concentrate on the consonant, as a stammerer frequently does, but on the vowel sound. All you do is assume the correct position for the consonant and get on with the vowel. Take *p*. It's simply an *e* said with the lips touching.

I was like a baby just learning to talk—one sound, one syllable, one word at a time. I exercised my tongue to give it strength and agility. Some in my class were actually required to wrap paper toweling around their tongue and haul it about by hand. I learned what to do with my breath while speaking. It's a matter of controlling and timing the output of air.

The teacher drilled me on one tip that seemed more important than anything else when I became tired and nervous. If I felt that impulse to stammer, I was not to try to force the sound, as stammerers habitually do. I was to stop and wait it out, then continue in an orderly fashion.

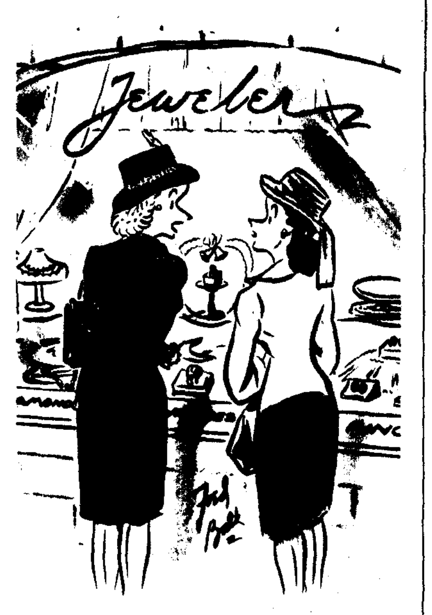
"I see what you mean now," I told the teacher when I came off "silence." For the first time in my life I understood what happened when I opened my mouth.

From then on, normal speech was simple enough. The class got lectures on fear of stammering. "What is there to be afraid of?" demanded the director. "Go ahead and stammer. You've done it all your life." When you do it on purpose, just to analyze it, you get a sense of mastery.

To overcome my fear of talking to strangers, the clinic sent me out to strike up conversations. Timidly, but with increasing confidence, I became garrulous with bus drivers, waiters, ticket agents and the cop on the corner. Some were surprised at my questions. Standing in front of the Earl Theater, which has a sign about fifty feet high, I asked the doorman, "Where is the Earl Theater?"

He probably thought I was crazy. I was—crazy with a feeling of pride and pleasure in my new-found voice. After eight weeks I was placed in a class for normal voice students. I noticed an amazing thing about the correction of my stammering. My voice seemed to have dropped from a rather tense second tenor to a good, resounding bass. I am convinced that, as the result of training, I have a better voice now than the average person who learned to speak normally, as it were, by ear.

As a result, my life suddenly became pretty full at the age of twenty-six. I continued at the clinic with a public-speaking course in the evening and began going to business college mornings. My administrative experience as a master sergeant began to pay off when the clinic hired me last summer to work afternoons as a sort of executive secretary. Virtually my whole job is talking. The telephone rings continually. It is a satisfying experience to pick it up and talk naturally to all comers.



"I think he loves me, but he never comes right out with anything I can put on my finger!"

COLLIER'S FRED BALK

When a friend suggested that I had a story to tell, I first thought that I might be accused of becoming a sort of crusader—perish the thought. It happens, however, that I don't believe the real salvation of 1,400,000 stammerers—one per cent of the population—lies in the District Speech Clinic or any of the many professionally qualified speech clinics elsewhere.

These clinics have done much for individual stammerers and other speech defectives—places like the Institute of Logopedics at the University of Wichita, Kansas, and the National Hospital for Speech Disorders in New York City. Anyone should be able to obtain the name of the one nearest him from the American Speech Correction Association. It has an office at the State University of Iowa, Iowa City, and another at the Indiana State Teachers College, Terre Haute. With greater teamwork, more trained personnel and some national support, these clinics could do much more.

But Dr. Loren D. Reid, director of the University of Missouri Speech and Hearing Clinic, has pointed out: "Few will agree upon any list of so-called facts."

Many authorities, for instance, consider stammering and stuttering to mean essentially the same thing. Others say stammering is a hesitation in making a sound and stuttering a repetition of a sound.

One of the mysterious facts about stammering is that it hits boys something like six times more often than girls. "The female speaks earlier, easier and oftener than the male," said Dr. Reid.

Scientists have searched physiology, psychology, psychiatry, neurology, biochemistry, language, heredity and environment for the causes of stammering and have developed many theories. "Yet," said Dr. Reid, "fundamental disagreement still exists."

Stanley Ainsworth, supervisor of Speech Correction at Indiana State Teachers College, found that twenty leading speech clinicians used fourteen different methods or combinations of methods in correcting stuttering. The majority agreed that the patient should be made to feel more secure, be persuaded to change his attitude toward his speech, be taught how to rest and relax while speaking and be given voice training to break up fixed habits of speech. There seems to be a great need for standardization of what is known and what can be done about stammering.

But the real answer, it seems to me, lies in the early training of the child by parent and teacher. Parents would do well to heed Dr. Wendell Johnson, editor of the Journal of Speech Disorders and a professor in Iowa State's Psychological and Speech Clinic.

In a study of stutterers and nonstutterers, Dr. Johnson found that parents or relatives frequently had stamped the former as stutterers before their natural hesitations and repetitions could properly be termed a speech defect. On top of this came all manner of warnings and disapprovals, serving to make the child self-conscious and to fix the habit.

Dr. Johnson observed, furthermore, that parents of stammerers were likely to be perfectionists in table manners, cleanliness, toilet habits and obedience. In other words, their children were exposed to no great shocks, apparently, but simply too much pressure to achieve adult standards as babies.

A Word of Advice to Parents

"The child," said Dr. Reid, "is struggling to learn a vocabulary and to acquire skill in using it. While he is doing so, parents should be careful to listen attentively, to participate in his interest and in general to reassure him that he is a member of the family in good standing. And this advice, coming from many clinicians, is worth its weight in gold."

After the parents hand the child over to the teacher, Mr. Hutcheson emphasized, "the real responsibility must fall upon the public schools. Speech correction teachers and supervisors must be trained to help with the present speech defects in our schoolrooms. Only in this way can these hundreds of thousands of children with speech defects be aided.

"Speech defects can and should be corrected in the elementary schools. It is at this time that the children's speech is being molded into a semblance of what it will be ten years hence. Every elementary teacher should have a thorough knowledge of voice production. Correction of speech defects is a phase of child welfare that has long been neglected."

To that I can add, from my experience, a profound amen. The educational departments of many states are interested in the problem, it seems, but too few are able to do anything about it at the level where it is of greatest importance—the level of the lonely little guy retreating in defeat from his first social encounter with Jack and Jill. Why should a stammerer have to wait until he is a man and then try to find someone to teach him the ABC's of normal speech? Why shouldn't all children be taught how to get the most out of their voices?

Talk is cheap. But I'm biased. To me it's a precious skill.

THE END

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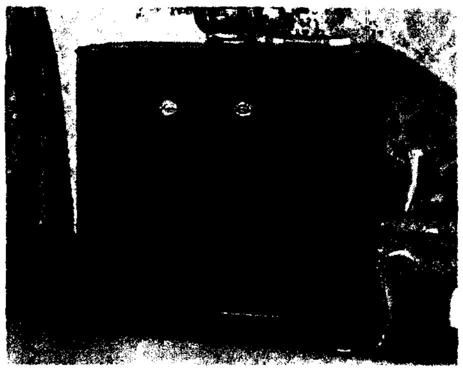

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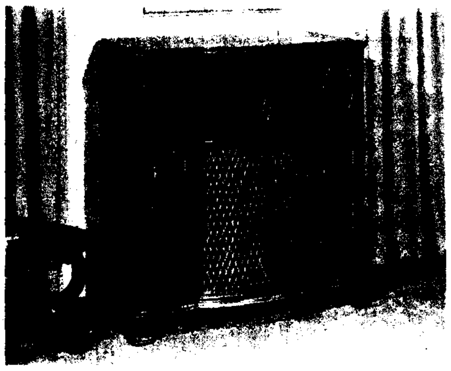

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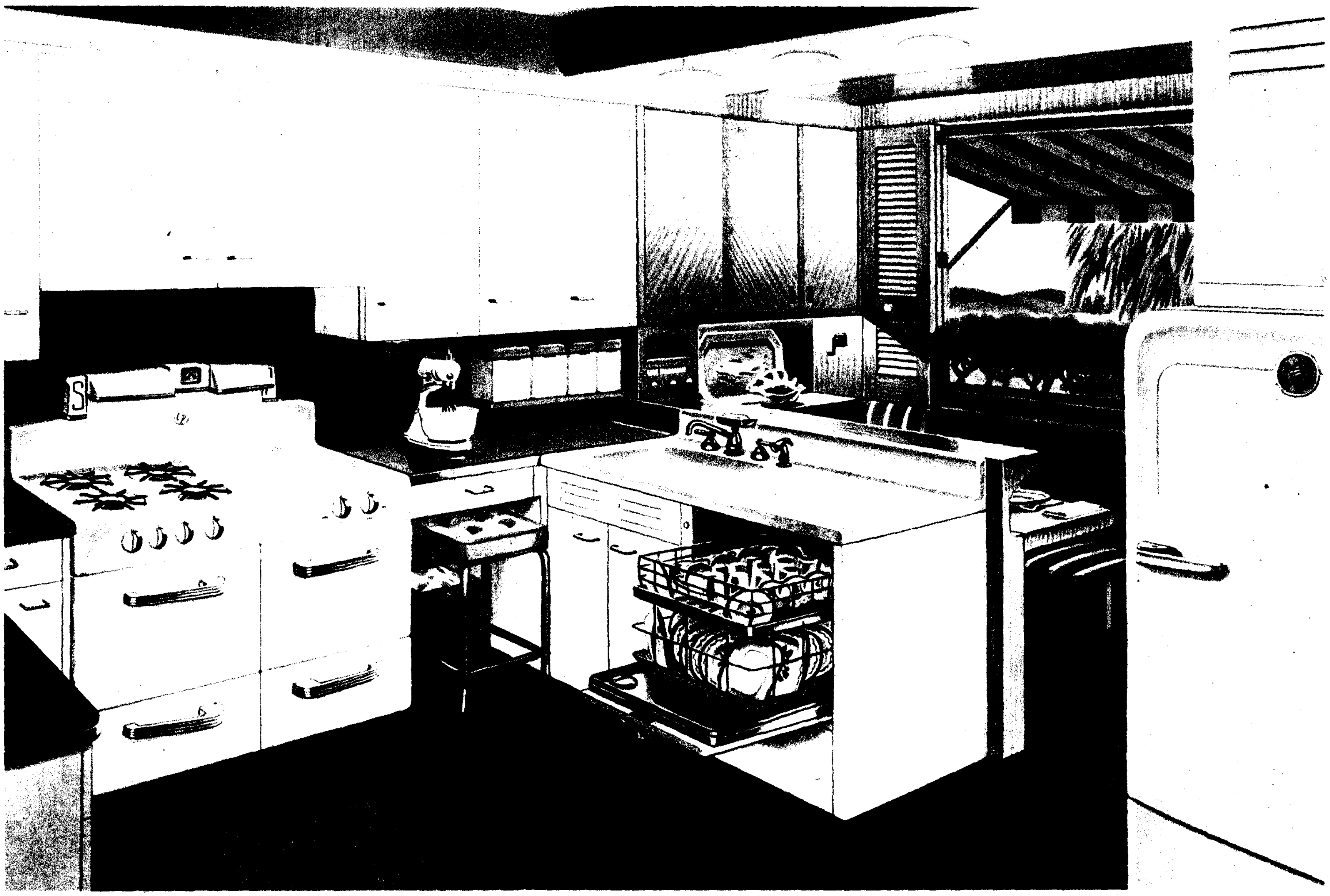

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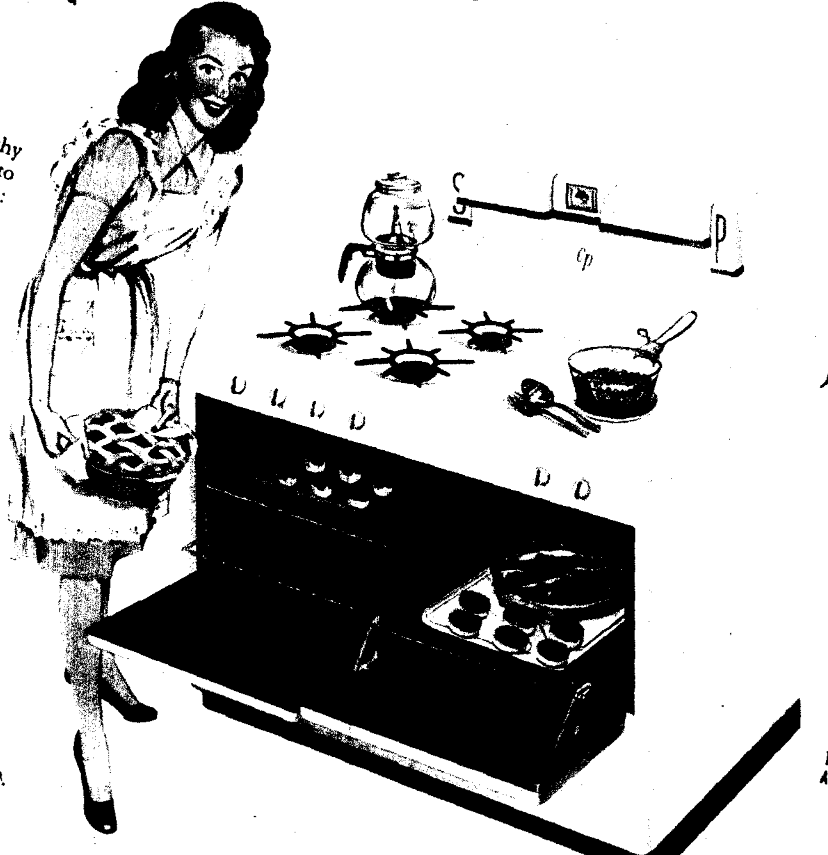

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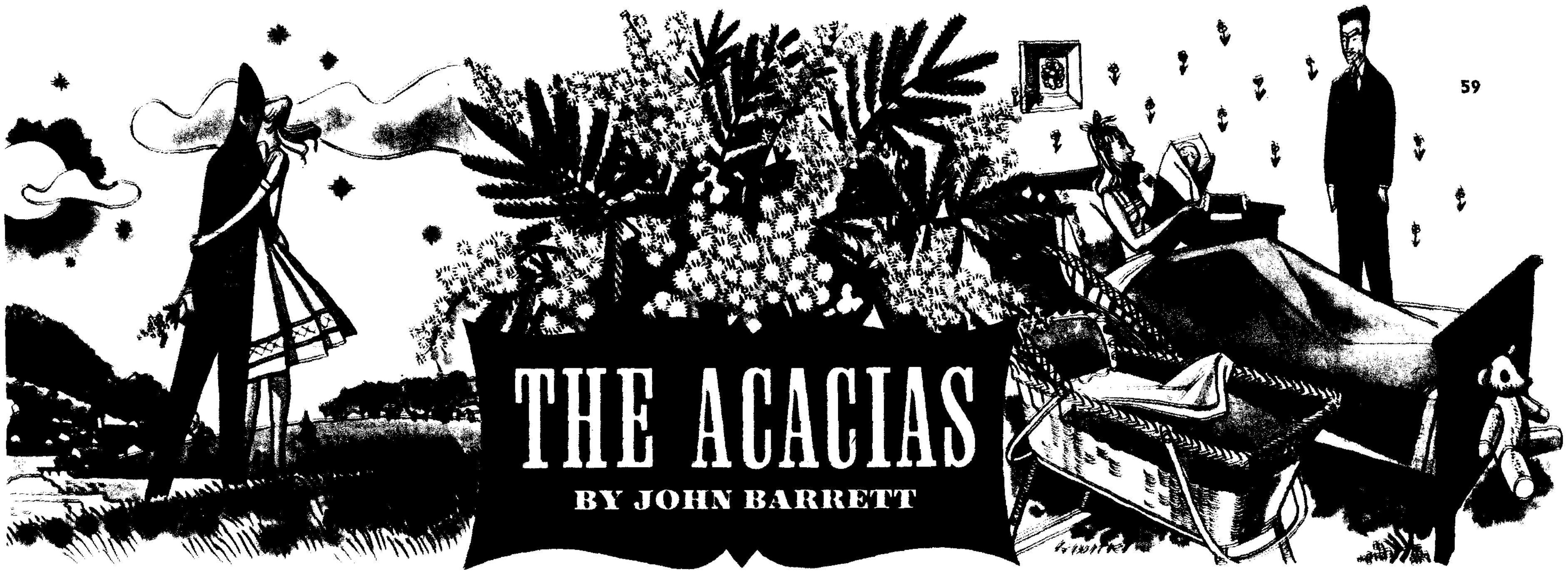

THE ACACIAS

BY JOHN BARRETT

THERE were two of them growing by the crossroads. The headlights shimmered over them in the distance, and then the car sped closer and he saw the arching sprays of yellow blossom, and caught a faint whiff of their perfume as they swept by. Acacias. Always it had been connected with acacias—the smell of acacias drifting across the fields in the night.

"Are you going to get her at the hospital?" Joe asked him. Joe was leaning forward on the seat, cleaning his pipe with a match.

"She's home already," Steve said. My aunt brought her and the baby this afternoon."

"Who's taking care of her?"

"That woman who lives on Franklin Street. I forget her name."

"Mrs. Munsey," Joe said. "Yeah, she's all right. Bea had her both times. She's kinda old-fashioned, but she knows a lot about babies."

"That's what Helen said." Steve stared at the road.

From the beginning the acacias had been part of it, from the night they had first really been alone. They had left the blaring music of the college gym, and driven into the hills, and when he had shut off the motor, and the dark stillness closed in, sealing them off in a private world, he had become aware of the faint scent of acacias hanging in the air.

"You know, it's funny," Steve said.

"What's funny?" Joe was carefully loading up his pipe.

"The way the weather's changed in the last week. When I took her to the hospital it was winter. And now look. The grass is getting high, and pretty soon the mustard will be blossoming."

Joe brushed tobacco off his paunch. "Boy, oh boy, don't I know it. Bea's been hounding me for days to pull the weeds."

Steve nodded. There had been acacias too, a year later, on their honeymoon, when they had fled from the honking horns to the cabin in the foothills. One night, as they had lain awake whispering, cut off from everything by the darkness and the silence, Helen had sat up suddenly beside him. "Steve," she said, "do you smell them?" And he realized that the night wind, moving over the hills, was bringing the scent of acacias from some unseen grove below.

In the three years that followed, it had been like that each time the acacias bloomed. They had taken long drives in the hills at night, saying little, conscious of each other, of being alone and the world remote.

"By the way," Joe said, "Bea was asking me what color hair he has."

Steve studied the road. "I don't know," he said slowly. "I don't even know whether he has any hair or not."

Joe took his pipe out of his mouth. "You saw him, didn't you?"

"Only once, right after he was born. I was worrying about Helen just then. She didn't have such an easy time of it, you know."

"But didn't Helen tell you when you visited at the hospital?"

"I guess I wasn't thinking about it much when I was at the hospital," Steve said. "I went to visit her, not the baby."

"Well, I'll be damned." Joe sucked on his pipe. "Come to think of it though, I was a little that way myself at first. They're not really yours till you get them home." He looked across. "Do you feel like a father?"

Steve shrugged. "How does a father feel? I passed out cigars; I got slapped on the back, and listened to a lot of cracks about walking the floor."

Joe leaned back in the seat. "I guess it takes time."

"Maybe. I'm beginning to think this being a father is a kind of make-believe state of mind that people think you should get into. It's like being 'the average taxpayer.'"

"Well, I don't know," Joe said. "I think it takes time."

Steve swung the car around the last curve, and saw the lights of the little town up ahead. "How long is it before they can get up and around and take drives and things?" he asked.

"Oh, a few days. It's not like an operation, or being sick."

A few days. Saturday night, then. They could drive up Canyon Road as they had done last spring after the noisy party at Bill Hannig's. The ranch above the lookout point had a grove of acacias. If only he could bring her a blossom tonight, on her first night home. They came into the business district, and he peered into the windows of the flower shop. Did they sell such things in stores?

"If you're thinking of buying flowers," Joe said, "I wouldn't do it. Everybody brings flowers. How about candy? Have you bought her any chocolates yet?"

"No."

"Buy her chocolates, then. Bea was crazy for 'em after being on a diet."

Chocolates, he thought, are public. It was just what he didn't want. But if he said no it would mean explanations.

"I guess I could get her some," he said.

They stopped at Arnold's and he bought a three-pound box.

At Myrtle and Bryant Street he let Joe out. He put the gearshift in low, but Joe kept standing there with one foot on the running board.

"You know," Joe said seriously, "I think the thing you've got to watch most with kids is not to spoil 'em. Now if he wakes up in the night, and it isn't time for his bottle, just let him cry. Of course you want to check first and see if his pants are wet, but if he's dry—"

He kept nodding. It had just occurred to him that there was an acacia in the hedge three blocks below the house. A sprig would be enough and it was almost dark. . . .

HE SWUNG into the gravel drive so fast that he almost hit the rear of Mrs. Munsey's car. Swearing quietly, he backed out and parked at the curb. As he hurried across the lawn, he hid the little sprig of acacia under the box of chocolates. Mrs. Munsey met him at the door with an upraised hand.

"He's asleep," she whispered. He saw she had her hat and coat on.

"You're leaving?"

"I was just waiting till you came. The bottles are in the refrigerator, and there's a bottle warmer on the kitchen table. All you have to do is put a little water in the bottom. . . ."

When she finally left he tiptoed to the bedroom door.

"Hi, Steve." Helen was sitting up in bed. Her blond hair, brushed and shiny, hung down to her shoulders. He slipped the acacia and the chocolates on the low bedside table, and came over and kissed her.

"Ten days." He sat down on the bed. "You know, I think I'd make a rotten bachelor." He drew her against him. Her comb and brush and powder were back on the dresser, and the room looked right once more. Of course the crib was there on the other side of the bed, but that had been there before, too. The only difference was that now there was something in it.

"I brought you something," he said. He leaned over to pick up the acacia and she saw the box.

"Candy! Steve, you're a mind reader. I'm literally starving for chocolates."

He gave her the box and a peculiar coldness spread through him as he watched her eager fingers slip off the wrappings. "There's something else, too," he said.

She looked up at him, smiling quizzically.

"This." He held up the acacia. She started to take it and a sharp cry came from the crib.

"Oh." She turned quickly to the other side of the bed. "Oh, good heavens, it's after six. Imagine it. The first night home and I forget to feed him." She leaned down and picked up the bundle in the crib.

"Look at him, Steve. Look at his legs, how long they are. Don't you think he's going to be tall, Steve?"

He nodded, but he wasn't thinking about it. He was thinking about the way the acacia had crumpled under the twisting bedclothes and tumbled to the floor. He was thinking that even though there might be rides in the early spring nights again, they would never be the same. And as he looked down at the clenched fists of this creature who had come between them, he knew one part of his life was over.

"Don't you want to hold him?" she asked. "Steve. Steve, what's the matter?"

He reached out. Carefully, like a man undertaking a strange and difficult task, he picked up the baby.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES LEWICKI

“Your kitchen [illegible]ing!”

When the party ends up in the kitchen with good friends around you and Schlitz on the table . . . that's the perfect end of a perfect evening. As you set out the Schlitz and slice up the ham, even the most modest kitchen becomes a place where guests like to linger . . . while the beer that made Milwaukee famous adds its own friendly flavor to the passing moments.

Just the KISS of the hops

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Schlitz

The Beer that made Milwaukee Famous

THE A-BOMB'S INVISIBLE OFFSPRING

Continued from page 19

could make life hard or even impossible for us without delivering a single bomb into our territory.

". . . It is not even impossible to imagine that the effects of an atomic war fought with greatly perfected weapons will endanger the survival of man."

Generally endorsing that warning, several other members of the Federation of American Scientists go further to estimate that if 10,000 atomic bombs were dropped in a six months' war, danger of universal, if delayed, destruction would be real. From 100,000 to a million bombs would almost surely make life, as we know it, wither and die, they say.

A few scientists hold that explosion of only 500 bombs could start a kind of chain reaction of contamination that might threaten all the earth's green belt. Dr. Stafford L. Warren, medical director and chief radiologist of Manhattan District and Bikini, inclines to this theory.

A Theory and Its Supporting Facts

The argument is that every time a bomb fell, "hot" areas would be built up and spread. Plants, which withstand radioactivity better than animals, would absorb it from the air, water and soil. When they died they would return it to the ground. Succeeding generations of plants would yield radioactive tomatoes and asparagus. Stock feed would be poisoned in the same way and eventually you'd be eating radioactive steak and drinking radioactive milk.

Fantastic nonsense? Query Dr. Warren about this and he'll ask if you remember how things were at Krakatao. This South Sea island volcano blew up on August 26, 1883, in a 36-hour paroxysm which belched a mass of rock material estimated at more than a cubic mile in volume to a height of 17 miles. Ashes, lapilli—small volcanic stones—and dust were scattered over a great area, fogging the sun at Bandung, 150 miles away. Upper air currents caught the finer particles and carried them completely around the globe, causing brilliant sunrise and sunset glows in widely scattered parts of the world for months. The dust continued to fall on the earth for years.

If the "Krakatao theory" is too far-fetched, repeat Test Baker in San Francisco Bay, Puget Sound, the Mississippi, Lake Michigan or the East River and what have you got? The prospect of knocking out a key American city in one blow, not just temporarily but for an indefinite time.

You pick a day when a south wind blows and you sneak in and lay a bomb off the Battery in New York Harbor. The explosion blows 10 million tons of water, sand, mud and fragments of fish in a foaming column 2,200 feet in diameter some 6,000 feet into the air. From the base of the column a tidal wave 100 feet high rushes out onto the Brooklyn, Manhattan and Jersey shores, under a cloud of mist. Another cloud kites into the sky. Radioactive rain falls from both, as the wind pushes them north, drenching Manhattan with powerful radiation from 50 different kinds of "hot" fission products. The contaminated area might be 30 to 40 miles long.

(Two days after Test Baker, naval surface craft detected weak radioactivity in rain clouds from 60 to 200 miles away. Very weak radioactivity from Test Able was detected in about seven days in the United States.)

The wave boils over rafts, tugboats, docks, warehouses, the whole water front. Maybe not a single skyscraper falls, but the lethal rain deposits fragments on rooftops, window sills, chimneys, walls, the streets and sidewalks of New York. Everybody on Manhattan Island not killed or maimed instantly by the blast would have to be evacuated in an estimated two hours to escape the radiation. People entered Hiroshima within a few minutes after the explosion, without suffering serious radiation sickness. Members of the Crossroads expedition bathed safely in the lagoon the day after Test Able.

But after Test Baker it was five days before some of the ships in the target array could be boarded. Why? An air burst shoves most of the fission products more than 40,000 feet into the sky; a water burst scatters them over the immediate area.

There would be panic. (At Hiroshima bridge railings were leveled, not by the blast but by fleeing citizens.) Nobody could tell exactly how much radiation he'd taken. Radioactivity can't be seen, smelled, felt, heard or tasted. Ticking boxes and hard rubber tubes like fat fountain pens—Geiger counters and ionization chambers—can detect charges in a given place but they'd be small help in the initial frenzy.

Manhattanites would suffer two kinds of radiation poisoning, direct and indirect. Those exposed to the explosion would be penetrated primarily by gamma rays, receiving what would amount to an intense X-ray burn. Other survivors, just by breathing the air, eating the food, drinking the water, touching the doorknobs in the area would absorb particles giving off alpha and beta rays. A man might pick up deadly poisonous plutonium fragments through a cut on his hand. (In present bombs only about 1/10 of the plutonium atoms explode; the other 9/10 are scattered around with the rest of the fission products.)

The odds would be fifty-fifty that victims receiving 400 roentgens of radioactivity would die within a month. (Nobody knows exactly what a 100 per cent lethal dose is, but it would probably be between 800-900 roentgens.) Death might come in a few days or not for weeks. There is no cure; no satisfactory way has been found to expel radioactive particles from the body once they get inside. Gradually the victims would develop headaches and mental depression. They would become fatigued, lose their appetites and begin to feel weak, as the radioactivity gave them anemia, destroying the blood-forming organs in their bone marrow, lymph nodes and spleen.

Survivors would of course get far better care than in unprepared Hiroshima, where penicillin and blood transfusions would have saved many who had sublethal doses of radiation but died of complications. The armed forces are training a select group of officers as "atomic firemen" so they'll know how to detect radioactivity, how to move through it with a minimum of danger, what sort of protective clothing is best, how to clean it or dispose of it and what first-aid measures are best. Several universities, including Rochester, Chicago, and UCLA, where Dr. Warren is now establishing a medical school, are planning similar training courses.

Trying to decontaminate Manhattan after a successful water blast would be as hopeless as attempting to sweep away the Sahara's dunes with an ostrich feather. Say they took a block at Thirty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue and tried to clean it. They might "cool" the street by washing debris into the gutters and then covering the pavement with a thick layer of wet dirt to keep radioactive dust down. But workmen entering the block would track in more radioactive particles. They might try to clean the Empire State Building by "skinning" it—chipping away a thickness of its outside surface. As they chipped they'd get active dust on themselves, on their tools, drive it on into the stone—and scatter it onto the street again.

Could it be that, ostrichlike, we've had our heads stuck in the sands of disbelief about the bomb and are just beginning to realize its potency? "Remember," one U.S. Atomic Energy Commission official said, "we exploded the bombs in Japan at a particular height to minimize aftereffects. Now we know what someone could do if he set out to maximize them." It took the brass hats at Bikini time to grasp that fact, and some haven't grasped it yet. Officers argued the point with scientists. "How can it be so bad," they wanted to know after Test Baker, "when a lot of the animals are still alive?"

"Follow them around," one scientist retorted, "and watch them drop."

One fine day before Hiroshima, a junior scientist walked into the office of Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, then director of the Los Alamos laboratories of the Manhattan Project, and suggested the bomb be exploded near the ground so fission products would mix with the dust and debris, contaminate the city and kill more people. Oppenheimer threw him out.

The doctor's reaction betrayed an anachronistic American attachment to fair play, even in warfare. He was wrestling in deep torment with the excruciating problem of how we could employ the bomb with fullest effect without being accused by the world and ourselves of surpassing the Nazis and the Japs in barbarism. Before President Roosevelt died, he stressed again and again that bizarre aftereffects of the bomb must not be exploited but shunned and that, if and when the bomb were used, it must be made to behave as much as possible like any other bomb, only with more wallop.

Test Reveals Public Opinion

We've found out since that it has a behavior all its own, but we haven't convinced ourselves that it's true, and as a result Americans as a whole are floundering in a mixture of complacency and confusion. Recently the Social Science Research Council released the results of a nation-wide poll it conducted under the sponsorship of Cornell University on public reaction to the atomic bomb.

One question asked, "Do you think the U.S. will be able to work out an effective defense against the atomic bomb before other nations can use it against us?" Dated shortly after the Bikini tests, 56 per cent of the answers said yes. Twenty-five per cent said, "Don't know," and only 19 per cent said no. Another question was, "How worried are you about the atomic bomb?" Fifty per cent replied, "Not at all," and only one eighth confessed they were decidedly worried.

When London was being mercilessly punished by Nazi V-1 rocket bombs, a favorite story making the rounds concerned a man from Limehouse named Jenks, who was asked, a little petulantly, how he managed to remain so calm under the raids. "It's quite simple," he replied. "There's always the chawnce the thing won't get launched properly. If it does, there's a good chawnce the R.A.F. or the Royal Artillery or the barrage balloons will knock it down. And even so, it might not 'it London at all. If it does, it still might not find my street. And even if it does that, it remains for it to find my 'ouse. And of course, if the bloody thing should by chawnce 'it my 'ouse, I shall be down at the pub, 'aving a pint of bitters."

A stouthearted stoic, Jenks, but that won't keep his beer from becoming radioactive next time.

THE END

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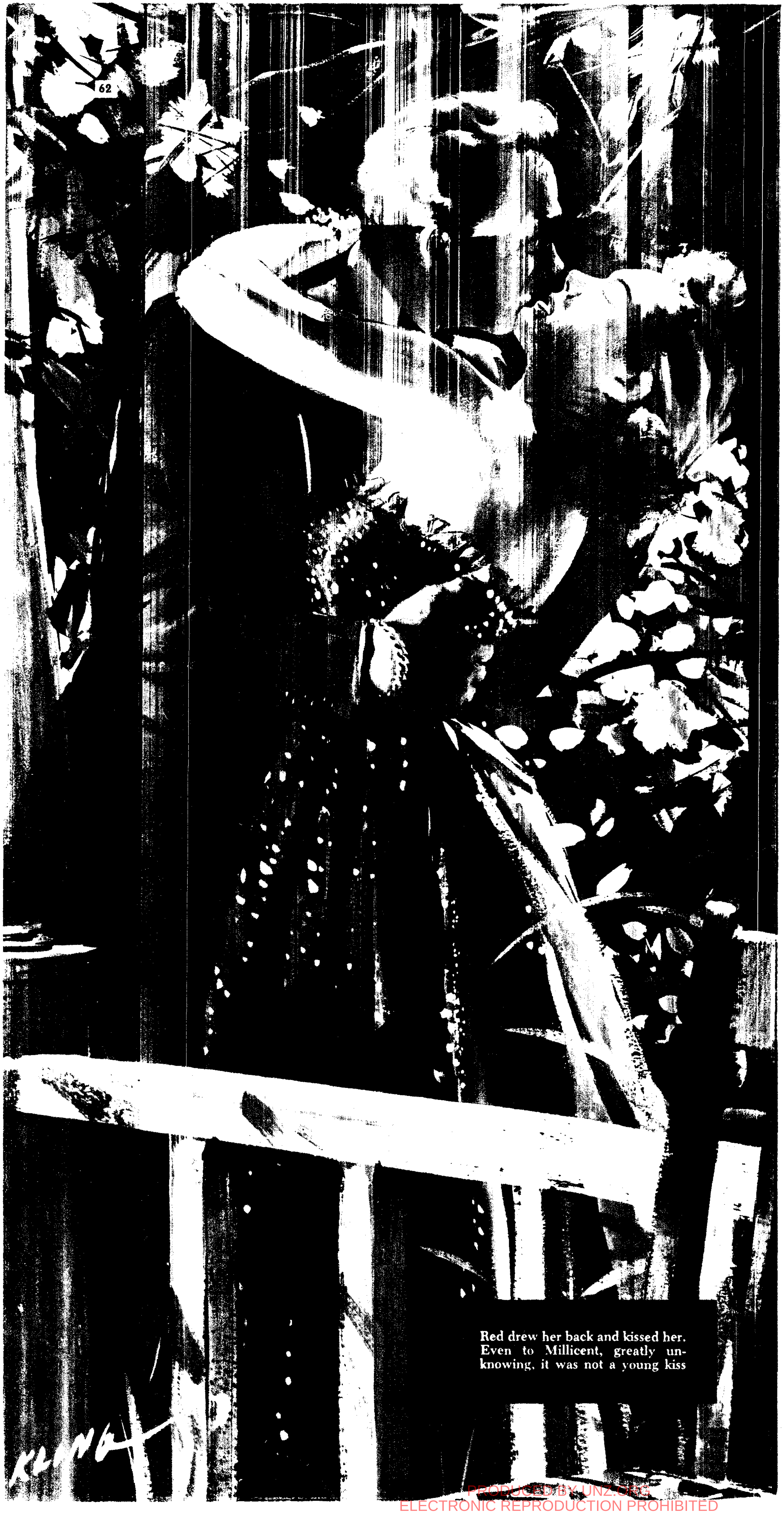

Red drew her back and kissed her. Even to Millicent, greatly unknowing, it was not a young kiss

THE THIRD KISS

BY MARLISE JOHNSTON

This is the story of the summer evening Millicent came of age

MILLICENT sat before her dressing table, brushing her hair slowly, rhythmically. Outside her windows the silver light of dusk blurred the small new leaves of the apple trees. She had always loved these trees. They were comforting when she was alone in this too-spacious, too-quiet room.

All that life in this room had meant was over now. In four days she would go to tutoring school and then to college and would never come back here again to stay for long. Today had been graduation day, and she had gone to high school for the last time. Tonight she was going to an end-of-the-year party at Dodie Williams' camp with Buff.

Buff was tall and thin and nice-looking in a way you never noticed. Ever since he had come here to live with his grandparents, two years ago, they had gone everywhere together.

"The Salter grandson is a well-bred boy." That was what everyone said. "And dependable." Yes, Buff was dependable. Her family approved of him and so did her friends, which was more important. She wondered, in a mood that matched the color of the dusk outside, if she would marry him when she grew up. If she did, they would have a life of dignity and security together.

I do not want security, she thought fiercely, brushing her hair with great whacks; I know security too well. . . .

The chapel chimes began to ring, and the chimes from the grandfather's clock downstairs repeated the melody. The bells sounded every fifteen minutes, across the roofs of the small town and near at hand. They were like voices admonishing, insisting, saying that life was being eaten in fifteen-minute bites.

Millicent stood up, and the hem of her long, black net dress rested on the floor—the daring, low-cut dress her Cousin Louise had sent her. Dark red sequins caught the light as she moved across the room.

There was a knock on the door, discreet but demanding as always, and Aunt Harriet came in. She had run this house for six years, yet she always seemed like an intruder. "Buff is downstairs," she said. "Be sure to thank Mrs. Williams graciously."

Millicent picked up her evening purse and ran down the deep wide stairs. Buff was in the hall.

Millicent's father, an aloof but well-loved stranger, stopped playing the piano, came out and shook hands with Buff. "She looks very pretty in that dress, doesn't she,

ILLUSTRATED BY WENDELL KLING

Salter?" He always called Buff by his last name, in a teasing way.

"Oh, yes, sir," said Buff, crimson with embarrassment. Millicent smiled at him shyly, remembering the kisses he had given her. He had kissed her twice—once in the grape arbor on the night of the falling stars and once on the top porch step—quick kisses that her father could have witnessed undismayed. Still, the memory of them was pleasing.

"Aunt Harriet doesn't like this dress at all," Millicent said, laughing. "But I just love it. It's so startling. Do you really like it, Buff?"

"It's queer," he said hesitantly. "But I like it, I guess." He would never like anything unconventional, untried.

Her father brought her short white coat and her small new fitted suitcase—a graduation present—and kissed her goodby.

WHEN they were on the dark porch, Buff said apologetically, "At the last minute Grandmother and Grandfather were scared about my driving the car, so Harold had to come." Harold was the chauffeur, an old man who had accompanied them on every drive they had ever taken together. The car was dignified and dark, a perfect car for old people. Millicent hated it. She spoke to Harold courteously, hating him, too. They settled into silence.

The car slid slowly through the after-supper stillness of the streets. The well-known landmarks of the town looked out of focus to Millicent, as if she were seeing them through someone else's eyes. Here was the corner where, when she was twelve, she had fallen from her bicycle and had lain in the street, her leg frighteningly twisted and hurting terribly. The other children had parked their bikes and come up slowly, helplessly. But Red had thrown his bike down savagely, the new bike he loved so, and had run to her. And afterward, when she couldn't walk for so long, it had been Red who sat beside her during the long recesses—Red, the best baseball player in Elm Street School, whistling his double whistle for her, singing the words of new songs.

He had always known all the songs. He could play the harmonica and the piano as no one else could. He made music that was real and meaningful; not like the things she had to practice: To A Wild Rose, Tarantella.

How long was it since she had seen Red? He had stood behind her this afternoon when they had all graduated. She had smiled at him and spoken, but the words had been empty. He had become a stranger. He was no longer the boy who had walked home with her, the boy who had sent her the biggest valentine in the valentine box at school.

What made her remember all these things she hadn't thought about for so long? Was it that tonight was an end of something, a time of saying goodbys?

"Could you drive down Oak Street, please?" Buff said to Harold. She knew Buff didn't want to go through town and have people see him with Harold at the wheel. Well, she thought, why doesn't he assert himself? Well, why don't you assert your *own* self? she asked fairly.

She looked over at Buff. He smiled at her and said, "It's a nice evening." He never said anything meaningful or important. It was as if he were ashamed of emotion.

"There's the new moon," Buff said, pointing back beyond a haze of darkened trees.

"It's over my left shoulder," Millicent answered. "Right for wishing." She closed her eyes and wished. "I wish you'd always been here, Buff," she said. "When we were younger, we had fun."

"I wish I'd been here, too," he said. "I wish I'd known you always."

That's the nicest thing Buff has ever said to me, she thought. It made her feel sad in a wonderful way. Maybe he did think things, but just couldn't say them.

She said quickly, "Our house was full of people then, all kinds of people. In the winter, after we'd been sliding, I could bring as many children back with me for cocoa and cookies as I wanted to." She was bragging now. "I used to know lots more people than I know now."

"What happened to them? Did they move away?"

"No, they're still here. I don't know what happened. I just don't see them."

Like Agnes and Rose and Nancy. She hadn't really been close to Nancy for years. When she was young, she and Nancy played dolls under the apple trees and made doll clothes up in the attic. Nancy made the most beautiful clothes—muffs, coats; and underclothes with lace, even buttonholes. She had given Millicent a whole set one Christmas for Virginia, her best doll. Nancy had stopped school last year to study dress design at the Industrial Arts. Millicent saw her now and then, but when they met they spoke across a continent of differentness.

The car passed the entrance to the street where Nancy lived—and where Red lived. It was a zigzag street, a place of many children. It was really not a street at all, but a crooked, hedge-bordered lane. The houses were tidy and incredibly small and wedged tightly close upon each other. They had tiny front porches, all with swings, and tiny front yards, two of them bare as a playground, the others lavish in spring with red and yellow flowers. She had loved that street so, as a child. She would often ride her bike down there at twilight, and walk slowly through the lane to hear the friendly shouting, the rich warmth of living. It was a gay street.

In Millicent's house, doors were shut softly; quietness was more natural than noise. In the zigzag street, neighbors yelled back and forth, women sang. And there were always voices talking as you went to sleep—not just the sound of chimes to accompany your thoughts.

HAROLD drove soberly through the town at twenty miles an hour. As they reached the town limits, he accelerated to twenty-five, as he always did. Buff looked over at Millicent and winked and whispered, "Speed demon." It was an old joke. They laughed companionably, and then sighed. They both wanted a low-slung convertible with the top down, which they would take turns driving as fast as it would go.

They passed the picnic grounds that had seemed so far from town when she was young. Those wonderful picnics . . . Even then, though, she had felt the lack of freedom and adventure. Most of the other children could eat all the hot dogs they wanted; they had pop instead of cocoa. They didn't have to wear rubbers, even when the ground was squishy. They could go wading even in March. No heavy sweaters for them; no carrying a blanket, in case the ground was cold.

"You'll be going away in two days," Buff said.

"Yes. It's like going away to summer camp, only I'll be studying all the time."

"Will you write to me, Millicent? I'd like to hear from you."

"Why, yes, Buff, but you'll have to write first."

"Of course, but I'm not very good at letters."

No, he wouldn't be, Millicent thought; he could never be easygoing and free about anything.

"Maybe I'll see you in the fall," he said. "My college is very near yours, you know."

Oh, no, Millicent thought. When I am away, it will be different. Then I will have adventurous things happen, and life will be dynamic; and Buff wouldn't know what to do. Maybe he wouldn't even like me, then. Maybe I'll be a night-club

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a toothbrush
less efficient
than this

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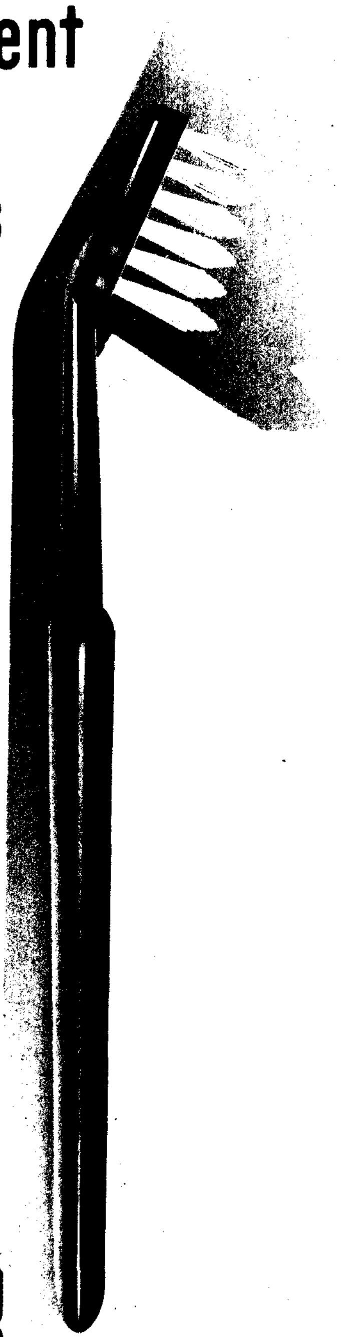
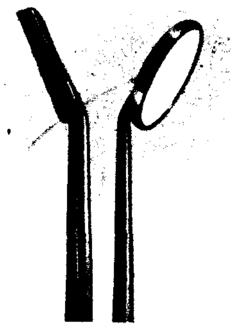
to reach more places





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singer and know gamblers and people like that.

"Maybe," she said aloud. A hurt look went across his face, absorbed by his pride almost before it was born. In that second, he seemed more alive than ever before, and very dear. She almost loved him, then.

The car drew up a small hill, and there was Lake Erie in the distance. This view over the meadows and beyond the woods was as well known to her as the look of her own hands. There was a freighter going by, far out on the lake—just as she always hoped there would be, and as there always was. She drew her breath in sharply, as if against all disappointments everywhere, and gave herself over to her inner happiness.

"Dodie is sure excited about her party," Buff said, making an effort at light talk.

"Yes, I know." She knew every detail of Dodie's party. They had planned it together and it had seemed important then. But it didn't seem important now.

THEY swung into the lake road. Now the cottages began, the lights, the resorts. Five miles up the road past all the garish lights and cabins, was the secluded place in the forest where the Williamses had their camp. Not for them Inlet Harbor, with the gambling house down by the shore. Not for them Camelot Beach, with its cottages set so close together, its pop stands, its noisy paths, its dance hall—forever forbidden, even for one dance. The dance hall was an open-sided pavilion with soft, many-colored lights and gay music—happy music, music that reminded you of old things and promised you new things, music you heard as you went by. For you had to go by; you could never stay.

The lights of Camelot Beach came near.

"Buff," Millicent said, seeking his hand, holding it, not as one holds a boy's hand, but as one holds a talisman, a lucky stone, "do you suppose we could stop at Camelot Beach for one dance? I've always wanted to so, and I'm going away in four days. Would Harold tell?"

"No, Harold won't tell. I guess we can. Harold, pull up here, will you, please? We're going to dance a dance." Harold smiled, as if he enjoyed being in a plot for joy. The car slowed, drew in, found a space beneath a willow tree. Millicent shrugged aside her coat and delved into her purse for powder and comb.

They went up the few steps, and Buff bought tickets. The lights of Camelot Beach Pavilion dimmed; there were just soft blurs of blue and rose and yellow now. Buff put his arm around her, and they skimmed out onto the floor.

Buff was a conscientious dancer. He did all the things at just the right times—the twirls, the dips, the regular waltz—but with no joy. It was correct, but not as dancing should be. She looked up at him and said, "You were nice to bring me in here. I've wanted to come for three years." Around them were the grown-up people from Cleveland, the girls in black dresses from the girls' college, the tall, wonderfully evil-looking boys from the men's school.

"That's my cousin Patsy over there," Buff said. "The girl in the blue dress. She's afraid I'm going to tell she was here." He laughed. The cousin and her date, a man in a tuxedo, came close. There were exclamations. A little knot formed around Millicent and Buff and the cousin and the boy named Mack.

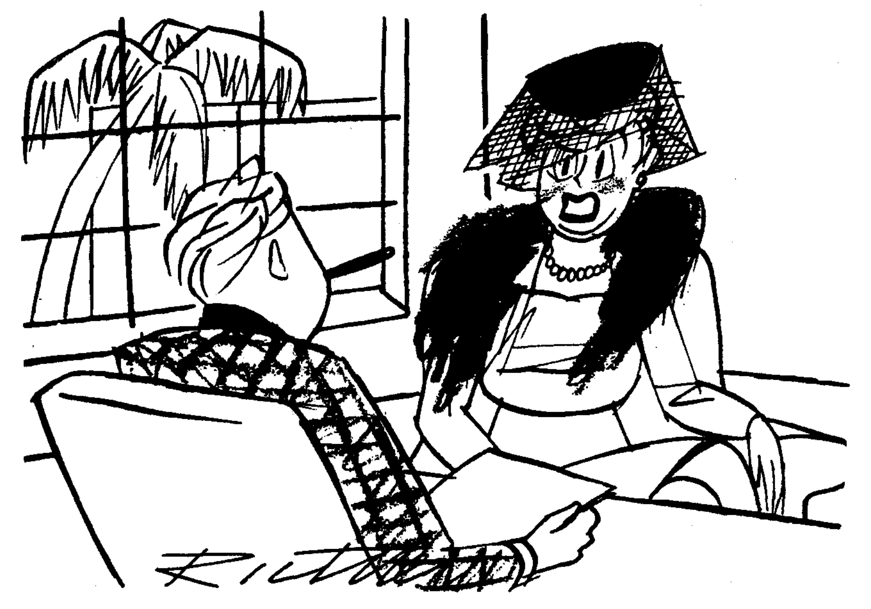
"Come on back and meet the crowd," Patsy said.

Then the lights changed, blue-violet all over. The orchestra began to play Coax Me a Little Bit, quietly, persuadingly. Millicent looked across at the small, brightly lighted throne where they played. And there was Red—a different Red—at the piano. She looked at him; he saw her, and waved, and went on playing. Patsy and Buff and the crowd began to edge over to a corner. Red stood up at the end of the number and said something to the man playing the drums. He seemed much more grown up than Buff, confident and competent. Then he came over to Millicent and said, as if it were just this afternoon he had double whistled for her, "May I have this dance?"

The lights changed, and disappeared except for the small spotlights that played around the room. Millicent and Red began to dance.

Millicent was not Millicent now. She was just part of the ever-changing lights, the breeze blowing in, the music and the dancing. She remembered suddenly, as one remembers summer is near at hand with all its old delights, that she had never danced with Red before. She had skated with him, long ago, on ice skates; she had played with him, back in the fourth grade.

Red edged up to the orchestra. "Play It Might as Well be Spring," he said. He was showing off now. She knew it and placed her arm more possessively on his back. They went round and round, not speaking. Millicent tossed back her hair at the pauses; Red hummed with the music, but they did not talk.



COLLIER'S "What do you mean I can't play ingenue parts? I've been playing them for thirty years" MISCHA RICHTER

"The half-hour intermission is coming soon," he said, finally. "Why don't you come over to the cabin with me and say hello to everyone? We've rented a cottage out here for the week."

"All right," she said, "I will."

"I'm being tried out tonight on piano," he added, looking toward the orchestra. "I have pieces now and then, but I want to show you the cabin. We're having a house party."

Out of a dream, she said, "I must go tell Buff." They danced up to the steps where Buff and his cousin and the others were standing, and Millicent said, "They're having a house party, Buff. I want to go over for a while. I'll meet you and Harold under the willow in a little while." Buff started to follow, but a dark-haired girl caught him by the sleeve. Millicent and Red were walking away, down through the grove that was overgrown with cottages and filled with the yelps of children and dogs, the high voices of people strolling on the beach. There were the friendly far-off sounds of guitars being plucked, the throaty, meaningless, but suddenly meaningful voices of women talking softly to men.

They went up steps toward a brightly shining doorway. Red drew her back, out of the revelry, under a quiet, new moon—and kissed her. Even to her, greatly unknowing, it was not a young kiss. There was something of the night, of the dancing, in the kiss. She leaned back against the porch and then she leaned up against him, and he kissed her again. They did not speak, but their silence was not like Buff's silences. They were silent because there was too much to say.

Red reached up to a low branch and tightened his fingers around it. He was tall and lean and free.

"It's good to see you, Millicent. It's a good night for me. I think I'm going to get the job. It's a damned good job, too." He was talking to her as a man talks to a woman. The way he moved and looked, the way he was, was a new excitement. He lighted a cigarette and stood there looking at her. It was not the look he had had when she opened his valentine. This was adult—a man appraising a woman and finding her desirable.

Someone came out on the porch, saw them and called to him. He leaned over, shadowing Millicent, and kissed her once more, lightly, before they went in.

They were all there in that barrage of noise and music—all the girls and boys from the zigzag street. Nancy was there, playing Sioux City Sue over and over.

"Hello, Nancy," Millicent said.

"Hello, Millicent," she answered, not pausing in her playing. But the differentness was gone; they were friends again under the apple trees. The mother of one of the girls was there, laughing with them, enjoying everything. Eleanor was there—Eleanor, who had been lost in the country with her when she was nine; and Bub, who had been the fastest skater in the sixth grade; and Veronica, who had told her that babies didn't come out of suitcases; and Ned and Charline.

"Why don't you stay here with us, Millicent?" Nancy said. "There's an extra bed. Mrs. Prentiss can call up and say you're staying." The laughing mother leaned forward and said, "Sure." Aunt Harriet thought Millicent would be at Dodie's for two days. Mrs. Prentiss wouldn't even have to telephone.

THREE of the girls came and put their arms around her. "Sing for us, the way you used to, Mill," they said. So, to Nancy's soft playing she began to sing her favorite, Blues in the Night. She looked around at them as she sang, wanting to be allied with them, to be a part of their magical group.

"We're going to swim out to the island tonight," one of them said, "it's warm as silk."

"Some of us take off our suits," another one whispered, "the water feels wonderful that way. Stay with us, Mill!"

Red was beside her, tall and lithe and unknown—unknown, yet familiar as the

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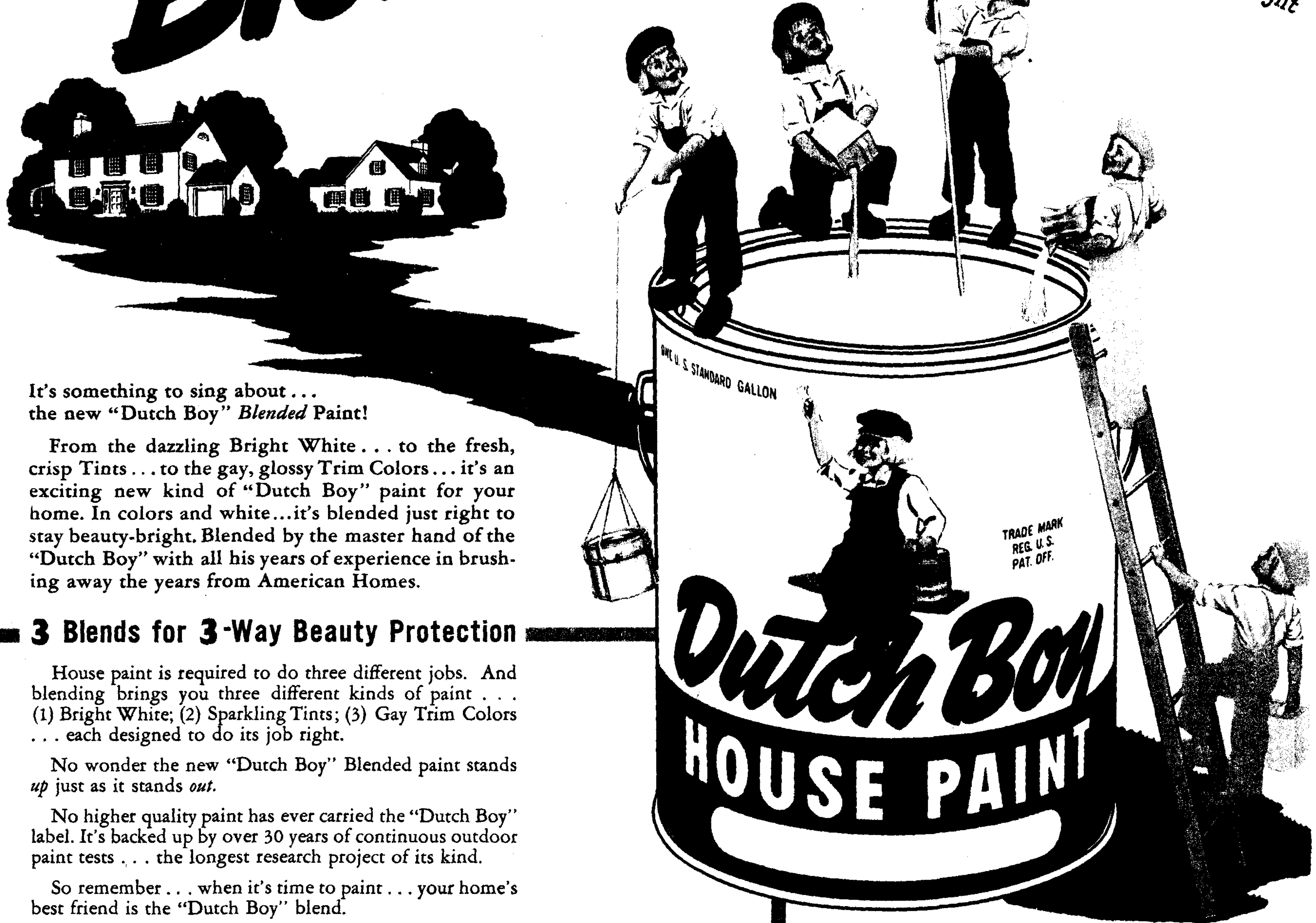
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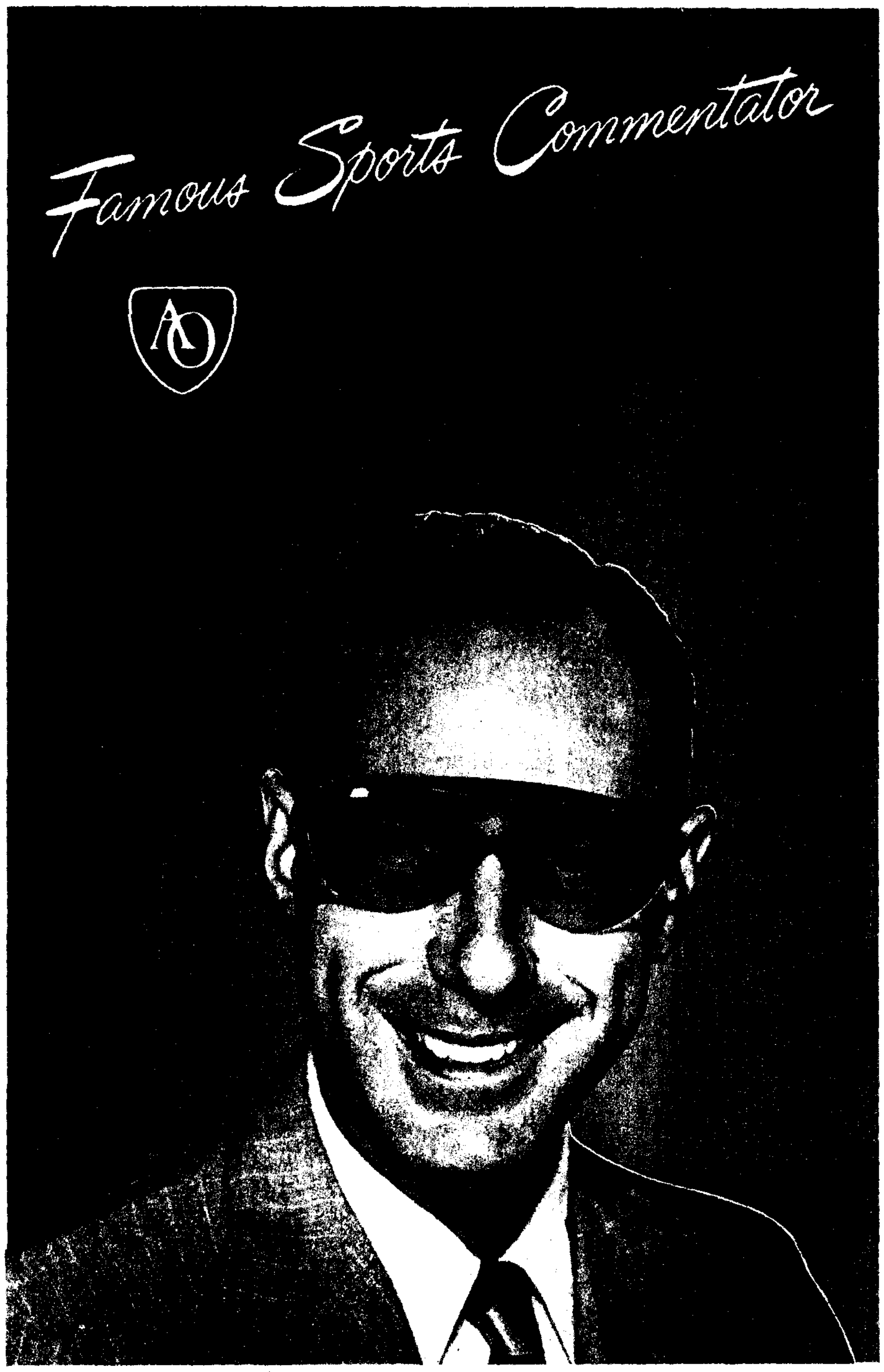

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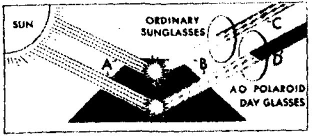

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multiplication tables they had learned from the same blackboard when they were young.

She thought, and knew the thought as another excitement because all that was happening to her was exciting. I could even marry him. I'm old enough. And we would go away and he would play in a band and I would come in and maybe sing all the songs, the way I've always wanted to. And we would dance and then I'd go back and just wait and wait for him. And he'd come home to me, to a cottage like this.

He drew her out onto the porch. The others went back to the piano and began to sing another song. He pulled her into his arms and kissed her again, a man's kiss, a knowing kiss. All memories, all loves, all little joys were there. There was bitterness, too, and yearning.

He could ask her to marry him now, and she would say yes. And they would live in a zigzag street someplace and wash clothes in hot soapsuds and hang them out to dry under a bright, hot sky of fat clouds.

BUT he didn't ask her. He just held her so close she could feel his heart beating. He took her face between his hands and looked at her again. "Millicent, Millicent," he said, as one learning a rhyme. "Millicent Hathaway Andrews." And then he smiled and kissed her once more.

She heard Buff's voice coming nearer, up the little stretch between the cottages, saying over and over, asking of the darkness, "Millicent? Millicent?"

A moth skittered across her cheek. Somewhere, out of the night, she heard a woman's low laugh—intimate, revealing. A man's voice answered, sensual as satin.

As if from a magnet that held her, she turned and walked slowly to the steps, saying, "Here I am, Buff." She could not leave him there in the dark, saying her name.

He came up the steps quietly, a set smile on his face, his hands at his sides.

"Hi, Buff," Red said. There was impatience, almost condescension, in his voice.

"Hello, Red," Buff answered. "How goes it?" And then, turning to Millicent, he said, "We have to go, Millicent. It's awfully late."

"Millicent's going to spend the week end with us, kid," Red said; and Millicent looked quickly at Buff to see if he would object to being called "kid." She saw the muscles of his jaw tighten just a little in the shadowy light, and saw his arms straighten just a little at his sides.

"Dodie's family would be worried," he answered quietly. "They're expecting us."

"Why don't you sort of run along and tell them she's not coming?" Red said.

"That wouldn't be very nice, Red," Millicent said. "I couldn't do that."

"You could if you wanted to," Red said slowly, waiting for her to answer. "Buff here," he went on, nodding at Buff and smiling in a way that suddenly annoyed her, "Buff here could tell them not to expect you—tell them you couldn't make it, or you changed your mind, or something. It's up to you."

"Yes, I guess it is up to you, Millicent," Buff said in a voice quieter than the skittering moth.

How Buff must hate this, Millicent thought. It's like a scene in a cheap movie. Buff stood perfectly still, isolated in quietness, waiting. Then he turned and started down the steps. "I'm going back to the car. I'll be there if you decide to come along," he said, simply. "So long, Red."

Red was swaggering a little, very sure of himself. Suddenly she felt very proud of Buff, marveling that she had not felt this pride before. He was alone among them—Red and Nancy and the others—but he asked no quarter in his loneness. Why, Buff was more her kind of man than Red would ever be. Why had she never known it before? Red leaned against the porch railing and double-whistled a bar of Blues in the Night for her. She stood for a moment, hesitating, thinking of the small sand island, the gaiety, the joy.

Then she walked across the porch to the steps. This, too, is love, she thought, this feeling I have for Buff. It is even more important than the other.

"Say goodby to everyone for me, Red," she said slowly. "It's been wonderful." She ran down the steps quickly. "Wait, Buff," she called. "Wait for me."

She did not look back, following a silent Buff through the grove. She gathered the hem of her dress above the dusty path. The sequins were duller now, less sparkling. She shook her hair back fiercely, as if she were pushing against a thousand things. Buff led the way to the car, under the willow tree.

The dance pavilion was only a dark shape now, its lights extinguished, its heart unstirring. She drew closer to Buff for comfort against the denial of the night. He paused under a dark tree and came up to her. She said to him, "I can't explain to you about tonight, Buff. I couldn't make you understand."

"Shut up," he answered, "just shut up. You've done enough for one night."

He put his hands on her shoulders and shook her. A teacher had shaken her like this once in the fourth grade. She had deserved it then and she deserved it now. Buff was impersonal and detached. It was as if the last person in the world had left her.

She gathered her long skirt more protectingly around her and said to her tightly folded hands, as she had done as a child, noiselessly: I will not cry, I'll laugh instead. . . . But the laugh burst out of her, an embarrassing whimper.

Buff put her hands into his and said in a tight voice, "Look, Millicent, I'm sorry about everything. When I'm through school and have money, I'll buy you a phonograph and a hammock and you can stay out at this damned Camelot Beach all the time if you want to." He laughed a laugh as strained as her whimper had been.

He guided her gently toward the car. He woke Harold, who had been sleeping behind the wheel, and said authoritatively, "Please get in back, Harold. I'm going to drive. Millicent, you sit up front with me."

BUFF started the car, driving it beautifully, surely, swiftly. Beside them in the night were the ever-mysterious lights of a freighter on the lake. Far down by the shore were the sounds of music and of voices, sweet, sweet. Everything was going by, being left behind.

Buff slowed the car and looked at her, a searching look. There was love in the look, and understanding. "I know, I know, darling." He said the "darling" brokenly, but it was there. And Millicent knew that he did truly know but that he was shut into the tight-strung net of his own silent loneliness. She reached over and touched his cheek gently. There are all kinds of love, she thought, and this is a good love. Buff needs me and I need him, and we will be happy together. And maybe I can reach out to him so our life can be like a zigzag-street life and yet be our own, too.

They flew on past the sleeping fields, the little farms, the restless lake. Camelot Beach was far behind them now.

Buff stopped the car. Harold was sleeping, too. They were alone. Buff gathered her into his arms and kissed her awkwardly—the third kiss. But in it was all meaning—all words that are not said.

"Thank you, Buff," she said softly.

He looked so happy. She knew then how she would always love that rare look of happiness on his face.

THE END

THE BALKAN FOLLIES

Continued from page 22

militarily united "Danubia" would dominate the Black Sea, Aegean, Dardanelles, Adriatic and the eastern half of the Mediterranean Sea approach to Near East oil. You may not relish international oil politics but if you want to run your cars, tractors, furnaces, trains, the Middle East is as necessary to America today as Texas or Pennsylvania. Unification of the Balkans is the hard, essential core of Russia's accelerating march west.

Here is the supercolossal plot of the Balkan Follies:

Miss "Danubia" is being courted by "Baltica," a big ranch of the Baltic Sea area, under the partnership of Czechoslovakia-Poland. If Danubia and Baltica marry, the strong hearts of all Central Europe will bleat as one. Both are temperamental, but an aid to wedding—lent by a Big Neighbor, and known in the rural United States as a "shotgun"—adds tender reassurances. The fence of the Big Neighbor already extends from the Baltic to the Black Sea. Success of the match would give him a complete double fence, not to be sneezed at in these days of atomic cows. The courtship is frowned upon by the villain, a distant Uncle who has a lot of blood and business relatives hereabouts. There also are three obstacles to be overcome before the wedding.

Hostile Characters in the Cast

The first is "dem bums" of the Balkan League, Greece and Turkey, who have sold out to foreigners—meaning us. The second obstacle is a pair of pain-in-the-neck old maids, Austria and Hungary, who own the betwixt ranches that still keep Danubia and Baltica apart. Austria's Vienna is the European gateway to the Danube River; Hungary's Budapest, its keystone port. Neither of these is, or wants to be, Balkan. Or, rather, *wanted* to be. By the overwhelming choice of less than 2 per cent of her people, Hungary has joined up. A Hungarian official, who scrammed, told me this was because the Big Neighbor was there with troops, planes and tanks, while Uncle was there in words and name only.

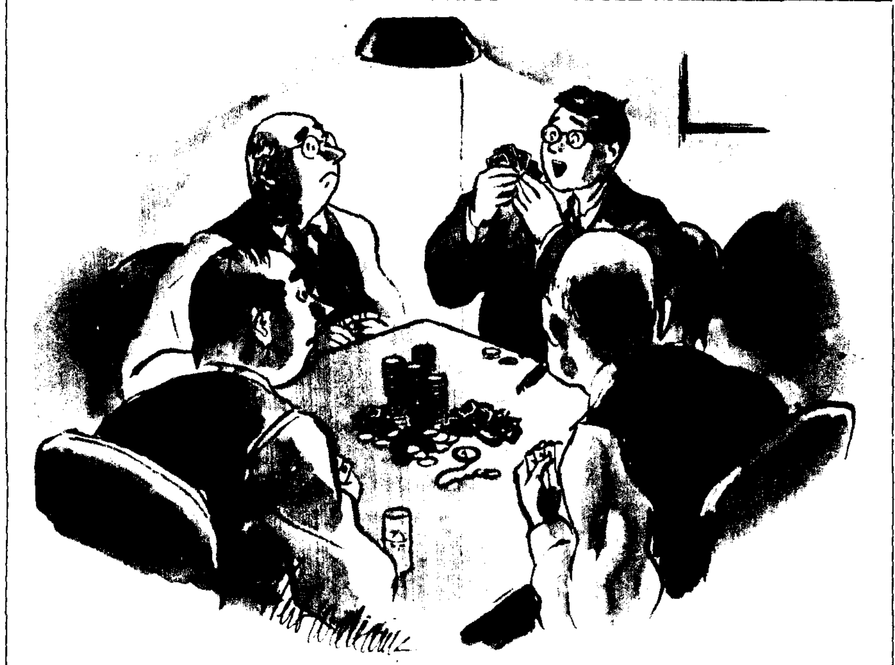
In Austria, however, Uncle has guns, too. Which is why top military and diplomatic circles know that Austria has a better chance of picking up her skirts and moving to mid-Atlantic than she has of getting a peace treaty at the forthcoming November meeting of the Big Four Ministers. The day you read that agreement has been reached for an Austrian treaty is the day you will know the Big Neighbor feels ready to prove his immense kindness for the Austrian people by moving his Danube door farther westward and Europeanward, from Budapest to Vienna. But the dimming eyes of these two old ladies continue to peer anxiously out the back window of the Balkan Follies—still preferring cowboys to commissars.

And that introduces the third, or lalapalooza, obstacle. The Yanks—or nephews, whom the villainous Uncle sent over here to watch his affairs. Thereby, he unwittingly furnished the Master Director with the wow comic hit of the show.

Like most successful impresarios, those of the Balkan Follies are jealous of their stagecraft tricks and secrets. Our description of the action, thus, is necessarily based upon personal familiarity with the Balkans, firsthand observations of players and spectators, interviews with both, and official documents and records. The performance is continuous, varied, and dispersed according to sectional tastes. Something going on in each ring all the time. Purely for their own amusement the Yanks have named certain acts.

This one, for example, which takes place in Austria, they call The Galloping Poll! It is played by the Russians throughout their zone of occupation, with a male and female chorus that, faces washed and hair combed by executive order, every morning dances off from local headquarters like a merry flock of brush salesmen, humming, "Capitalism, Here We Come!" Each is armed with American Lend-Lease pencils and pocketfuls of questionnaires. Every Austrian family is questionnaired once a month. The Russian writes the answers. He never lets the questionnaire out of his grip.

The questions show the paternal interest of the Soviet Union in all good Austrians, like "Has your uncle in Linz an umbrella?" If some yokel wise guy remarks that nothing ever comes of these questions—except the uncle in Linz had his umbrella stolen a week after the questioner's last visit—he is laughingly told how the Russians do their best to make life easier for the Austrians, but the Yanks won't co-operate. Besides, haven't the Russians, on their own, restored local war-damaged monuments and works of art and culture? There is nothing like the sight of a reconstructed opera house to cheer and gladden families who live in brick-heap caves in what



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used to be the cellar of the home they can't get materials to rebuild.

With the third or fourth question the Russian breaks his pencil. "Ach, those no-good American pencils they sold to us at great profit," he says, half under his breath, throwing the pencil over his shoulder into the street. He takes another—American, too, but repainted red. "Ours are so much better," he mutters, going on with his work. When finished he holds the questionnaire with both hands on the wall or table and says, "Please sign your name"—meanwhile telling the latest funny story about the Americans. He then puts the signed questionnaire in his brief case, presents the red pencil to the Austrian as a parting gift, kisses the children—the wife, also, if she is alone—and leaves.

Outside, he recovers the first pencil from the gutter, resharpens it, and repeats the same business at the next stop.

Strictly Under the Thumb

What the Austrians are not supposed to know is that the last paragraph on each questionnaire, just above the householder's signature, and usually covered by a Russian thumb during the signing, is a formal "release." A typical one: "I swear that any damage to my property, or anything taken from it, was by other than Soviet troops. I have been treated with the finest respect, kindness, consideration and friendship by the members of the valiant Red Army: Signed—"

It is amazing how many things the Russians ask to be absolved from. It is more amazing how many of these elaborately guarded questionnaires have found their way into American Intelligence hands. It is most amazing how many thousands of Austrians have come to know what it's all about and enter into the fun by illegibly signing "A. Hitler."

Another howling favorite, also exclusively Russian-played, is a sleight-of-hand item called Soldier into Settler. It panics the actors as much as the onlookers; and they have difficulty keeping their dead-pan expressions. In Austria when the Russians let it be known they were reducing their occupation force to 60,000—from 400,000—you saw the Vienna Opera House, among other centers, full of Red Army uniforms one night, and the next night 80 per cent civilian. They were all the very same people.

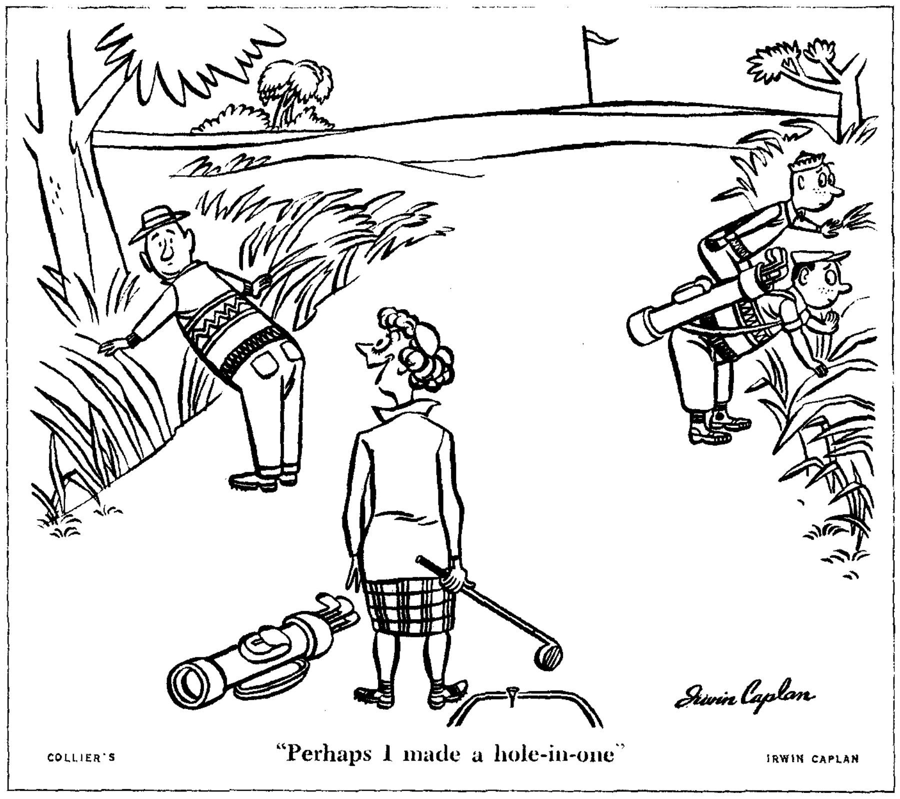
In Bulgaria more than 100,000 Red Army soldiers have taken off everything but their burlap drawers and become old inhabitants; in Rumania, more than 200,000. Nobody yet knows precisely how many hundreds of thousands of Red veterans have been salted into Austria, Hungary, the strip of territory Czechoslovakia got from Hungary along the Danube's south bank, or across Greece's wild mountain borders. It isn't possible to count that fast.

There is a rollicking monologue given frequently by each member of the Russian chorus, usually in bars or cafés. This is chatty information at the rate of a snigger a sentence. Telling how Russia invented the jeep and the C-47 plane and nobly shared her production of same with the laggard Allies. How the Brothers Vibursk and Orvitch Vritsky invented, built and flew the first airplane at Katrina Horkst, a lonely beach near a vodka distillery on the Crimean shore of the Black Sea.

How in Berlin the American Army had to hire 18 German professors to teach English to illiterate G.I.s. They've got a million similar quips, and a knack for explaining current events in the drollest fashion. Following the methods of gag writers in the United States the Russian monologists cull the American press for inspiration. They swiftly picked up one telling how a Negro in Louisiana had to be electrocuted twice because the first time the jailers had more "juice" than the chair. The Russians know the guffaw value of mixing truth with fantasy.

There is a skit the Yanks call Who's Human Now—and How. The scenes are impromptu; not the kind in which the leading actor could bear the strain of more than one performance. For instance, an episode one Yank air crew got involved with at Mataysfold Field in Budapest. These Yanks customarily greeted the Red sergeant in charge of ground control there in a pally way, and gave him cigarettes. The sarge never melted, but the Yanks remained amiable, knowing how dignified top kicks become in such jobs. One stormy day the Yanks were late in arriving; by the time they were cleared for take-off it was dark, and the weather vicious and wholly unflyable.

The pilot knew the Soviet rules: American planes not permitted to stay overnight at Budapest, or any other Russian or satellite Balkan field. But this was a dire emergency. He put it up to the Russian sergeant. The sergeant said no. For one solid hour he said no; while the pilot argued, yelled, gestured that he wasn't going to break his blank neck or the blank necks of his crew for any blank Russians. The sergeant had a face from which a magpie couldn't peck a smile. He wasn't a bad egg, though; in the end he agreed to let the Yanks stay.



COLLIER'S "Perhaps I made a hole-in-one" IRWIN CAPLAN

The next two or three times this crew flew into Budapest the sergeant was not to be seen. The worried pilot finally went to the Soviet commandant; said he was responsible for the incident, extolled the sergeant's good judgment and courtesy, and expressed thanks from one air force to that of an ally for a decision that conceivably had saved a plane and several lives. The commandant jovially promised that everything the pilot said would be favorably entered upon the sergeant's record.

"But the sergeant?" asked the pilot. "Where—"

"Oh, him," said the commandant, "we shot him, as soon as you took off."

Quite a few such reports, turned in by Americans, are in the official records. Yanks read them carefully, in search of the universality of what they understand by "human nature."

The Unmasking of Superman feature is better understood by the Yanks, who know their comic strips. It waggishly demonstrates to the Balkanese that the self-fabled American superairmen are in reality plain old-shoe. "Inquisitive Ivan" opens it every morning, bright and early, rain or shine, when he comes in a recon plane—Piper Cub type—over Tulln Field, our base near Vienna. Leisurely he put-puts back and forth, flying so low that his face is as well-known at Tulln as the mess bartender's. He sticks his head out of the window as he counts planes, looks into hangars, examines the control tower. All the Yanks wave to Ivan; some empty their pockets and hold up the contents for him to see.

The jest, as both audience and cast well know, is that if any Yank plane went sociably over any Red field it would be shot down. If a Yank plane, lost or weathered, makes a forced landing within the Russian zone it is impounded, with crew, passengers and cargo, and there is a long rigmarole before they can be pried back to their own roost. Several hilarious experiences of this have improved the quality of Yank navigation. Contrariwise, if Russian fliers, lost or just snooping, force-land in our zone we give them gas, service, food, hard likker and liberty to go whenever they please. Their reluctance to leave our tables and bars and return to the perfection of Soviet life is notable.

In Yugoslavia no civilian member of the United States Legation is permitted in excess of three miles from Belgrade; no Yank military attaché is allowed to leave the city at all. Yet in Washington there are no restrictions on the staff of the Yugoslav Legation. In the United States, Yugoslav officials, like those of all nations, friendly or otherwise, with whom we maintain diplomatic relations, receive the courtesy of "diplomatic immunity" long established among civilized nations. In a later act you will see what happens to our diplomats in Yugoslavia.

American diplomatic and other missions scattered through the Balkans depend for their very lives upon our airmen. With the end of the war such missions became essential to restore and protect United States properties and rights, and to furnish bases for Graves Registration details in their task of locating bodies of thousands of Yanks who died to free the Balkanese. Native transportation was, and is, virtually nonexistent. Army planes offer the sole feasible method of sustaining our missions in food, supplies, personnel and contact with the outside world.

The Yanks planned to set up regular schedules, in accordance with American practice, for these courier flights. But "regularity" and "efficiency" are the last things the Russian stage managers want Yank aviation to portray over the Balkans. They have far more convulsive ideas for us. *Red* "red tape!" They give no long-term blanket authorizations for schedules. Individual permits, instead, for each flight from American Occupation Headquarters at Vienna to separate Balkan capitals and, in addition, distinct permits for the plane itself, each item of cargo, each crew member and passenger.

Permits may come through in six days, thirty, or not at all. One for a Monday afternoon flight may arrive Tuesday morning. Or, for the plane but not the crew; for the passengers, but not the cargo; for the plane to Bucharest, its motors to Budapest. Or, upon arrival in Belgrade, if one passenger is shy a brief case listed for him, the whole flight may be shooed back to Vienna to get it—and then have no permit to return to Belgrade. Horseplay—at both ends. Once, more than 50,000 pounds of vital supplies for our Bucharest mission backlogged at Vienna because no permits came through for a couple of weeks.

Once aloft, the Yank courier planes must fly along back alleys, or corridors, eight to ten miles wide; a tightrope feat in soupy weather over terrain that hasn't had a path cut or a hut built since long before Columbus sailed. By amusing coincidence the tightropes are dog-legged to go over as many ridges and peaks, as few clear valleys, as possible. However, the Russians provide ground aids to Yank navigation; flak, from antiaircraft batteries that line each alley. "Live" flak, too; none of that humorless warning charge that we shoot at Red airmen who accidentally fly over Alaska to photograph our installations there.

Nor is it without larks for Yank pilots up the middle of the alleys—chummy Russian fighters making paint-scraping passes at them as a matter of routine. A while back—as you perhaps read—some Russians found this so diverting they chased Yanks right down to the landing strips on Tulln, shooting.

When the Spitfires Challenged

There are British occupation forces and missions, too, leading some Balkanese to question why they have no roles in the Follies. Truth is—one hates to repeat this about such agreeable people—the British don't make good clowns. As illustration, the day news was flashed of the shooting down of an unarmed Yank transport and the killing of its crew by Jug fighters, the young squadron leader on the nearest field in the British sector of Austria immediately took off with 20 of his Spits, flew into Yugoslavia, cruised and buzzed the murder area, ready for action if Jug planes came up. None did.

Recently an R.A.F. transport was flanked by Jug fighters and compelled to land. The Yugoslav field commandant almost had a stroke when he was confronted by a British pilot, who started to rip his ears off. But that Jug was nimble-brained. "We thought you were Americans!" he sniggled. All Jugheads present shouted and clapped with delight, and the situation was saved.

Americans train-bound to or from their Occupation Force Headquarters in Vienna must pass through the Russian zone; and the entry points are magnets for natives as depots used to be for small-town folk in Kansas. Something always going on—or coming off: Yanks. Ousting does not depend so much upon whether papers are in order as upon how playful the Russian guards feel.

Street-corner or roadside bus stops, and road blocks where vehicles must stop for checking are excellent sport, also. Yank cars are turned back; Yank bus riders hauled off and made to wait gleefully on the curb. In the early days there were more Yank combat veterans about, who liked schnapps and slugging better than amateur theatricals—until they learned those tommy guns were loaded.

The Jeep Treatment is another woo-

SCIENCE BEATS WEATHER INSIDE WATCH CASES

Amazing new mainspring completely overcomes rust danger

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*Patent Pending

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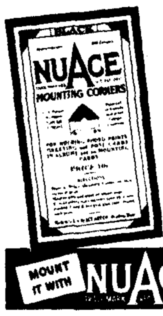


woo. It is staged whenever a Yank turns up the wrong garden path in pursuit of a whistle-fräulein, or jumps the wrong fence to swipe cherries—for, except at road blocks, zonal boundaries are not well marked.

The Russians don't toss a wandering Yank back over the line, though it may be only six inches away.

Instead, a Russian MP jeep is summoned to take him home in style—and time. He is given the conspicuous seat of honor. Sirens roaring, six or eight Russian MPs hanging on, he is given a jolly ride—not inhospitably direct to a Russian control station, but round and round the whole town or area, up and down the busiest streets—real interesting ones, half a dozen times—and through all the crowded market places. He sees all; is seen by all. The ceaseless siren makes sure that people on back streets come running.

Some observant Yanks noticed that many Russian sentries examine the "gray tickets"—the pass for the Red zone—upside down; evidently, being unable to read does not bar a man from guard duty in the Soviet army. Only color blindness does. So numerous Yanks who itch to go a-rovin' cut themselves a gray ticket, any old cardboard will do, write tributes to their Red buddies on it, sign their Social Security number—and set forth to see if something jolly will happen.

Records of Yugoslav Inhumanity

Probably the gayest time of all is had when our courier planes land in Bucharest, Sofia, Budapest or Belgrade Of these, Zeman Airport at Belgrade takes first critical honors. Incidentally, Yugoslavs are the only ones, enemies or Allies, who since the war's end have with official deliberation murdered in cold blood Yank airmen in unarmed transports and Yank G.I.s in ambushes near Trieste; also there is abundant Intelligence testimony that more Yugoslavs have been killed or sent to lingering death in concentration camps by fellow Yugoslavs since the war than by Germans during it.

Yugoslavia: Lend-Lease aid received from the United States, over $32,000,000; reverse L-L from Yugoslavia to the United States, 0. UNRRA aid received by Yugoslavia, $400,000,000; about 75 per cent from the United States. Yugoslavia is a word meaning "country of the south Slavs." But to anyone who has slept both in its best hotels and on the floors of its village huts, as I have, Yugoslavia is the lower Slobovia of the Li'l Abner cartoons.

Zemen Airport is known to Yanks as "Hotfoot Field." For it is at Zemen the Yanks revel in the Balkan Follies equivalent of an old-time Minsky and Sliding Billy Watson, lathering with stable brooms, shaving with buzz saws, manicuring with chisels, shampooing with mucilage; while native railbirds line every vantage spot.

When and as the American plane arrives, it is surrounded immediately by heavily armed soldiers. Its door cannot be opened until the Yugoslav and Soviet High Inquisitors make their dramatic approach. This may not be more than an hour, unless they are having tea with girl friends, or unless it is one of those days of extreme temperature which the climate of Belgrade can produce. Once a crowded plane was kept sitting on the apron 4 hours and 20 minutes, with an inside temperature of 125 degrees Fahrenheit. The guards saw to it that no one opened the door for a breath of air, or that no mush-heart from the airport brought out cold drinks for the bakees.

After the Inquisitors have boarded the plane and minutely scrutinized all credentials while the Americans remain respectfully seated, action starts a-popping. Like the dangerous characters they are supposed to be, the Yank passengers are driven out and lined up in one column, the crew in another. Each column is headed, flanked, tailed by tommy guns and bayonets. The sergeants yell, "Hep!" and off they march the crew to a control room, where they are fed an excellent lunch of U.S. Army or Lend-Lease rations—and kept under lock, key and gun until departure time. The passengers are marched into the Presence.

The Presence holds court in the custom shed and is usually a Yugoslav captain, who is changed from time to time—only partly to prevent his murder, mostly to reward aptitude or punish lack of it. One Presence who, on the coldest day Belgrade has known in recent years, kept a planeload waiting only 35 minutes, is learning a new trade in Rumania—how to dig salt from mines—by hand.

While the truly gifted Presence who thought up that four-hour scorching (a Captain Baum, who ignored with monumental good nature every crude Yank invitation to "step out from behind that counter and take off those seven tommy guns, you so-and-so!" and who once ran bawling to his office when a lad from Brooklyn reached over and socked him anyhow), is now an important minister of the government.

When the passengers are herded into the shed, and enough guards set in all doorways, the Presence strolls in to see if any of the arrivals merit his personal touch. Ransacking of pockets, papers and baggage of ordinary Yanks he leaves to apprentice Presences. Should there be a ranking member of the American Legation in Belgrade, or a big shot from Washington, the Presence does his star turn.

There is no such thing as "diplomatic courtesy" at Zemen—for Yanks. Diplomats' belongings are dumped upon the counter for a microscopic grubbing. Employees hurry from all over the building to witness the proceedings, because it is by his twitterings and chaffings over each item as he turns it inside out, and upon the insulting slyness of his questioning of American VIPs, that a Presence's reputation hinges.

Most Yanks concede that Zemen marks the smash-hit climax of the Follies. Still, it must come as a blow to American faith in our national humor to learn that a few of them do not appreciate its monkeyshines. Like that diplomat, who, in a secret report to Washington, stated: "In no other country is lawlessness, anarchy, and the subjection of the people to a regime of terror and brute force so clearly evident as in Yugoslavia. *No self-respecting nation* should have to submit to humiliation of its citizens and its prestige like that imposed upon ours in Yugoslavia."

A far more engaging review of the Balkan Follies was voiced by the Soviet chief of staff in Hungary, during an interview with ex-Prime Minister Nagy. The United States had petitioned Hungary for landing rights for our commercial aircraft in Budapest. Hungary was anxious to grant them. Lesser officials getting nowhere, the Prime Minister went directly to the Red chief. It was a brief interview. The marshal, deploring the Hungarian's lack of a sense of humor, simply pointed out the pay-off joke to him:

"It is utterly impossible for the Soviet Union to permit the use of airfields within five hours' flying time of Moscow and two hours' flying time of Kiev—as your main ones in Hungary are—*to any hostile nation!*"

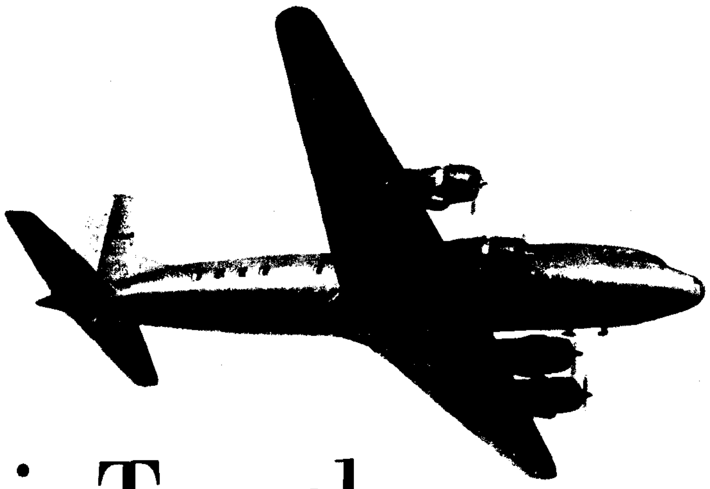
Mr. Ferenc Nagy is in America now.

But the Follies go on. For those who know their comic operas they are just a hint, a sort of sneak preview, of bigger and better Follies to follow—as the same Director would like to do 'em. Culminating in the biggest of all. Its stage—the world. Its theme—the future. Its name—Freedom: You've Had It!

THE END

A British noncom outlines the route each MP patrol must follow in guarding Vienna's four sectors, Russian, British, American and French

KEYSTONE



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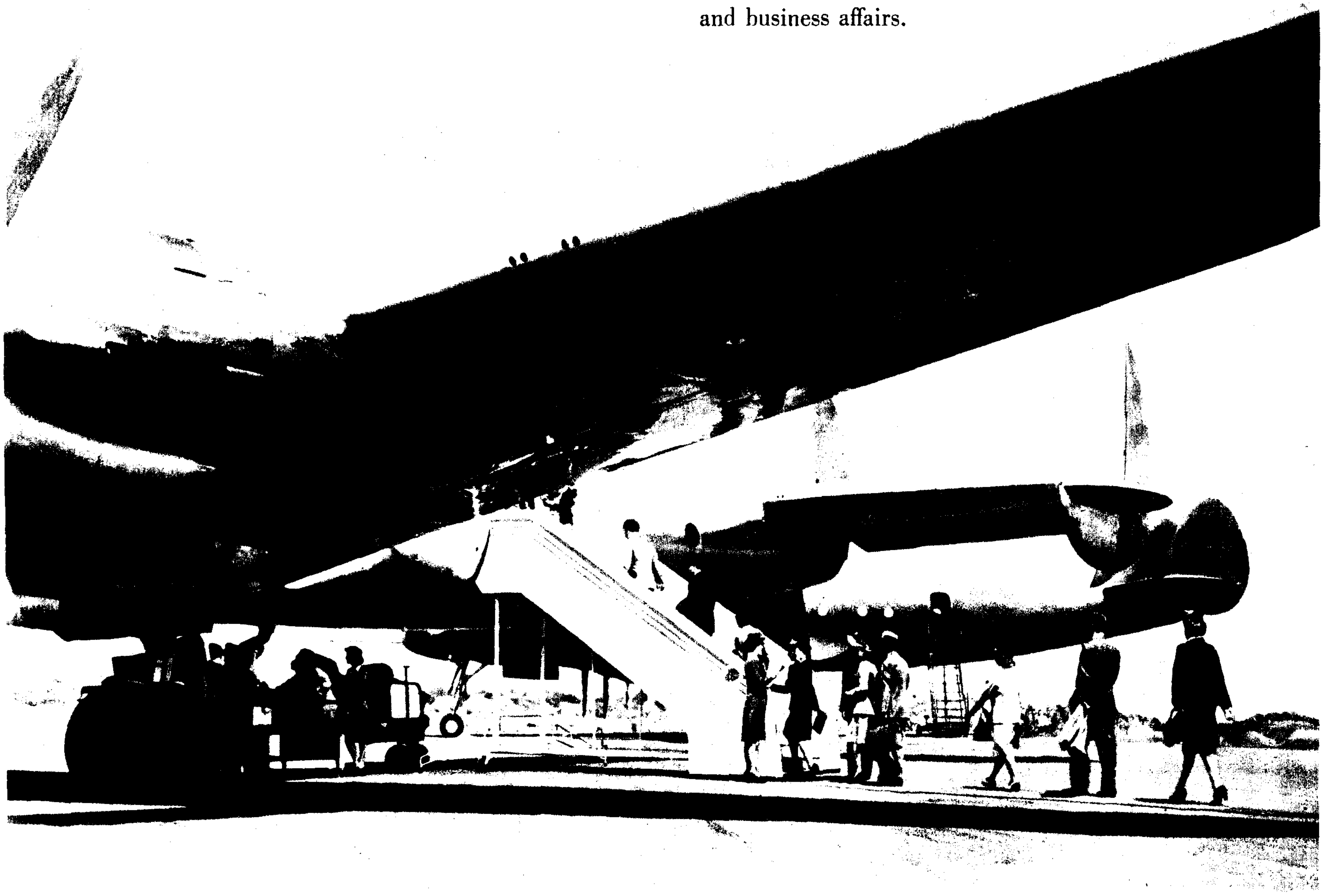

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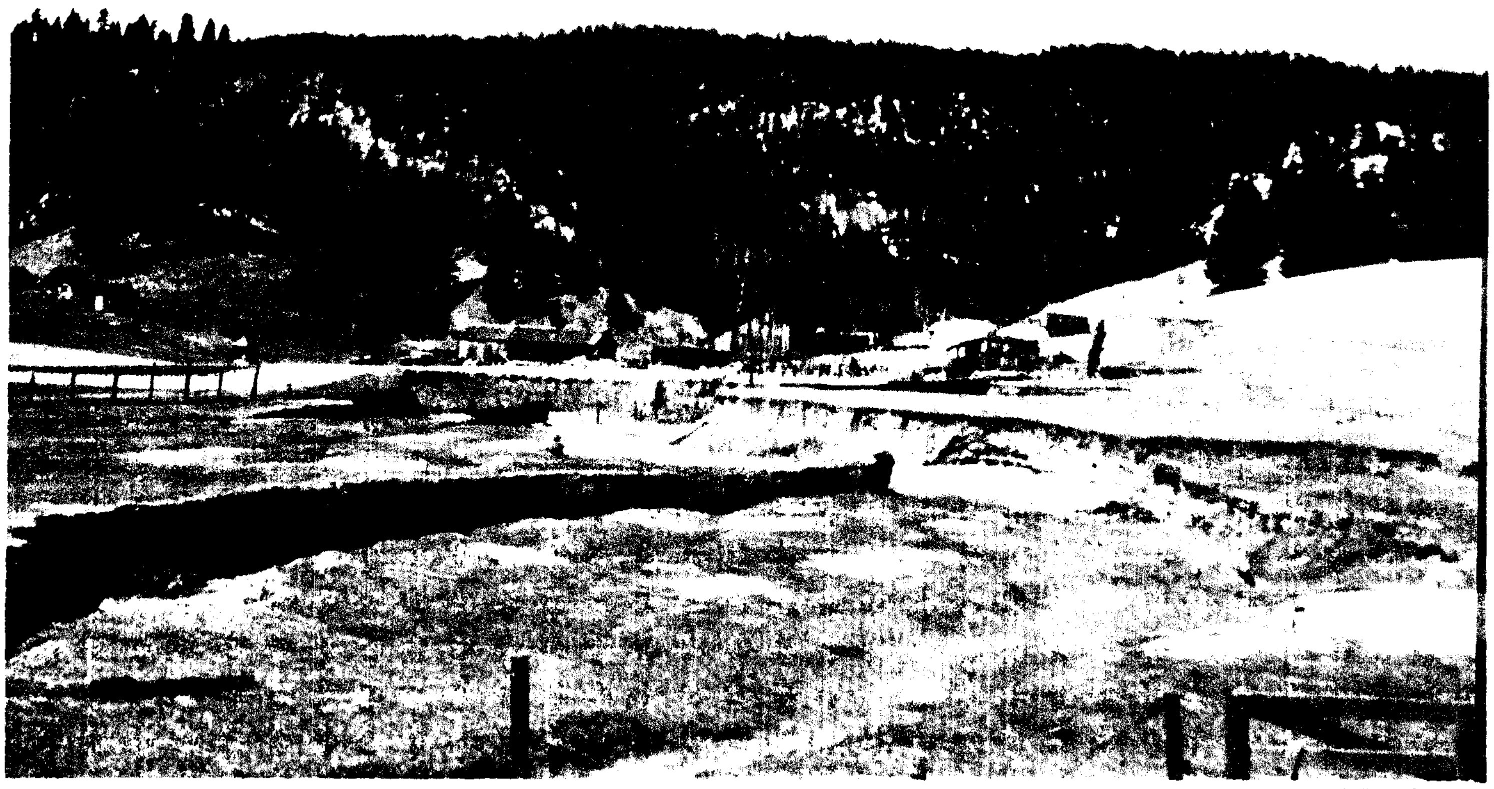


E. V. SANDIG

This gully, endangering the ranch buildings, illustrates what happens when a watershed fails to hold the rainfall

THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

BY LESTER VELIE

Overgrazing by cattle and sheep on the high range land has so choked the rivers and reservoirs with good soil that the West's lifeblood, its water supply, is imperiled. It is, a world authority says, "a race between education and catastrophe"

Contrast the above picture with this excellent range land on which proper care has maintained the high, thick grass

E. V. SANDIG

II

TO THE West's big sheep and cattle men, all public lands, all forest, all national parks are just so much forage for their livestock. Out to get such grazing on their own terms, the American National Livestock Association and the National Wool Growers Association are fighting to reduce to impotency the U.S. Forest Service, which polices 80,000,000 acres of strategic watershed and grazing lands. If they succeed, they'll duplicate their feat of breaking the back of the Department of the Interior's Grazing Service (policeman of another 145,000,000 acres of public lands) and further hasten the destruction of the West's two basic assets—its soil and its water.

The stockmen's weapons against the Forest Service are those which proved so successful against the Grazing Service: intimidation, a powerful Washington lobby and the Congressional Cow Bloc.

When Lee Kirby, superintendent of the Tonto Forest in Arizona, took some 500 service-club officers, college presidents and others through the forest to show them why the number of livestock on the depleted ranges should be reduced, Arizona stockmen demanded his scalp in Washington. The big associations tried to get John Spencer, district forester at Denver, fired when he spoke out against their public-lands drive. Neither official got the sack.

But while the big stockmen suffered these local reverses back home, the Cow Bloc has trained its guns on the Forest Service in a major drive in Washington.

Senator Pat McCarran of Nevada is in there pitching with a bill which the American National Livestock Association has been trying to pass for seven years. Here's the story: The Forest Service already administers its range lands with the advice of voluntary boards of stockmen. The bill seeks to legalize these boards. Once they are legalized their "advice" may, as happened with the Department of the Interior's Grazing Service, become orders. That would mean the end of an effective Forest Service, as it has meant the end of an effective Grazing Service.

What Senator McCarran regards as "advice" is indicated in another bill on the Grazing Service. It would bar the Department of the Interior from raising present bargain-price grazing fees on the public lands unless the advisory boards (of stockmen) consented. But Senator McCarran's Forest Service bill packs another wallop: It would freeze permits in the hands of present holders, many of them big ranchers, thus setting up a monopoly in the use of forest ranges.

Meanwhile, as this is written, the House Appropriations Committee has lopped $1,500,000 from the National Forest field budget. Unless the Senate restores these funds the agency will have to fire forest rangers at a time when it is battling to reduce the number of livestock on overgrazed ranges. If it loses its battle the defeat will speed a process which is limiting the life expectancy of America:

We are running through and out of the good American earth.

"Already, more than half our range and farm land has been seriously injured . . . and 280,000,000 acres of crop and grazing lands have been either ruined or damaged," Secretary of Agriculture Anderson says. The Secretary gave this picture: "One hundred million acres of former cropland are no longer suitable for cultivation.

Another 100,000,000 acres are in serious condition. And finally, still another 150,000,000 acres are subject to erosion in some degree." Secretary Anderson drove his point home another way. "America's topsoil, when John Smith and Miles Standish came to these shores, averaged about nine inches in depth. Today, topsoil averages about six inches for the nation as a whole, the result of land abuse." The Secretary might have added that it takes nature 300 to 1,000 years to create one inch of topsoil.

Near the resort town of Colorado Springs, Colorado, Dr. William McGinnies of the Forest Service plays grim little games with pocket-sized patches of sloping grasslands and cows. The cows graze the grass down to 4 inches or 2 inches or whatever length Dr. McGinnies chooses. Some patches are not grazed at all. Then catchment cans are placed at the bottom of the slopes, and Dr. McGinnies and his staff wait for rain.

"You can actually see in miniature how the heavier sort of grazing shovels the land into the rivers," Dr. McGinnies said.

How Deserts Are Made

In the cowboy country too many cattle have so spoiled the sod, dumped the good earth into the rivers and choked the reservoirs on which many towns depend that W. C. Lowdermilk of the Soil Conservation Service calls it a "race between education and catastrophe." A world authority on how men make deserts, he can tell you in detail how Syria, once the breadbasket of Rome, and northwestern China were stripped of their soil and transformed into wastelands.

In his five years in China, Dr. Lowdermilk found that overgrazing and deforestation had destroyed the famous good earth of China so completely that it is now too late for flood-control dams and reservoirs. Mud washing down the bare slopes would quickly choke them.

China with 400 millions now has no more tillable land than we have for our 145 millions.

A thorough man, Dr. Lowdermilk did some strenuous leg work, and in the heart of the gullied and destroyed lands of Shansi Province he found tiny, thriving forests, "green emeralds," in the yellow wasteland. Buddhist monks, requiring restful surroundings for their contemplative walks had surrounded their monasteries with forest preserves and kept the Chinese farmer and cattleman out.

"Within these temple forests, vegetation was reproducing naturally without being planted or irrigated," Dr. Lowdermilk said. "Forest litter covered soil surfaces. Rains were being absorbed as they fell, for there was no evidence of runoff and soil erosion . . . while surrounding farm lands were gashed with great labyrinths and gullies."

Our Far West can offer such contrasts too. In the mountains above Boulder, Colorado, lies Dory Hill Cemetery, abandoned resting place of pioneer dead. Here among the weathered tombstones you stand knee-high in sweet bunch grass—bunch grass which has been extinct in surrounding lands for decades. Beyond the cemetery's rusty iron fence, stretching down the slopes as far as the eye can see is sick land, its thin green cover studded with weeds and bare reddish patches of exposed soil.

The dead had preserved the grass which the living had destroyed.

In the vast spaces of God's country you can see other pieces of the "race with catastrophe" in action. At the corner of Fourth and Central in the heart of the Albuquerque, New Mexico, business section, for instance, you can look *up* at a river bed. The river bed *above* you is that of the sometimes mighty Rio Grande, and it tops the town's business section by four feet. In the spring some 300,000 gallons of silt-laden waters churn over the river bed each minute, and as the district engineer, Hubert Hall, puts it, "If the water ever gets through the levees, it will go right down through the town."

The river is lifting itself by its own silt so fast—more than a foot a decade—that Albuquerque and the valley are beginning to wonder whether their Rio Grande is becoming another Yellow River. The white man's treatment of the Rio Grande Valley is "a more complete example of regional suicide than most people ever imagined," J. Russell Smith, the geographer, observed.

The race with catastrophe is sensed also by New Mexico's neighbor, Utah. So washed and blown away has that state's limited usable soil become, so widely have "gangster grasses"—poisonous and other weeds—moved in on the nutritious grasses of former years, that scientists of the University of Utah this spring raised the question: "Is Utah Sahara-bound?"

In Los Angeles, in Phoenix, Arizona, and in the many Western towns and valleys nurtured by the river lifelines that stretch from the mountains, alarmed men raise another version of the race-with-catastrophe question. In the semiarid West, water is a resource more precious than the gold for which men crossed the mountains in the first place. Someday the last newcomer will cross the Rockies to make a home in the West, because there won't be enough water to support more people, more factories and more irrigated farms.

Take the case of Los Angeles. When the town had a scant 50,000 population around 1900, it got along nicely on water from the Los Angeles River. Today 2,000,000 Angelenos must look 200 miles for water, to the Colorado River, impounded at Lake Mead behind the Hoover Dam. Los Angeles spent $240,000,000 to tap the water (and power) of Lake Mead, and the federal government spent about $165,000,000 more.

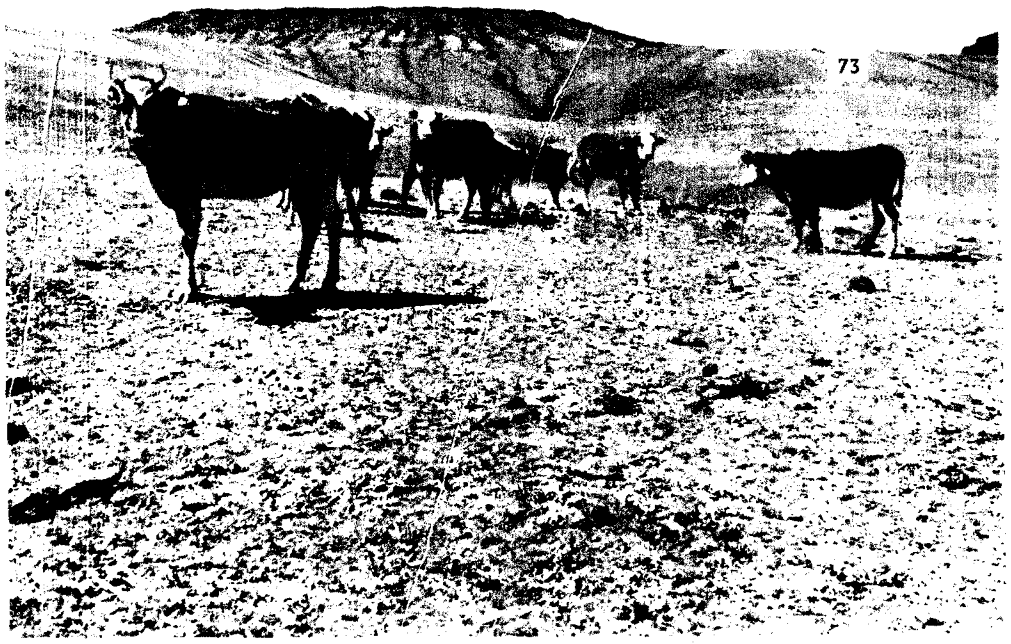
Silt Is a Major Problem

Future generations will marvel at this monument to the energy of our times, but unless some changes are made they won't derive water or power from it. For lying behind concrete that will outlast the Pyramids, Lake Mead is living on borrowed time. Inexorably, day after day, the Colorado River deposits some 14,000 carloads of silt on the floor of Lake Mead. Each year the man-made lake is filled with enough Colorado River silt to cover 137,000 acres a foot deep. At this rate the Lake Mead reservoir will be so filled in 100 years that Los Angeles and other towns will have to look to other reservoirs for water and power.

The lesson of the choking reservoirs, of the eroding grasslands and increasing floods is plain: If education is going to win that race with catastrophe, education had better get going.

But the Westerner who should be the star pupil—the stockman whose

(*Continued on page* 80)



U.S. FOREST SERVICE

Poor range produces poor cattle, as demonstrated by this photo of stringy cattle on an overgrazed cheatgrass range. Some stockmen have still to learn this primary lesson of their industry. Overgrazing also threatens the West's water supply

U.S. FOREST SERVICE

Photos above and below are a lesson in cause and effect. Above is an overgrazed range during a rainstorm. It shows how nibbled-off grass allows topsoil to wash away. Below is Mt. Pleasant, Utah, after a flood of mud and rock, washed down from eroding uplands, had moved down Main Street instead of a scheduled parade

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

of Magnússon, the scholar, and Thorvaldsen, the sculptor. His parents lived here for three years before returning to Greenland and Iceland together with 160 other Norse colonists.

MYRTLE LOVELL GILLIS, Watertown, N. Y.

SOUNDING BRASS

DEAR EDITOR: Re Buttering the Navy Brass (June 21st): As an ex-Navy officer, I wonder who died and left Lewis H. Conarroe his commission.

To defend the few (?) as nice as our author, it may surprise him that there was an ordinary boot (Gene Henry) at Pearl Harbor, who, upon being appointed for Annapolis, became the academy's first six-striper. He didn't get there because of whom he knew, but what he knew.

LORRAINE J. SALVATORE, Bronx, N. Y.

. . . "Fearless" Lt. Conarroe! You can have him! And I don't think there are 12,000,000 or even 100 others who would stoop to writing such trash.

Now I am an ex-Army sergeant and, of course, I "hate the Navy" (like hell, I do). They took us there and they brought us back. They did a swell job. And the "brass" helped plenty. Or did fearless lieutenants do it all? R. M. BAILEY, Dallas, Tex.

. . . I have been a member of the naval reserve for over thirty years and have been through every rank and rate from a second-class petty officer to my present rank of captain. I served two years in World War I and five years in World War II, and most of this service was anything but "swivel chair" within the continental limits of the United States.

Mr. Conarroe would have us believe that all the so-called "Trade School boys" are indeed a special breed of cats, that they are overpompous, overbearing, overproud snobs, and that they spend most of their waking hours, when not libating, in devising ways and means of (a) humbling junior officers and enlisted men, and (b) crucifying all reserve officers who have not had the Congress-given privilege of graduating from Annapolis.

While the article is intended to be a bit of humor, I am sure it will impress the average civilian with the conviction that our Navy is in very bad hands indeed with such "characters" abroad and with such "goings on." No wonder Congress is today chopping off needed funds from naval appropriations at a time when there was never a greater need for the public to have confidence in our Navy and its officers.

PIERRE BOUCHERON (Captain, U.S.N.R.),
Fort Wayne, Ind.

THE FACTS OF LIFE

DEAR EDITOR: Nina Wilcox Putnam's Unmasking the Mosquito (July 5th) says that mosquitoes carry on their courtship in much the same way as some people: That is, the males hang around on the *Cilicidae* equivalent of street corners, whistling at trim-ankled females as they flutter past.

I seem to hear a mother mosquito's maternal advice to her daughter, setting her straight on the facts of life before daughter sets out on her first solo flight past the neighborhood bog:

"Now, daughter, if those loafers whistle at you, just keep right on going. Say to them, 'DDT and Flit may give me a fit, but whistles'll never hurt me.' But don't go running off with any of those males. What? How can you tell if a friendly mosquito is a male? Just invite her to share a lifeguard with you. If she says, 'No, thanks, never touch the stuff,' get on your way. She's a he. All males are vegetarians. Remember, daughter, before you have anything to do with any male, first make sure he's got a good-sized account in the blood bank!" Must buzz off now,

BOB HAWK, New York

LARD HEADS

DEAR SIR: The article, Fat Heads of Europe, in which W. B. Courtney (June 21st) tells of Europe's moneyed profligates, is quite revolting and thought-provoking, considering the plight of the masses. It makes one wonder if American dollars are supporting those parasites. Now, not to be slighted, some publicity should be given to the Fat Heads of America.

EARL EUGENE KILMER, El Paso, Tex.

. . . I read it three times. At first I was amused at the clever wording of Mr. Courtney—the second time, I became slightly sick at the pictures he painted—the third time, I became obsessed with a deep-seated hate and anger that such people are allowed to live. Compassion, humility, eternal gratitude for being alive after the horrors of war—none of these, but instead greed, gloating, snobbery—all over again!

MARGRETTA B. NOBLE,
South Glastonbury, Conn.

. . . Yes, long before World War I, I have seen misery and hunger in Europe, only, alas, I have also seen hunger and experienced it right here in the promised land.

ED LAMBERT, Seattle, Wash.

. . . I served in "England" for three years, in the "Army," of course, and as a bandsman at "Colonel Kilian's" infamous 10th "Replacement Depot," I had a chance to see "Brass Fat Heads," guys with a fancy uniform and great respect for themselves.

WARREN LISK, Hartford, Conn.

HANSEN'S DISEASE

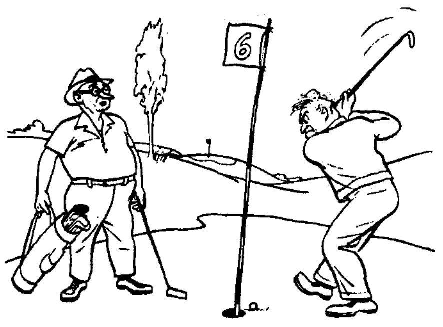
GENTLEMEN: I wish to express the appreciation of the patients at this hospital for Elsie McCormick's article, They Live Again (June 7th). Too often the general public is inclined to regard the patient with Hansen's disease as a strange loathsome creature who through sin and a heavenly curse for his chosen circumstance has forfeited all claim to the human race. Miss McCormick sought to show the patient from the standpoint of being an average citizen. But it is this atmosphere of normalcy that the patients themselves have created out of their lives that may set them off from their fellow man. It takes much more than the average person to achieve normalcy in the face of such mass prejudice, ostracism and isolation.

HARRY RICHARDS, Speaker,
Patients' Federation, Carville, La.

GREEN ON GREENS

DEAR EDITOR: John Jarvis apparently knows very little about golf. His cartoon on page 78 of the May 31st issue shows a "golfer" about to make an iron shot off a green. The ball cannot be played off a green but must be picked up and played from the fairway near the green.

VIRGINIA L. SHERMAN, Chicago, Ill.



"Too bad you weren't shooting for this hole!"

Cartoonist Jarvis' knowledge of the game is limited to the five days he spent caddying before he was relieved of his club-carrying duties by a female kangaroo.

WE KNOW SOMETHING THE OTHERS DON'T

Continued from page 17

"About us. About going up to Maine." I watched her eyes. "About leaving Broadway."

The eyes got hard suddenly.

"Broadway," she said. "What has Broadway ever done for me?"

What had it ever done for anybody?

Nora said, "I tried, for a year. I'd have taken anything. But nobody even gave me a tryout." Her mouth twisted. "Broadway! You don't have to worry about that, Pete. I'm through."

The hardness was in her voice, too. She was cured, all right. It had taken me ten years, a divorce, and a stretch in the Army; but Nora had done it in one. Just one year of being pushed around had given her all the answers.

"Baby," I said, "we'll get along."

She said softly, "We'll show them. We'll show them, Pete!"

If I didn't do it, I was finished. There'd still be a Pete Waring kicking around, hitting all the parties, making with the cracks, but I'd be finished.

"Sure," I said. "We'll show them."

Somebody cut in—Harry Wynne, it was—and for a minute I stood there in the middle of the swarm and I was up at the cabin watching the big snowflakes come down softly, slowly, in a thick cloud, and listening to the silence.

Maybe if Sylvia and I had stayed up there it would have been different. It had got so, there at the last, that we never saw each other except at other people's cocktail parties. Maybe up there we could have saved it. . . .

Maybe.

I shook out of it and looked around. Ed Hanson was on the trail of a new blonde. Sam Lake was chucking the yellow dress under the chin. And over close to the door—

The back of my neck prickled. She'd got rid of her coat and she was standing there quietly in a white dress that went in one sleek line from the top to the bottom, and her hair black and cloudy and a little frown between her eyes.

My hand touched the square box in my pocket. Here it was. The kiss-off.

I walked toward her, and when she saw me she smiled.

"Pete," she said.

I said, "Sylvia." I didn't smile back.

It was the little smile she gave me, the one that said: You and I, Pete, we know something the others don't.

The others were lucky—or maybe smart.

"Old Sylvia," I said. "What's a party without Sylvia?"

She said, "At first I thought I wouldn't come. But I had to." Her eyes were steady and dark and serious. "I—hope you'll be very happy, Pete."

There was just a hint of hesitation in it, a kind of quiver. That girl wasn't an actress for nothing. Be brave, Sylvia. Smile with an aching heart. She was hitting it for all it was worth.

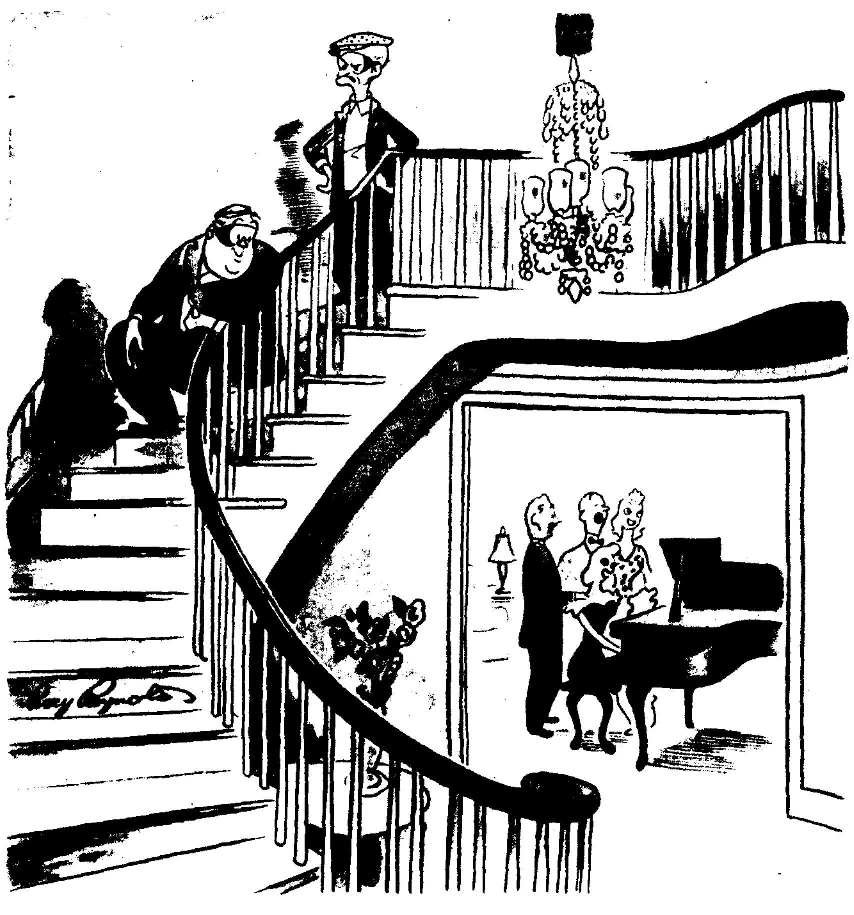
FOR a minute she almost had me. I remembered how it had been with us, right after we were married. I remembered that night in Ricardo's, with the red tablecloth and the platters of spaghetti and the red wine, and Sylvia in white then, too, and her eyes dark and shining. And I could hear her saying, "We won't be like the others, will we, Pete? We won't let it get away from us."

We were in love then and we were happy and maybe a little bit crazy, and I said, "No. We won't let it go." And her eyes were dark and happy over the spaghetti, and she was wearing a thing that I'd given her at her throat, a kind of locket we'd got out of a popcorn box.

I thought about that night, and for a minute she almost had me.

Then I thought about later. Champagne instead of red wine. Diamonds—

BUTCH **by LARRY REYNOLDS**



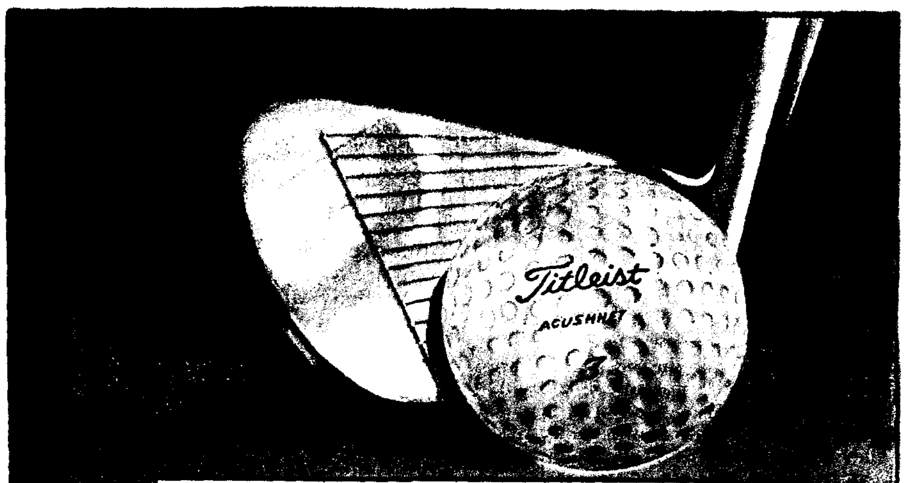
"Oh, all right, listen a while, but don't get any ideas about joinin' them"

COLLIER'S

When you're lying two on the "dogleg"—

And a clean shot over the trees would put you on the green—

Boy, oh boy!—how an Acushnet Titleist helps!



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and even the diamonds not enough—she'd look at them and say, "They're nice, Pete," and that would be all.

I thought about Sylvia, the party girl, and I was okay again.

She said, "Do you remember Ricardo's, Pete?"

"Sure," I said. "How could I forget that wine? Like he'd drained it out of somebody's radiator."

Her lips got tight and I thought maybe she was going to slap me. I grinned at her.

THEN somebody grabbed my arm and it was Sam Lake. "Pete, my boy." He winked at Sylvia. "Run along and play, Sylvia," he said. "I want to talk to this boy."

I wanted to talk to him, too. I raised an eyebrow at Sylvia.

"I'll see you later," I said.

She said, "Yes. I want to talk to you."

The way she said it, it wasn't going to be a love scene.

I turned to Sam. "Well, Sam, what's on your mind?"

He moved closer and got confidential. "How you fixed for dough, Pete?"

In a mind-reading act he'd've been sensational.

"About four hundred, maybe, when everything's cleaned up."

"Pete," he said, "you are a careless feller. What do you do with it?"

"You know how it is, Sam. The money comes and the money goes."

There was this thing and that thing—and Nora's ring hadn't come in a box of popcorn.

Sam shook his head.

"You have not got sense about dough, Pete. You have got four hundred smackers. You are getting married. And you are quitting show business—"

Where did he get that idea? I said, "I'm going to write a play. Remember?"

He shuffled his feet and the cigar went over to the other corner of his mouth. He didn't look at me.

"You have told me about this play. On four hundred smackers you are going to be profound. Significance you have got to have. So how long will it take?"

I nodded at him and grinned. Old Sam. He was practical. He went to the heart of the matter.

"That's what I wanted to see you about," I said. "Four hundred isn't so much. I thought, maybe, a little advance—"

Sam looked hurt.

"Now, Pete. Could I take such a chance? For O'Neill, maybe, yes. But you are not O'Neill, Pete."

I stared at him. He was a practical guy, all right.

"No," I said. "That's what they tell me. I'm Pete Waring. I'm brilliant. I glitter so I keep myself awake nights."

"Sure. Every time you get up from your typewriter you have got a smash. You are a genius, Pete."

Anybody who made money for Sam was a genius.

He went on: "You see how it is, Pete. You must forget this nonsense. If you want to go to this—this bear place, I will advance you, say a couple of grand, and you can have a nice little vacation. Then you come back and do me a play."

He meant it. My hands were cold again, and there was a tight knot inside me. I thought about the play. I thought about the years I'd wasted already. If I didn't go this time I'd never do it.

I said, "You mean I've got to play it your way. You won't let me have anything."

Sam spread out his hands. "No dice, Pete. Such a chance I couldn't take."

The friends I had at that party I could count on one finger, with plenty of room to spare in case I met a new one.

"Skip it," I said. "I can get along."

Sam patted my shoulder.

"Don't be rash, Pete. You think it over. You do me another one like Ladies by Request and we will both make plenty of tomatoes."

I felt myself trembling a little inside and my hands opening and closing.

"Skip it," I said, and walked away.

I saw Sylvia on the other side of the room and I started toward her. They were dropping away one by one, and the hell with them. I still had Nora, and I had the play. And whether it was four hundred dollars or a bag of peanuts didn't make any difference. I had to do it.

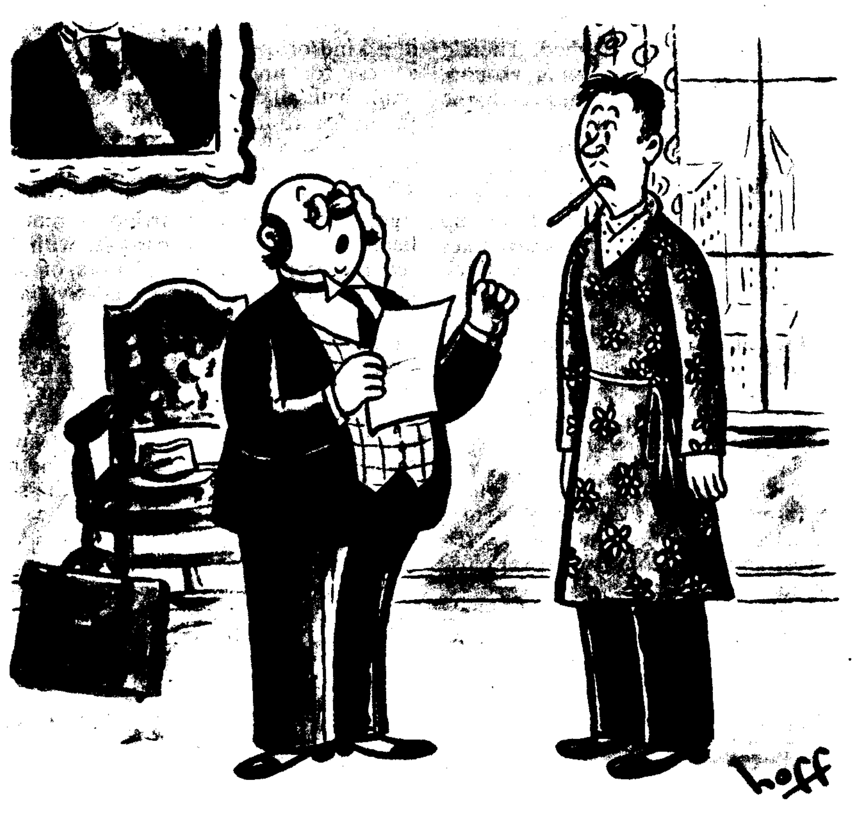
The party was cooling off. People I didn't know were leaving, drifting out in couples. A fluffy little babe in pink bumped into me, heading for the door.

"Leaving?" I said. After all, it was my party.

She gave me a look. She had clear baby-blue eyes and looked about nineteen.

"Who the hell is this guy O'Neill, anyway?" she said. "He sure gives lousy parties. This one stinks."

She went out with the curly-haired Joe and I stood there looking after them. They were the lucky ones. They could leave.



"I have good news for you, Frederic—your grandfather cut you off without a cent, so you can stop worrying about what you'd have to pay in inheritance taxes"

COLLIER'S SYDNEY HOFF

Then I went to where Sylvia was standing. There was one more loose end to cut. Then it would be over.

I said, "How do you like the party?"

She made a smile you could have poisoned the soup with. "Oh, it's a lovely party, darling."

And for a while we didn't say anything. I wasn't thinking about the party, and I guess she wasn't either.

It was different now, and yet everything was still there between us. We'd been married and we'd been divorced. But no matter how final the decree was, there was something left.

And I kept remembering things. Like the time Sylvia'd gone away from the cabin and got lost and I tracked her in the snow. On our honeymoon that was, and after it was all over and we were sitting by the fire, she'd cried and I'd held her, with her hair soft and sweet-smelling against my face.

It was going to be funny, to be up there with Nora.

I looked down at Sylvia. "What's on your mind, baby?"

She said, "I've been hearing rumors. So I wanted to find out."

"Rumors?" I repeated.

"About you writing a play. A real one."

"Well?" I said.

"Well, what?"

"The cracks, baby, the cracks," I said. "Where's your sense of humor? Can't you see how comical it all is?" I was tired and I was mad and I couldn't help it. "Ask anybody. Ask Ed, or Harry. Get Sam to tell you."

Sylvia was frowning. "What about Sam?"

I told her. She looked surprised.

"Sam Lake said that? *Sam?*"

I shrugged. "Sam's a practical guy."

She thought about it for a minute.

"Well," she said, "maybe he's right."

I looked at her. But she was Sylvia, wasn't she? She was playing it right in character. What did I expect her to do, cry?

"Maybe he is," I said.

Something was thumping and hammering inside me, trying to get out. But there was no point in talking about it. I shoved my hands into my pockets and leaned against the wall and watched the party cool. I saw Ed Hanson with his hat and coat on and a blonde on each arm. What he wanted with the spare I'd never know.

He saw me and waved.

"So long, pal," he called. "Remember me to the bears."

Witty to the end.

THERE were others going out, and then I saw Nora coming in from the other room with Sam Lake. She left Sam and came toward us, walking fast, her hair bobbing up and down. Her eyes were happy.

She stood there in front of me and she was bubbling.

"Oh, Pete!" she said. "Darling, I'm so *happy!*"

"Fine," I said. "What plays, baby?"

"Well, it's—" She stopped. Why she had to be flustered, I didn't know. She started again:

"It's Mr. Lake. He's just offered me a part in Mr. Wynne's new play. Just a small part, of course. But Pete—it's the chance I've been waiting for!"

Sylvia made a sound, but I didn't look at her. I looked at Nora, and just for a

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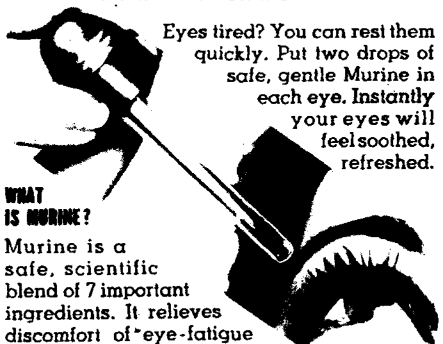

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minute I didn't get it. I was tired, I guess. A little slow on the uptake.

I said, "But we're getting married tomorrow. We're going to Maine."

She was shaking her head.

"Of course we're getting married, darling. But I can't pass up a chance like this, can I?"

I'd been in a fog, but it was beginning to break up. I looked around and saw Sam. He wasn't watching us. The cigar was cocked high and he had a pleased little grin and he just stood there alone being satisfied with himself.

A practical guy. He went right to the heart of the matter.

Nora said, "Anyway, I don't think I'd like it in Maine. With the wolves and all—"

I looked at her. "Bears," I said.

"Well, bears, then." She was looking at me without seeing me. She said, "I have my career to think of—"

Now she had a career. I glanced at Sylvia. I was a lucky guy with women.

"Hell, baby," I said. "You said you were through." I could hear my voice, thick and scratchy, with dust in it.

NORA was impatient. "That was different. Nobody ever even gave me a tryout before. But now—you see how it is, don't you, darling?"

I saw how it was. She made it plain enough. Something inside me kept getting tighter and tighter. I held it down.

"Sure," I said. "I get it."

"And it will be even better this way. We can have a nice apartment, with a study for you, and you can see all your friends—"

She was serious about it. It was all settled. I stared at her.

"Baby," I said, "you're a little confused. I'm going to Maine if I have to go on a bicycle."

I let a little of it out into my voice: "And if you're smart you'll go with me."

"What do you mean?"

I told her what I meant.

"You can't act, and Sam knows it. He just wants me to stay in town and do another play for him."

Nora's cheeks got pink. Her eyes had sparks in them.

"Well!" she said. "Of all the conceited—! Let me tell you one thing, Mr. Pete Waring. You think you're such a—such an O'Neill, but that precious play of yours will never see Broadway. And I wouldn't marry you if you were the last—"

"Skip it," I said. I shoved my hands down hard inside my pockets. "Just skip it."

She looked at me for a minute, very haughty. Then she sniffed, once. Then she went away.

I wished I could hear what Sam was going to say to her.

But the party was over. They were all going now. They'd taken away what they could, and now they were going.

Sylvia, beside me, said, "Pete."

I shook my head. I went over to the door and made like a host, and if the grin was a little crooked, that was too bad.

" 'By, Pete, old man," said somebody.

"Good luck, kid."

"Send us a bearskin for Christmas."

Goodby, all you lovely people. Goodby and the hell with you. Harry Wynne, smooth and elegant. Nora, with her nose in the air. Sam—

Sam stopped in the doorway.

"Pete, my boy, you should not be so stubborn."

He was the last one. I waved him on, and shut the door after him.

Then for a couple of minutes I just stood there, leaning back against the door with my eyes closed, resting. I could see the cabin, with the hill rising back of it and the woods stretching all around for miles.

It was going to be funny to be up there alone.

After a while I opened my eyes again. It wasn't over yet. There was still Sylvia. She was standing in the middle of the room, watching me, frowning, and her hair was a black cloud around her head.

I went across and switched off the radio. I turned off all the lights but one. Then I was ready. I went back and stood in front of her.

"Okay," I said. "It's your turn." I wasn't even trying to keep it down.

She gave me a cool little smile. "I'm all of a flutter, darling."

"Come on," I said. "Let's have it."

She raised an eyebrow. "That's my line, isn't it? I'm still waiting—"

"Waiting for what?"

"To see what you're going to do." Her voice was as cool as the smile. So were her eyes. She was all wrapped up in a lovely smooth cool shell and there wasn't a crack anywhere.

"I'm going to Maine," I said. "I'm going up to the cabin, and I'm going to write a play." I gave her a look. "Great gag, isn't it?"

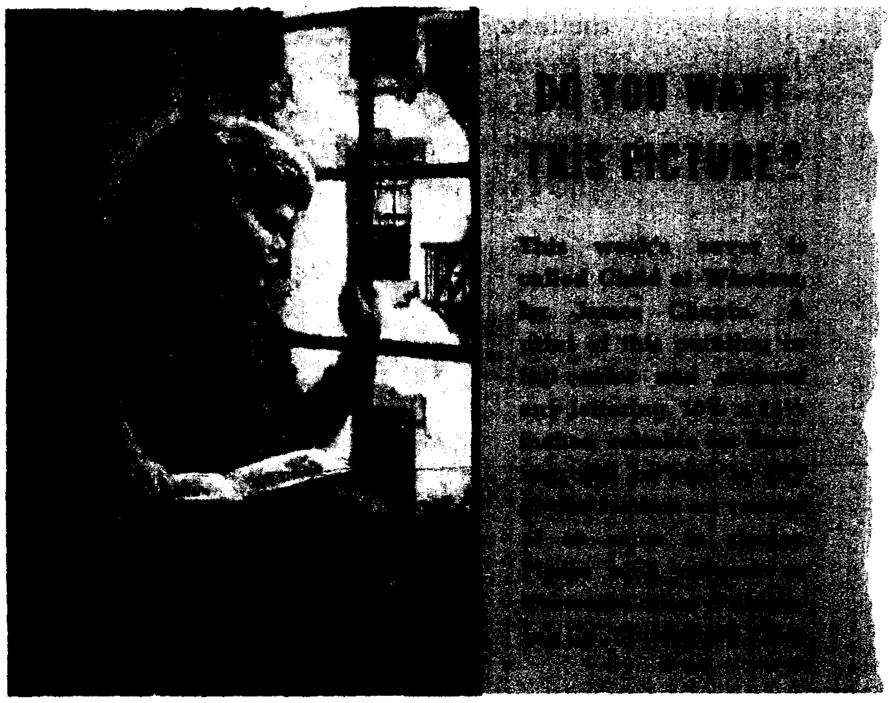
"It could be. But you won't do it—not Pete Waring—not on four hundred dollars." She laughed a little. "Imagine. Four hundred dollars."

My jaw muscles were beginning to ache. I said, "That'll buy a lot of beans."

Sylvia looked at me. Whatever she was thinking didn't show in her eyes.

"You know," she said, "sometimes I almost believe you really mean it—"

I put my hands on my hips. All evening I'd been getting madder and madder and holding it in. Now I couldn't hold it



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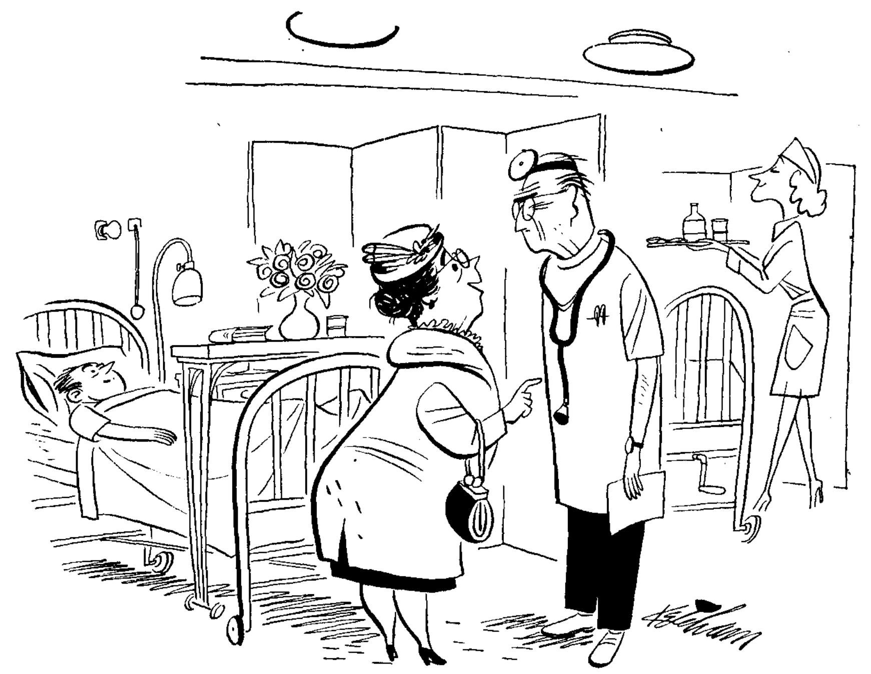

"He looks much better today, doctor. Now make sure he keeps his feet covered, gets plenty of sleep, and we'll have him out of here in no time"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

any more. I could feel it starting and there was nothing I could do to stop it.

I said, "Yes, I mean it. Though I can see how *you'd* have trouble understanding."

"Oh?" The eyebrow went up again.

"Yeah. Because it isn't going to be a wise and brilliant Pete Waring show. It's going to be real."

"And you think you can do it?"

I took a step closer to her, looking down.

"If I hadn't married you," I said; "if it hadn't been for the parties and the glitter and the swank apartments we had to keep up, I'd have done it a long time ago."

"Oh, I see." She was still wearing the shell. "It was my fault." She was wearing the shell and somehow I had to crack it.

I raised my voice a little.

"I said you'd have trouble understanding. Sylvia, the party girl. Sylvia, the glitter-happy babe of Broadway." I stared at her hard. "Maybe you can understand this, then: I'm through. To hell with the glitter. To hell with Broadway. And to hell with you."

The shell cracked then. But good. There were fires burning in her eyes, and her hand came up and smacked against my face.

It hurt.

"Now," she said, "I'll tell you something." The voice had cracked, too. It trembled a little. "I'll tell you the real reason I came tonight. I thought maybe you'd changed. Waked up."

I rubbed my face where she'd slapped it. She laughed.

"Changed! You're as blind—and self-centered—and stupid, as you ever were. *I* ruined your life! *I* got glitter-happy!" She laughed again. It didn't sound like she thought it was funny.

"And I came because I thought—well, I was wrong. So goodby, Pete, and the hell with you, too."

She picked up her wrap and started for the door. Her hand was on the knob when I came out of it. Something was thumping and hammering inside me, trying to get out, and I knew now what it was.

It was all there. All I had to do was look at it and put it together.

"Wait," I said. "Wait, Sylvia." She stopped with her hand on the door, and I took the box out of my pocket and went to her and put it in her hand. "From me to you," I said.

For a minute she looked as if she were going to throw it at me.

"Open it," I said.

She hesitated. Then she opened it. The tissue paper floated down to the floor and she opened the box and stood there looking down into it, and something happened to her face.

"Pete," she said. "Pete." Her face sort of dissolved and ran together.

I said, "Wait. I guess I've known for a long time. But tonight it got clearer and clearer. Even when I was mad, even when I was chewing you out. And now I know."

It was all there: the first year, the hard year, the good year. And then, Ladies by Request. Champagne. Diamonds.

And who'd bought them? Who'd been the monkey on a stick?

Me.

"Sylvia," I said. She was still looking into the box. "Listen to me. All the time I kept trying to tell myself it was you, something inside me knew different. Champagne. Diamonds. I was the one who went crazy, Sylvia."

SHE looked up then and she was smiling that little smile, the one that said: You and I, Pete, we know something others don't. And the others I could only be sorry for.

"I never wanted diamonds," she said.

I nodded. "I know. But I thought they weren't good enough. So I kept buying bigger ones and more of them—"

She put a hand on my arm, lightly.

"All I ever wanted, Pete, was—well, what we used to find in a box of popcorn."

She stopped smiling. She was serious all over.

"I'm coming with you," she said.

"Wait, Sylvia." There was something else I had to say. "Listen. About Nora. It was different, it wasn't like at Ricardo's. Nothing was ever like that. It wasn't—"

"Hush," she said. "I'm coming with you."

"But I'm broke. I've only got four hundred—"

She put her hand over my mouth, and she was wearing white again and her eyes dark and shining, like that night at Ricardo's.

"I've always liked beans," she said. She added, "Besides, I still have your damn' diamonds—"

And that's about all. Except that, before I kissed her, I took the locket out of the box and hung it around her neck. I'd had to buy fourteen boxes of popcorn before I found what I wanted. But I'd finally found it.

Exactly what I wanted.

THE END

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THEY KICKED US OFF OUR LAND

Continued from page 73

livelihood is threatened by deteriorating grasslands—is hard to teach.

When the son of a stockman brought home some of the lessons in range conservation that Colorado A & M was teaching him his father rose at a meeting of the West Divide Cattle Growers Association at Collbran, Colorado, to protest indignantly that the boy had come home with a "notebook full of radical ideas and figures on range management."

"We stockmen are free lancers, the lords of creation. We've done things as we pleased so long, it's hard to get out of old habits," a Grand County, Colorado, stockman told me.

In their drive to force the sale of 145,000,000 range-land acres to a closed shop of ranchers at 9 cents and up an acre, other stockmen insist that self-interest will prevent ranchers from harming their own land.

"True conservation comes from the individual, not from a government bureau," Bill Wright, president of the American National Livestock Association, said. "Self-interest will see that the land is taken care of."

This "self-interest" line had whiskers back in 1879, when cattlemen tried to stop Congress from establishing a cattle-inspection agency to protect the public against diseased meat. They argued that pleuropneumonia, then rampant among Texas steers, didn't exist except in the minds of horse doctors. And anyway, enlightened self-interest could do what bureaucrats could never hope to accomplish by regulation. (P.S. Congress disagreed, set up the Bureau of Animal Industry.)

Bill Wright runs some 9,000 cattle at Deeth, Nevada, and is a clean-cut, out-of-doors figure who talks with the straightforward, earnest air of a man laboring under a great wrong.

"Sure the lands are being depleted under the present setup (cheap grazing under Taylor Grazing Act permits)," he said. "But if a man owns land he'll preserve it. A man who'll spit in the gutter won't spit in his own living room."

Farmers Acted to Check Floods

Spit is an ugly word, but uglier still are some of the facts. So badly did ranchers misuse their own lands, their literal "living room," on the Wasatch Mountains in Davis County, Utah, that farmers in the valley bought out the lands and turned them over to government rehabilitation experts to prevent further devastating floods.

In Weber County, Utah, farmers have incorporated to buy out upland ranchers to protect their irrigation water supply, and many other towns, among them Salt Lake City, have taken similar steps to protect their watersheds. Should grazing lands now policed by the government be sold to private owners, dozens of towns would be forced to buy them back to protect their water supply, Governor Lee Knous of Colorado said. "It would be an impossible task," he added.

Many Western stockmen are conscientious about keeping up their ranges. Conditions on some private ranges in the northern Great Plains (eastern Montana, the Dakotas, northern Nebraska) are reportedly several hundred per cent better than they were in 1936 and, according to one government expert, are "probably better than at any time since the nineties."

In two outstanding instances, ranchers have pooled their resources to restore sick lands. In Fremont County, Idaho, woolgrowers joined hands to put their grazing lands on a sustained-yield (restore what is grazed) basis. At Miles City, Montana, the Pumpkin-Mizpah (co-operative) Association of ranchers pooled 100,000 acres, took an inventory of forage resources and now administers the lands as a community range. And there are other heartening instances.

Under the soil-conservation program launched in 1935, farmers and ranchers can organize conservation districts and get government technicians to help preserve their land. Such districts have already been formed in three fourths of the total farm area. This, however, is only a beginning, since conservation performance varies widely from district to district.

But Americans are relatively late starters in applying conservation lessons that other nations learned long ago. When American soil experts raised the alarm several decades ago that our Western range lands were being destroyed by overgrazing, their warnings made a greater impression in Argentina than they did in America. Argentina sent for American experts to organize a rigorous system of government range control. Argentina wants no dust bowl on the Pampas.

But here in the U.S.A., we have much to do to save this richest of all continents for our children.

Most sorely needed is a unified government command in the fight against the forces of soil destruction. What we have now is a bureaucratic patchwork of seven major agencies and dozens of smaller units, often working at cross purposes. There are the U.S. Forest Service of the Department of Agriculture and the Bureau of Land Management of the Department of the Interior, both administering grazing lands. There are the Soil Conservation Service, the Bureau of Reclamation, the National Park Service, the Fish and Wildlife Service, and the Office of Indian Affairs.

In this setup, jurisdictional rows are a natural. Intent on intragovernment politics, the individual agencies sometimes are easy prey for minority pressure groups. For instance, so busy was Harold Ickes in trying to take over the Forest Service when he was Secretary of the Interior, that the big stockmen had no trouble in taking Ickes and his Grazing Service over via the advisory-board route.

Government reorganization looking toward a unified conservation command will take time. In the meanwhile, funds slashed from conservation agencies should be restored. We must realize it does no good to create conservation bureaus with one hand and take their working money away with the other. The Taylor Grazing Act, which established a Grazing Service to conserve the public lands, has been practically repealed by slashes in the Service's budget. The Forest Service, one of the oldest and most effective of the conservation agencies, has also taken a body blow with a budget cut of $11,800,000. Congress appropriates huge sums for the Reclamation Bureau to cope with the effects of soil destruction—floods. What about the causes?

An Unwise Congressional Policy

Eastern and Middle Western congressmen have permitted the public-lands committees in the Senate and House to go by default to Westerners. This does two things. It opens up Western congressmen to the toughest sort of pressure—that of their own constituents. It also creates the illusion that only the West has an interest in public lands that vitally concern the whole nation. Conservation is not a Western interest, nor an Eastern interest, nor a New Deal interest.

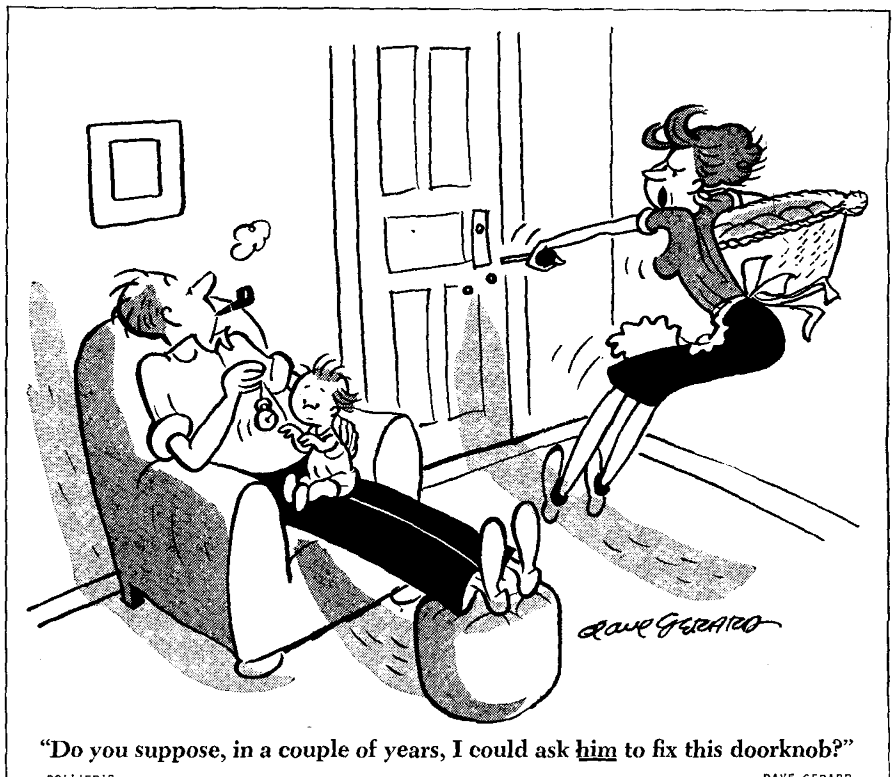
"We are tired of being bossed around by a bunch of Communist-minded bureaucrats. We don't want to be like a slice of Russia," J. Elmer Brock, vice-president of the American National Livestock Association, protested.

A list of some of these conservation "Communists" might surprise Stalin! Presidents Calvin Coolidge and Herbert Hoover did the preliminary boring from within which led to the passage of the Taylor Grazing Act. President Taft laid the groundwork for the National Park Service which was created in the Woodrow Wilson Administration. And as everybody knows, President Teddy Roosevelt was the "Karl Marx" of the whole conservation idea.

But some big stockmen have nullified in a few years conservation laws it took decades to enact. On the Taylor Act public lands at least, they are free to beat the grasslands into dust.

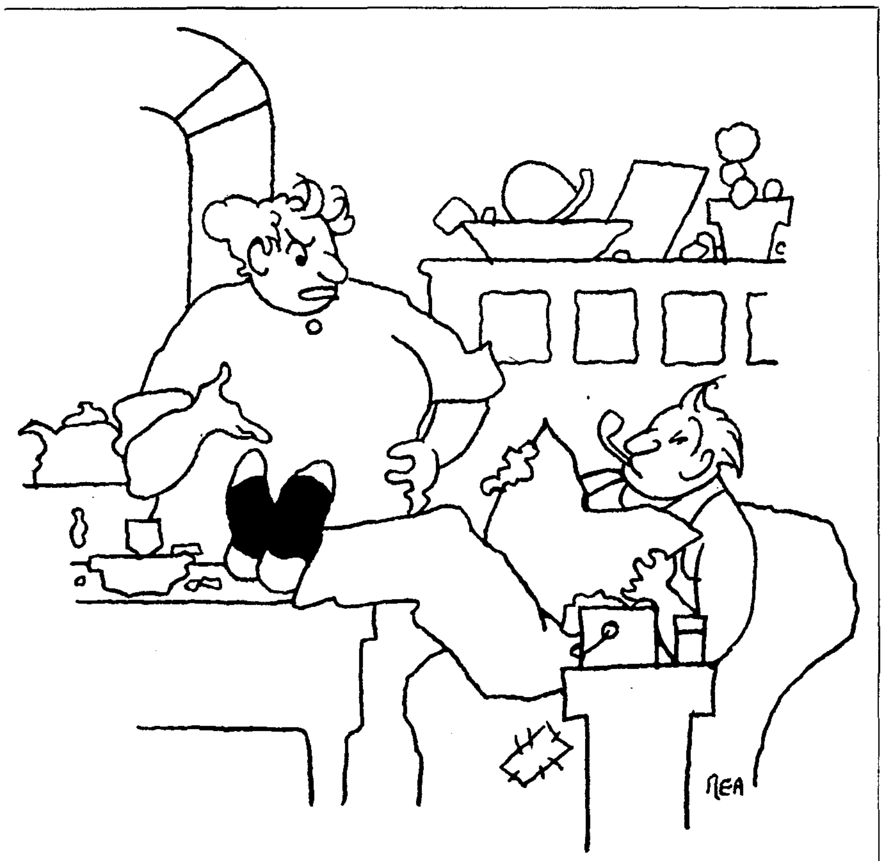
If, as the stockmen say, it is un-American to conserve our forests and grasslands, in a very few generations it may be un-American to eat.

THE END



"Do you suppose, in a couple of years, I could ask him to fix this doorknob?"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD



"President Truman doesn't sit around in his socks. General MacArthur doesn't sit around in his socks. Professor Einstein, Chief Justice Vinson, Clark Gable . . ." COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

THE KIDS GET A NIGHT CLUB

Continued from page 14

35 days the project was completed, landscaping, parking field and all. The building itself is an adaptation of the wartime Quonset hut. It is 56 feet wide and 100 feet long, with a 20-foot wing. Extensive use of concrete and glass blocks and attractive awnings gives the building the appearance of having cost considerably more than the $30,000 it took to erect and furnish. The hut itself cost only about $5,000. The rest went for improvements.

The building is insulated and air-conditioned. Inside, the Barn carries out the rustic motif of its name. Electrified kerosene lamps furnish dim lighting. The orchestra sits at one end under the hayloft, and a soft-drink and sandwich bar occupies the other.

The dance floor, larger than in most night clubs, is circled with a low rustic cedar fence. Tables for four surround the dance floor.

Meet the Board of Governors

But the unique feature of the Barn is that it is run entirely by the youngsters themselves. A board of governors, composed of the presidents of the student councils at each high school in the county, has full control. These fourteen boys and girls meet regularly to establish policy and make the rules. They plan the shows, engage the dance bands, determine the admission charge (which is now 50 cents apiece) and supervise selling the tickets. Their responsibility also includes seeing that the rules are followed.

The chairman of the committee is pretty eighteen-year-old Beverly Corbett, of John Marshall High School in Rochester.

The Barn is open Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings as a night club and is available for other social functions the rest of the week. On a typical Saturday evening, the youngsters start coming in about 9 o'clock and within a half hour the place is usually filled to capacity.

Members of the youth committee are on hand to greet the couples as they enter, show them to their tables and generally to make everyone feel at home. Arthur Shaheen, eighteen, president of the senior class at Aquinas Institute, Rochester, explained some of the rules: "We don't allow stags or cutting in on the floor. Some of the fellows object to this but the way we figure it is that everyone will have a better time if he knows he can bring his best girl and not have to worry about any roughhouse stuff."

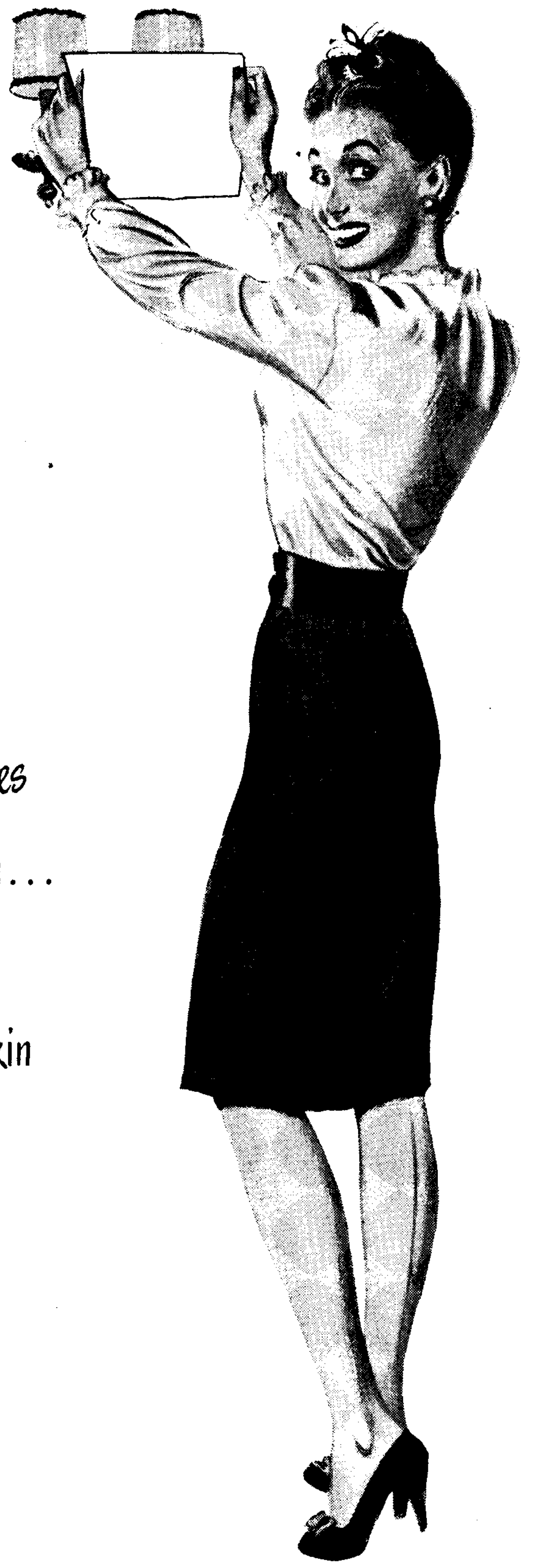
After each dance set the boys crowd around the self-service food and soft-drink bar, which is operated by a concessionaire. He keeps a crew of six jumping, stoking the furnaces that supply the energy for dancing. The kids consume prodigious quantities of French frieds, popcorn and sandwiches. On an average night they drink 150 milk shakes, 60 bottles of chocolate milk, 480 bottles of soda and consume vast amounts of ice cream and sundaes.

Although plenty of free professional talent has been supplied, the mainstay of the entertainment is the kids themselves. Dave Lisk is in charge and he arranges for one high school a week to put on a show of specialty numbers. "The stuff is pretty amateurish," he says, "but they seem to like it."

All in all, the youth committee is getting excellent business experience running the night club. They are very anxious to get it on a paying basis as quickly as possible. The newspapers are underwriting the cost for the time being, but the committee is getting a percentage of the gross from the concessionaire. This is being set aside weekly and the committee hopes the fund will be large enough within a year to provide the working capital needed.

What Rochester has done any other community in America can do. For a trifling cost, as such things go, teen-age youngsters can be taken off street corners and out of undesirable surroundings where they are now forced to go for entertainment.

THE END



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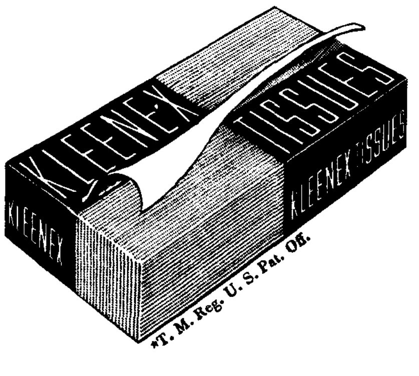

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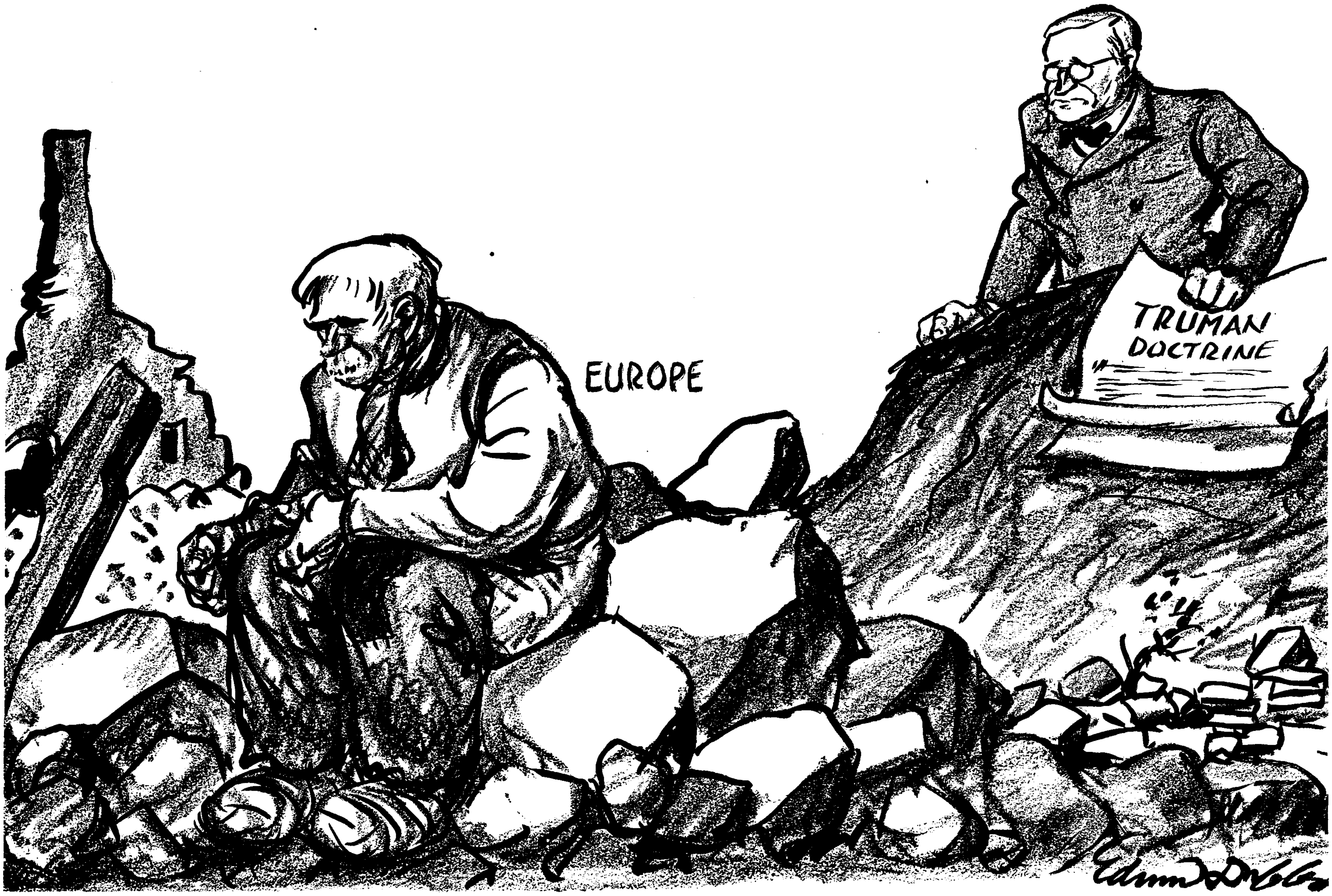


THE TRAIL'S BLAZED, MR. TRUMAN

IF THE so-called Truman Doctrine is to be more than a collection of big, bold words, it cannot stop at merely wishful preventive measures in Greece and Turkey. The whole of Europe must be taken into consideration, not piecemeal, but as a *unit* no less compact and economically integrated than the United States. Only through some program of federation that will permit collective effort, and do away with trade barriers, blocs, spheres of influence and competitive armament, can the Continent be restored to health. Secretary Marshall knows this and says it clearly and honestly.

The one alternative is progressive pauperism and a steady increase in the mean, narrow nationalism that makes for hate and war.

The criminal stupidity of present-day Europe may be measured by imagining the existence of a similar situation on this side of the Atlantic. What if each of our forty-eight states maintained its own army and navy, its own currency, its own foreign policy, and had frontier regulations that barred the free movement of people and goods? What if this or that state claimed authority over the Mississippi, the Ohio or any other river that flowed along its borders? And yet New York, Pennsylvania and California, to mention only three, are larger, richer and infinitely more self-contained than many European states.

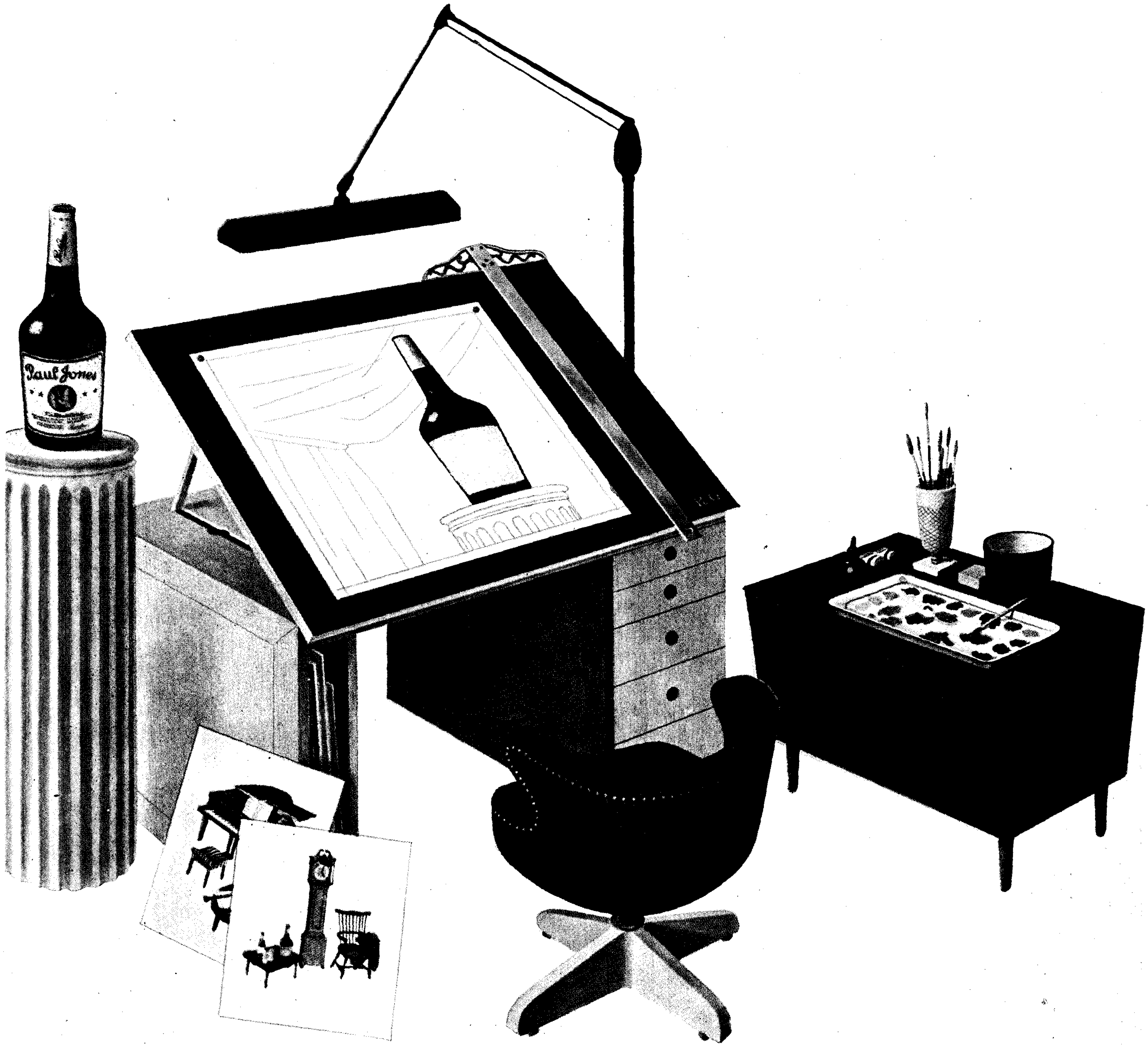
The idea is not a new one; European union has long been the goal of the more unselfish Continental statesmen. The movement had great impetus after the first World War, but it was shattered by the opposition of Britain and France who figured mistakenly that a weak, disunited Europe would be a peaceful Europe. Had federation been achieved, 70,000,000 Germans could not possibly have imposed their unilateral will on 270,000,000 non-Germanic Europeans, and the German state would have taken its proper place in the Continental order as a partner, not a master.

The Charter of the United Nations recognizes the principle of nationalism. The Western Hemisphere and the British Commonwealth are organized in accordance with that recognition. With the creation of a United States of Europe, what might well follow would be a United States of Russia and a United States of Asia, all welded into a harmonious whole through the United Nations.

Under the eloquence of Winston Churchill, the Pan-Europe movement was near to being galvanized into new life. A few months ago the far-visioned Englishman said: "What is Europe now? It is a rubble heap, a charnel house, a breeding ground of pestilence and hate. Ancient nationalistic feuds and modern ideological factions distract and infuriate the unhappy, hungry populations. Evil teachers urge the paying off of old scores with mathematical precision, and false guides point to unsparing retribution as the pathway to prosperity. . . . Without a United Europe there is no prospect of world government. It is the urgent and indispensable step toward the realization of that ideal."

Following Mr. Churchill, Prime Minister Attlee reiterated his statement that "Europe must federate or perish." In France, Blum, Herriot, Auriol and other leaders have taken strong positions in support of the plan, and Count Richard Coudenhove-Kalergi, head of the Pan-Europe movement, reports favorable majorities in the parliaments of Britain, France, Italy, the Netherlands, Belgium, Denmark, Ireland, Switzerland, Norway and Sweden.

President Truman, therefore, is not called on to blaze new trails. A beaten road stretches before him. Not to take it means a continuance of present floundering with its ill effect on public opinion. By taking it he faces forward to three great objectives: the initiation of a *real* American foreign policy, a curb on Russia's expansion, and an end to the drain in America's economy. GEORGE CREEL



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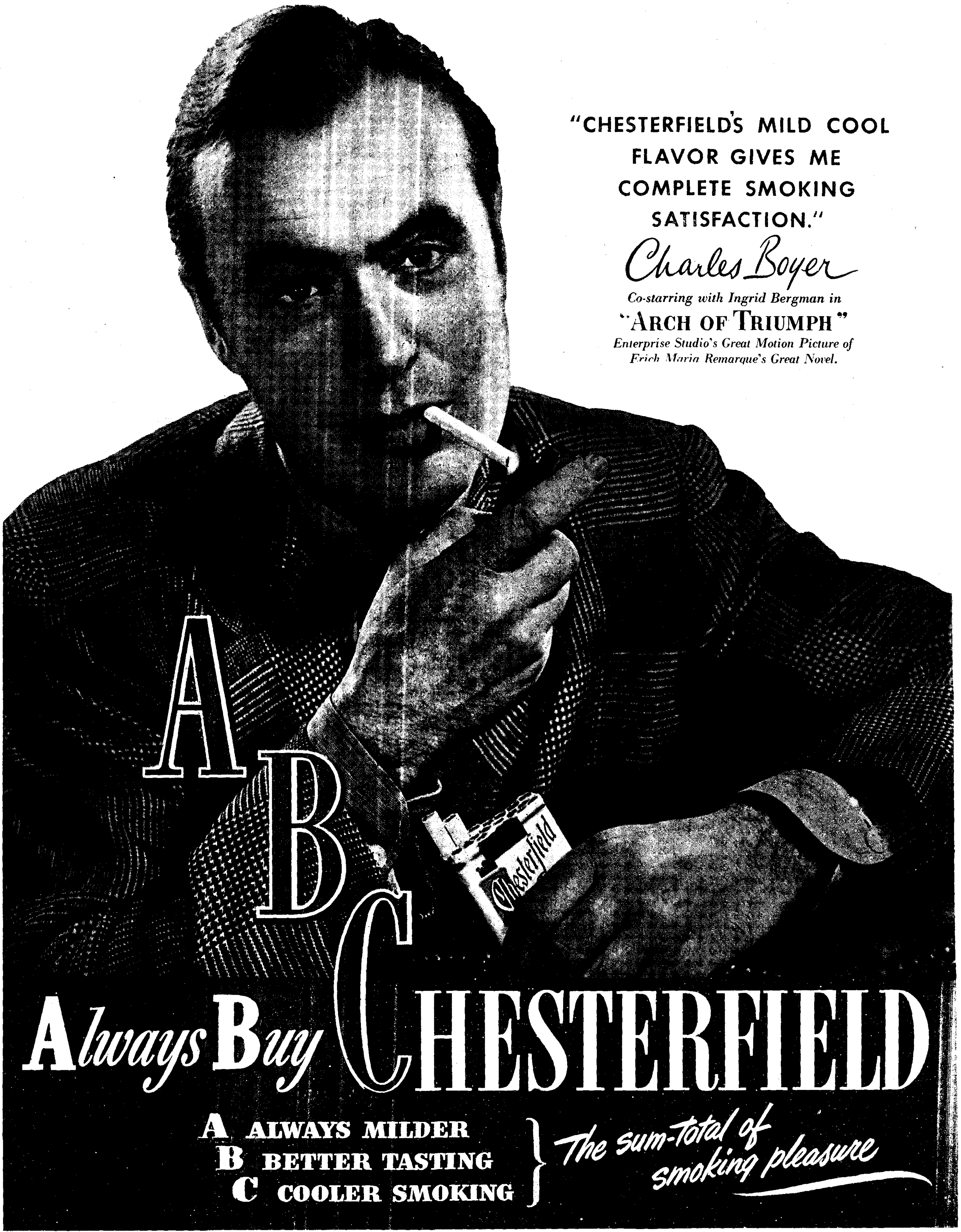

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